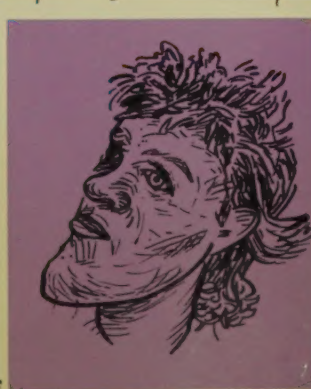


TWISTED SISTERS

A COLLECTION OF BAD GIRL ART

edited by Diane Noomin





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BAD GIRL ART

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PENGUIN BOOKS



 Thanks for help and encouragement to Bill Griffith, Aline Kominsky-Crumb, David Stanford, Janis Siegel, Linda Josefowicz, Helene Kaplan Wright, Bernard Gershter, Barbara Griffith, Jake Widman, Mitch Berger, Nancy Dorking, Joyce Zavarro, and Ron Turner.

PENGUIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group
Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin Books USA Inc.,
375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane,
London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood,
Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Ave., Suite 300,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices:
Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

First published in Penguin Books 1991

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

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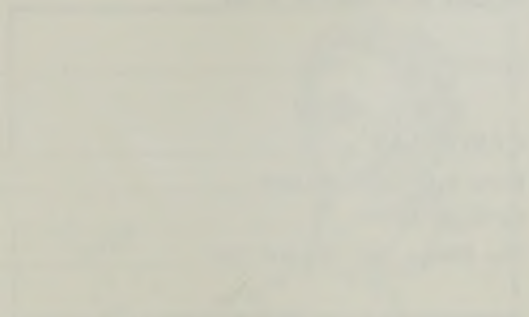
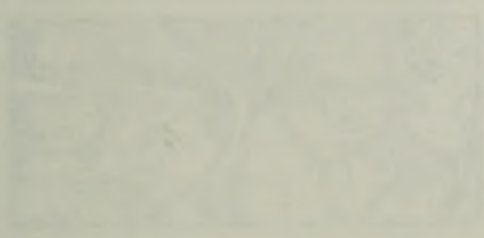
EDITOR'S NOTE

With a few exceptions, the comics included in this book
are entirely fictitious. In the few which are based on
actual events (pp. 180, 219, 228, 237), the characters
have not been drawn to resemble anyone and, with the
exception of incidental references to famous
celebrities (pp. 180, 194, 209), the names and any
distinguishing characteristics have been changed.

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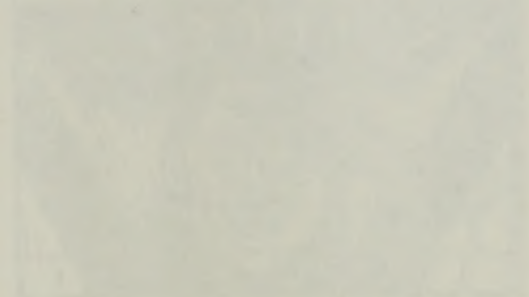
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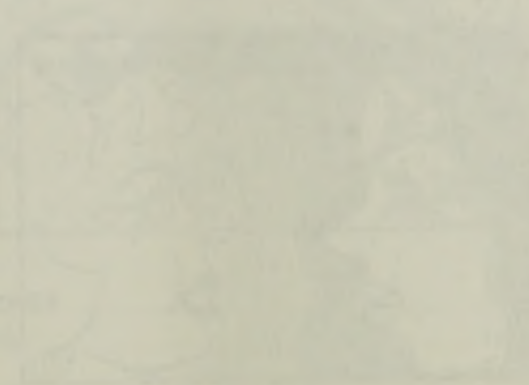
Dedicated to Dori Seda

(1951-1988)

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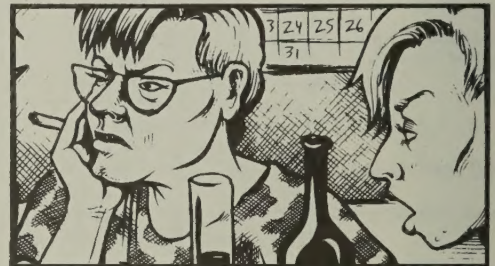
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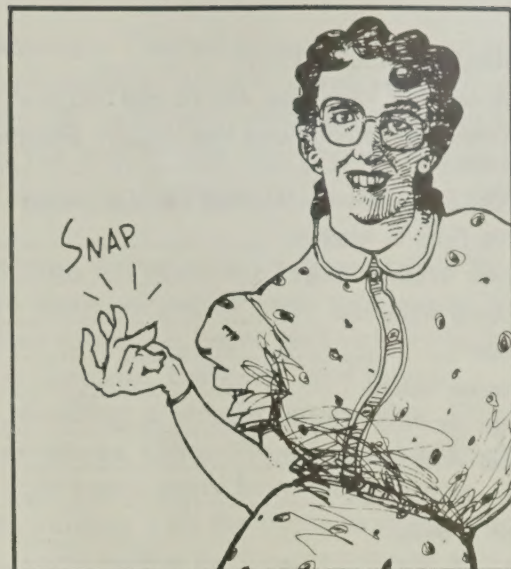


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FOREWORD

In its original incarnation, *Twisted Sisters* was an underground comic book created by Aline Kominsky and myself in 1976, our "politically incorrect" response to some infighting going on at the time in the San Francisco based *Wimmen's Comix* Collective (remember, it was the seventies).

Now, fifteen years later, we've joined a dozen other "bad girl" cartoonists who have uncapped their simmering inkwells and allowed their fantasies, fears, and fictions to boil over into work that is personal, cathartic, and funny.

As editor, I've looked for an uncompromising vision reflecting a female perspective. This is frequently expressed in deeply felt, autobiographical narratives. Often the art graphically reflects inner turmoil. Sex is demystified, and romance is light years away from eternal bliss.

Some of us work in a very traditional comics medium, making it all the more startling when we peel away comforting illusions of women as soothing, earth mother nurturers to reveal anger, loneliness, and pain. Humor emerges from personal revelations, role reversals, and the tearing down of cultural stereotypes. These ladies are not sitting around, waiting for the phone to ring. They're more likely to throw it at you.

Sex, lies, and crosshatching vie for center stage with cellulite, alienation, and *TRUE LOVE*. From bubble baths to "The Mean Woman Blues," our paths diverge radically, only to reconnect on some subliminal plane, then veer off toward distinctly personal dreams and demons. Obsessive, excessive, and diverse, we're oddly in tune with one another.

We range in age from our midtwenties to our midfifties. We range in attitude from snidely whimsical to scathingly sardonic, with stops along the way for swipes at Motherhood, Marriage, and Machismo.

In our twisted, crazy quilt, the threads lead from puberty to "The Anatomy of a New Mom," from religion to PMS, sex-crazed housewives, and "Bimbos from Hell."

Do bad girls have more fun? Read this book.

—Diane Noomin



CAROL LAY

1952: Born in Whittier, California.

1955: Mom gives me such an impressive compliment on a drawing of a woman in high heels that I am doomed to be an artist.

1957: Fingerprinting. 'Nuff said.

1963: A popular vote sends Howard Endo to represent my fifth grade class in the schoolwide art show. I was the better artist, but there were more boys than girls and people vote along gender lines when they're ten. I appeal the decision to the school's art coordinator

(named, appropriately, "Art Farmer") by saying I had "a friend" who felt she deserved to be in the show as well. He goes along with it.

1965: I win first place in the junior division of the Anaheim Art Show for a painting I copied from a picture my mom liked in *American Artist*. I win \$25.00. (Insert cash register sound effects here.)

1970: I escape Orange County by entering UCLA's Fine Arts program. Other influences include sex, drugs, and Zap Comix.

1973: After one too many classes in conceptual art, I give up art altogether for two years and consider becoming a computer geek.

1976: A friend reintroduces me to comic books and I get my foot in the door by lettering some undergrounds.

1977-1990: One thing leads to another. Hanna Barbera comics, Western Publishing, DC Comics, Eclipse Comics, Cocaine Comix, Viper, Cannibal Romance, Wimmen's Comix, Zomoid Illustories, Weirido, *Raw*, *LA Weekly*, *L.A. Reader*, storyboards for live-action feature films and animation, Mattel ("It's Swell"), Good Girls 1-5 with Fantagraphics, and, for two weeks during college, I paint the beaks on Jonathan Livingston Seagull pins for two bucks an hour.

AFTER LONG, LONELY YEARS OF SOCIAL OSTRACISM, I'D FINALLY FOUND A MAN I COULD HAVE LOVED -- A MAN WHOSE INTERESTS FOCUSED ON ME, NOT ON MY MONEY OR SOCIAL POSITION. BUT I COULD HIDE FROM THE TRUTH NO LONGER. I FINALLY LET KURT, MY HANDSOME BLIND BOYFRIEND, **FEEL** MY REPULSIVE COUNTENANCE -- AN ACT I HAD PUT OFF FOR THE LONG MONTHS WE'D KNOWN EACH OTHER. NOW I KNEW THAT THE DREADED MOMENT HAD FINALLY ARRIVED... THE MOMENT IN WHICH I WAS RELUCTANTLY FORCED TO...

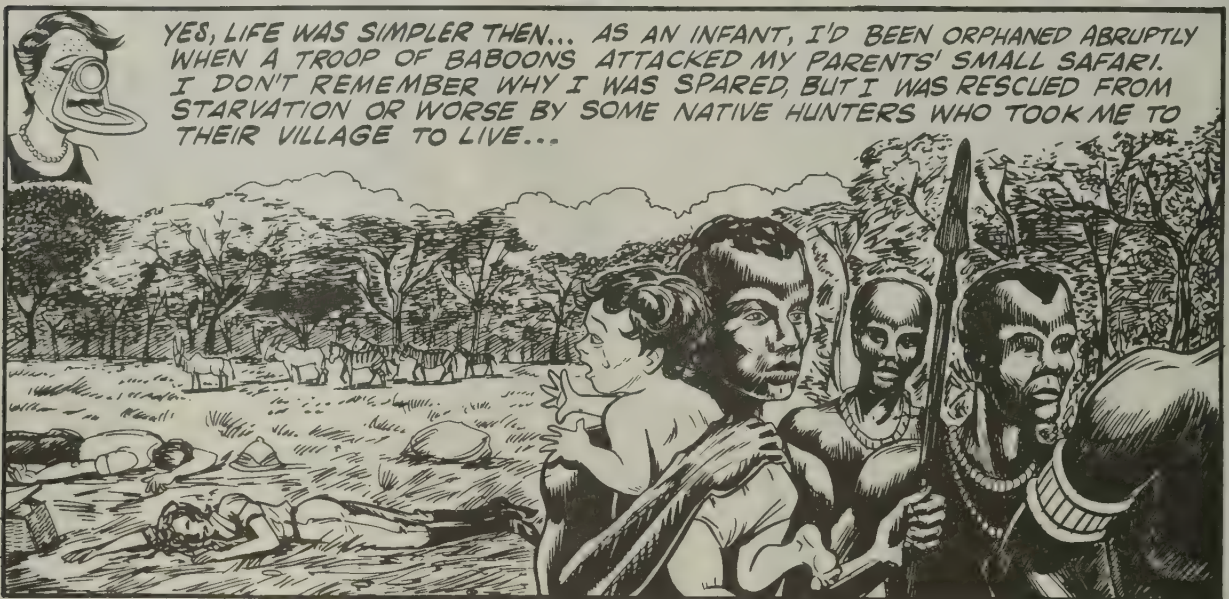
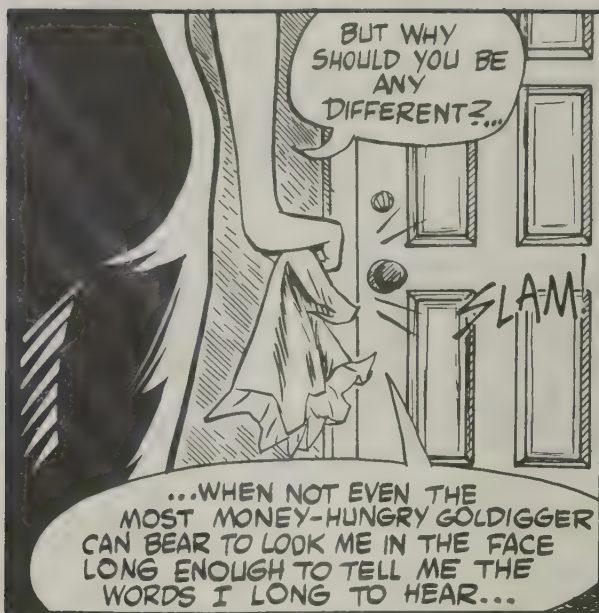
Face the Facts of Love

I'M SORRY, IRENE, BUT I JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SEEN WITH YOU. I GUESS THIS IS...
GOODBYE!

OH, KURT--**WHY** DID I LET YOU FEEL MY FACE?!

I WAS SO HAPPY... I THOUGHT YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, WOULD BE ABLE TO LOOK PAST THE SURFACE AND INTO MY HEART...

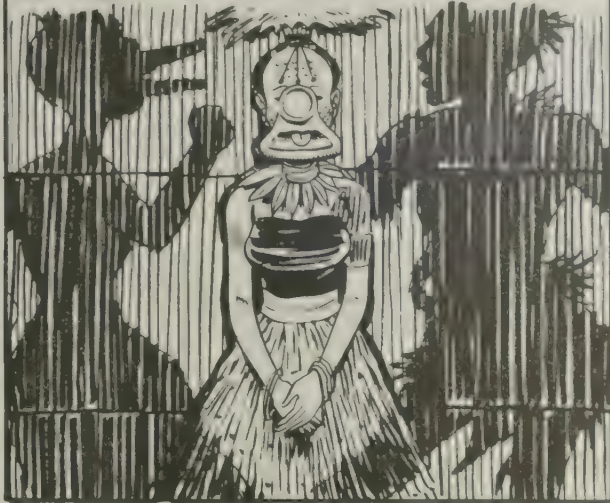




IN MY SIXTEENTH SUMMER, THE FACE-SHAPING WAS OVER--AS WAS MY CHILDHOOD--SO THE TRIBE HELD AN INITIATION CEREMONY FOR THOSE OF US NOW ELIGIBLE FOR MARRIAGE...



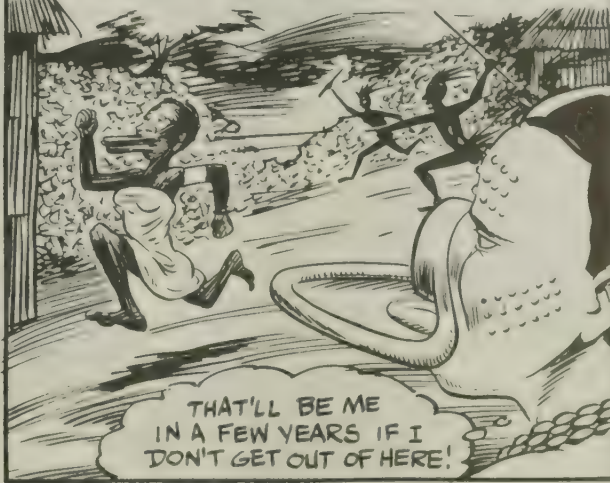
WHEN THE DANCING BEGAN, I WAS IGNORED BY THE MEN. IT IS A BAD SIGN TO BE LEFT OUT OF THE DANCE ON THE NIGHT OF INITIATION. CHIEF'S KIN ARE USUALLY COURTED BY MANY HUNTERS.



I SOUGHT OUT THE WITCH DOCTOR AND HE TOLD ME I WAS DOOMED TO NEVER MARRY--MY WHITE SKIN WAS A SIGN OF POSSESSION... THOUGH BY WHAT HE WOULD NOT SAY.



LIFE IS HARD ON UNMARRIED WOMEN OF MY TRIBE, FOR THEY ARE ALL EVENTUALLY DENOUNCED AS WITCHES AND BEATEN TO DEATH. SUDDENLY, MY FUTURE DID NOT LOOK SO GOOD.



SO, AFTER A TIME, WHEN WHITE TRADERS CAME TO OUR VILLAGE I BADE FAREWELL TO MY FRIENDS AND KIN. I WAS SAD TO GO BUT EAGER TO SEE THE WONDERS THEY TOLD ME ABOUT...



THEIR WHITENESS FRIGHTENED ME AT FIRST. THEY KNEW MY LANGUAGE BUT SOMETIMES TALKED ABOUT ME IN THEIR OWN TONGUE. I LATER LEARNED THE NATURE OF THEIR TALK.

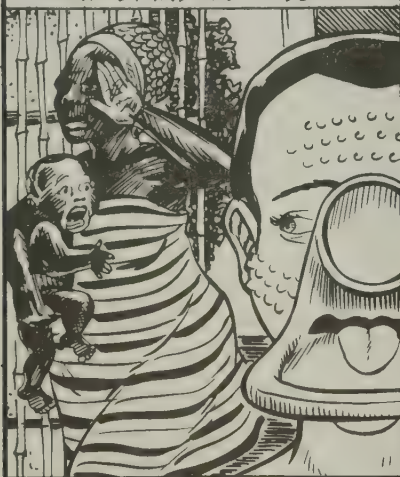




THEIR STORIES AND DESCRIPTIONS HADN'T QUITE PREPARED ME FOR WHAT I WAS TO SEE IN THE CITY. TO SPARE MY FEELINGS, THE TRADERS HAD NOT TOLD ME THAT THESE WOMEN DID NOT SHAPE THEIR FACES SO I TOOK THEM TO BE WEAKLING MALES AT FIRST. WHEN I SAW THAT THEY WERE, INDEED, WOMEN I WAS REPULSED-- SO UNACCLUSTOMED WAS I TO GAZING UPON SUCH PLAIN, UNORNAMENTED FACES ON WOMEN...



IT WASN'T LONG, THOUGH, BEFORE I LEARNED IT WAS I WHO WAS REPULSIVE BY THEIR STANDARD OF BEAUTY.



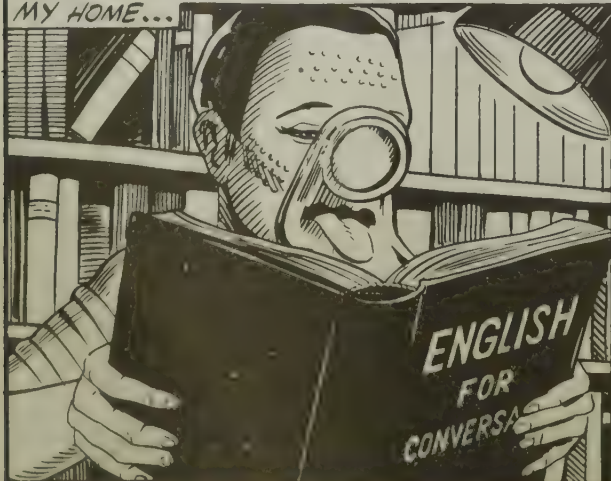
EXPOSURE TO THEIR CULTURE MADE IT PAINFULLY CLEAR. THE EXAMPLES WERE PLENTIFUL, ESPECIALLY OF WHITES LIKE ME...



EVEN THE MOST WORLDLY MEN SEEMED TO PREFER THEIR PLAIN FACES OVER MY MASTER-PIECE OF FACIAL ENGINEERING...



BUT NEWS CAME THAT MY FINGERPRINTS MATCHED THOSE OF THE LONG-LOST HEIRESS SO I IMMERSSED MYSELF IN LEARNING THE LANGUAGE AND HISTORY OF THE PLACE THAT WOULD SOON BE MY HOME...



I LEFT AFRICA IN MY EIGHTEENTH SUMMER. IN ANOTHER TIME I MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN CHAINS, BUT I WAS RIDING FIRST-CLASS, EN ROUTE TO THE LAND OF THE FREE AND A SUBSTANTIAL INHERITANCE...



REUNION WITH RELATIVES WAS STRAINED...DUE AS MUCH TO MY APPEARANCE AS TO MY THREAT TO THEIR FINANCIAL STATUS...



BUT THE NEWS MEDIA WELCOMED ME WITH FRONT-PAGE FEATURE STORIES WHICH SEEMED TO ENSURE MY SUCCESS IN THIS SOCIETY...



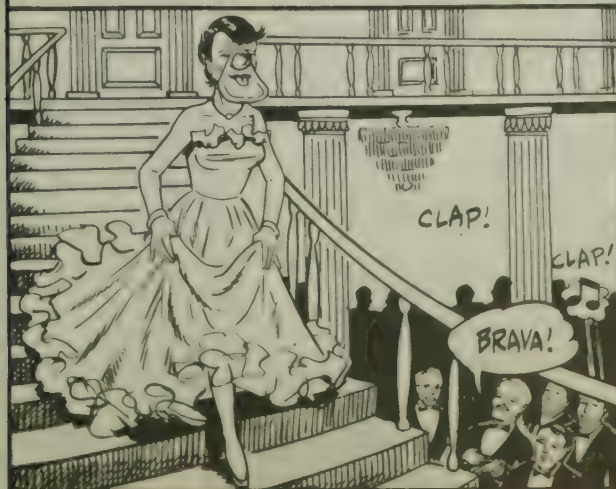
BEFORE LONG, MY CORPORATE ADVISORS RECOMMENDED THAT I FURTHER ESTABLISH MY POSITION IN HIGH SOCIETY BY MAKING A FORMAL DEBUT...



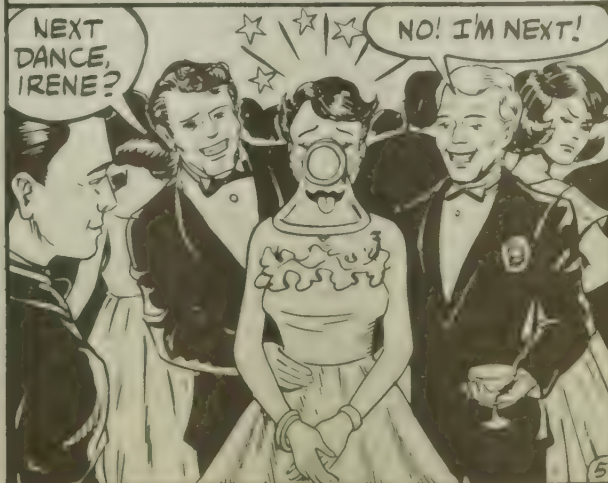
I WAS MADE OVER FROM DAWN TILL DUSK BY THE TOP DESIGNERS AND FASHION MOGULS WITH COACHING SESSIONS IN ETIQUETTE SANDWICHED IN BETWEEN...



THE BIG NIGHT FINALLY ARRIVED AND I DESCENDED INTO THE SOCIETY OF THE RICH TO THE APPLAUSE AND ADULATION OF ALL PRESENT--OR SO IT SEEMED AT THE TIME...



I WAS VERY SURPRISED WHEN ALL OF THE NICEST, HANDSOMEST YOUNG MEN CROWDED AROUND ME AND NOT THE OTHER PRETTY GIRLS--SURPRISED AND VERY PLEASED.



AT FIRST I WAS BLISSFULLY UN-AWARE OF THE REASON I WAS BEING DOTTED ON & COURTIED BY SO MANY...



EVEN AFTER MY NINTH PRO-POSAL OF MARRIAGE, I LONGED TO BELIEVE IT WAS ME THEY WERE AFTER...



BUT BY THE END OF THE EVENING, I CAME TO SWALLOW THE BITTER TRUTH-- THEY ONLY WANTED MY MONEY AND POWER...



THAT NIGHT AS I LAY IN SLEEPLESS AGONY, I DECIDED TO ESCAPE FROM THESE PHONIES AND FORTUNE HUNTERS TO SOME PLACE WHERE I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY...



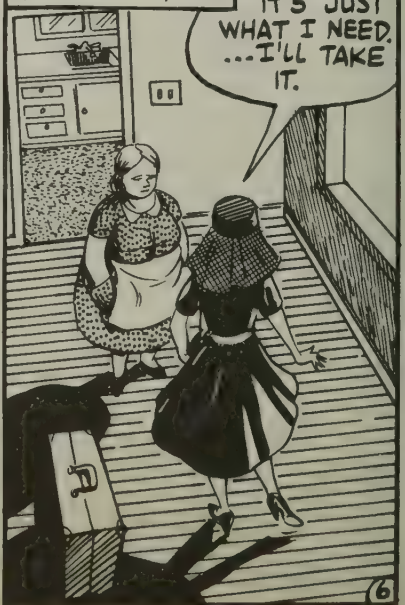
I COULD DEAL WITH THE CORP-ORATION JUST AS EASILY FROM SOME OTHER PART OF TOWN SO I PACKED UP SOME THINGS AND LEFT.



I ROAMED THE CITY FOR LONG HOURS-- I FOUND I COULD MOVE ABOUT UNRECOGNIZED AS LONG AS I WORE A VEIL.



I EVENTUALLY FOUND AN APART-MENT I LIKED, NOT FAR FROM A SMALL PARK.



I BUSIED MYSELF FOR DAYS, BUYING THINGS AND DECORATING. SHOPPING HELPED FAMILIARIZE ME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



I ALWAYS WENT OUT VEILED, BUT MADE FRIENDS ANYWAY AMONG THE LOCALS WHOSE CURIOSITIES WERE TEMPERED BY A NEED FOR DISTRACTION.

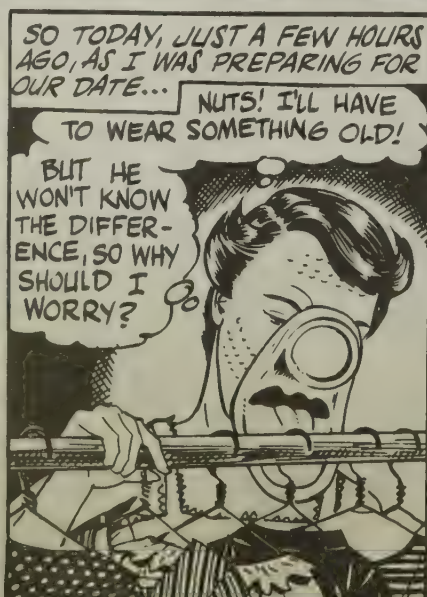
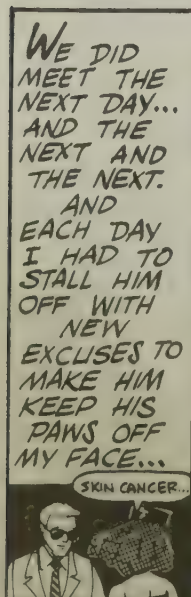
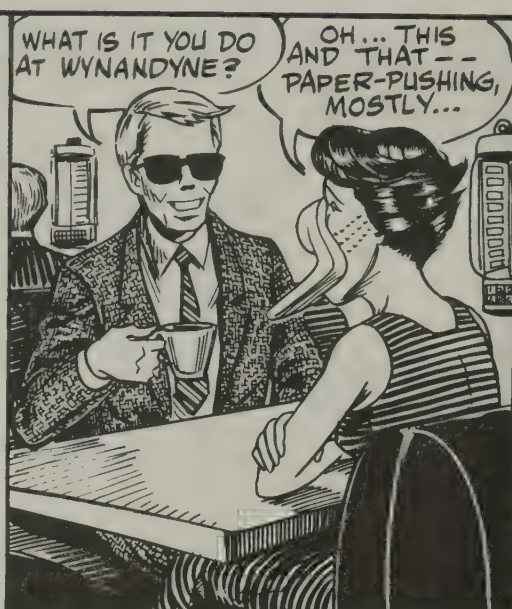
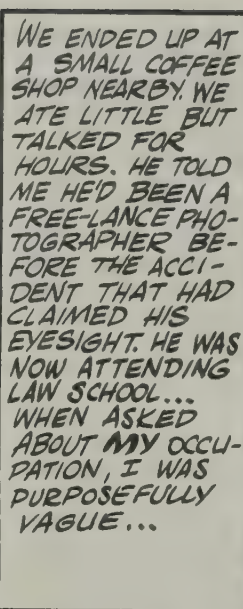


NEWS OF MY "DISAPPEARANCE" GRADUALLY FADED FROM EVEN THE BACK PAGES OF THE CHEAPEST TABLOIDS AND I FELT ODDLY AMBIVALENT ABOUT IT.



I'D BEEN LIVING THERE QUIETLY FOR A FEW MONTHS WHEN KURT SUDDENLY CAME INTO MY LIFE...





ALL THROUGH DINNER, KURT WAS ACTING VERY NERVOUS AND SUSPICIOUS. I KNEW THEN THAT I HAD DECEIVED HIM FOR TOO LONG AND I WOULD HAVE TO BARE MY FACE TO HIM **TONIGHT**, BUT I WAITED UNTIL HE BROACHED THE SUBJECT, SO RELUCTANT WAS I TO REVEAL MYSELF...

I'M SUSPICIOUS, IRENE. I'VE GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S UNDER THAT VEIL YOU ALWAYS WEAR AND I CAN ONLY ASK YOU ONCE MORE.



GO AHEAD, KURT. PLEASE -- FEEL MY FACE!

THANK HEAVENS, DARLING! I THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS WRONG, BUT I SHOULD'VE **KNOWN** YOU'D FINALLY LET ME.



HA HA! GREAT GAG, IRENE!

WHAT A WILD MASK!

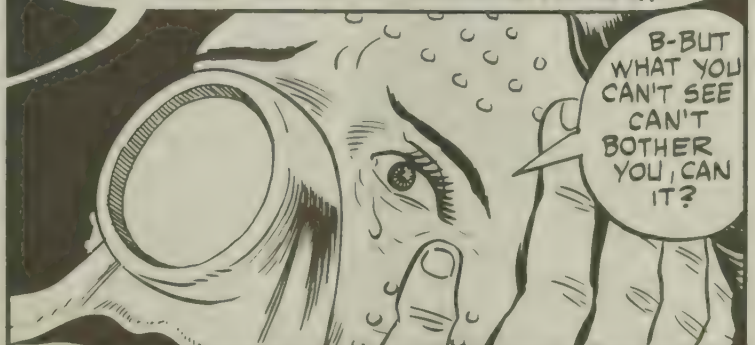


IT'S NOT A MASK, KURT. IT'S THE REAL THING...



BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP...

YES, IT **DOES** FEEL REAL... LIKE **TWISTED, TORTURED** HUMAN FLESH -- FOR MONTHS I'VE BEEN DATING A ... A **MONSTER!!**



B-BUT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE CAN'T BOTHER YOU, CAN IT?

OF COURSE IT BOTHERS ME! I'D BE LAUGHED OUT OF LAW SCHOOL IF ANYONE SAW ME WITH THE LIKES OF **YOU!**

HE STILL DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM!





SHE WONDERED IF IT WAS GOING TO HURT. SHE WAS SURE IT WOULD IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, BUT SHE KNEW SHE HAD TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.



THE SMILING FACE OF THE PRESIDENT BEAMED AT HER FROM THE T.V. SET WHILE SHE WAITED FOR THE DOCTOR TO BEGIN THE OPERATION.



THE "DOCTOR" CAME IN AND GAVE HER A PILL. "THIS WILL MAKE THE PAIN BEARABLE," SHE SAID, GIVING HER SOME WATER SO SHE COULD WASH IT DOWN.



HE LOOKED JUST AS YOUNG AND VAPID AS HE DID WHEN HE FIRST CAME TO OFFICE FIVE TERMS EARLIER, MAYBE HE'D HIRED A BETTER PLASTIC SURGEON OR SOMETHING.

BEFORE LONG, SHE FELT QUITE RELAXED. SHE'D NEVER EXPERIENCED A DRUG BEFORE AND IT MADE HER FEEL VERY DIFFERENTLY ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS BESIDES JUST THE PHYSICAL NUMBNESS.



OR, SHE THOUGHT, HE COULD EVEN BE DEAD NOW AND IT'S ALL DONE BY TECHNICIANS WITH SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER EQUIPMENT.



HER FEAR OF THE OPERATION SUBSIDED, HER REASONS FOR HAVING IT DONE SEEMED TRIVIAL, AND THE ANXIETY OF BEING CAUGHT AND TRIED DISAPPEARED.



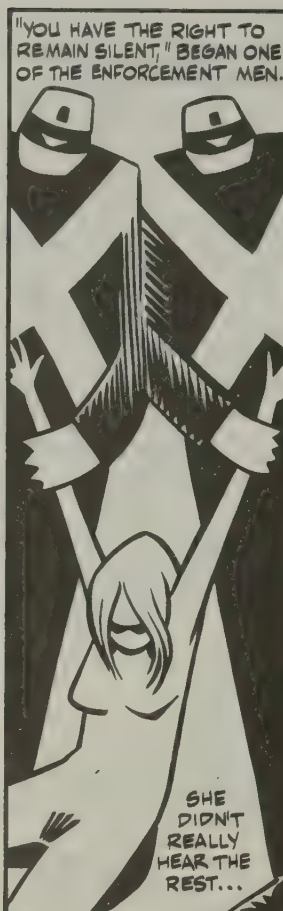
HE NEVER WAS MORE THAN A FACE ANYWAY, SHE THOUGHT ... BEFORE SHE FORGOT HOW TO THINK ENTIRELY.



WHEN SHE CAME TO, SHE FOUND HERSELF SURROUNDED BY RIGHT-LIFERS. HER ANXIETY ABOUT BEING CAUGHT THAT HAD BEEN QUELLED BY THE DRUG CAME BACK IN ONE HORRIFIC RUSH.



SHE SAW THE DOCTOR BEING DRAGGED AWAY, THE RIGHT-LIFERS KICKING AND BEATING HER WITH OBVIOUS RELISH.



"YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT," BEGAN ONE OF THE ENFORCEMENT MEN.

SHE DIDN'T REALLY HEAR THE REST...



THE DRUG WORE OFF QUICKLY AS SHE WAS HUSTLED INTO A VAN OCCUPIED BY TWO OTHER PREGNANT WOMEN.



THE OFFICERS TREATED HER GENTLY AS MEN TREAT THEIR PREGNANT WOMEN BUT MADE SURE THE CUFFS FIT SNUGLY.



WEEKS LATER AT THE TRIAL, SHE WAS FOUND GUILTY.



SHE WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE THE REMAINDER OF HER PREGNANCY AT THE SYBIL BRAND INSTITUTE UNTIL SHE BORE THE CHILD ... WHICH SHE DID.



THEN SHE WAS TAKEN OUTSIDE AND SHOT.

CONFESSIONS OF A WOULD-BE GOLDDIGGER...

The Prince and the Art Girl

'ALLO, CAROL? THIS IS BOZAINA IN NICE!
... 'OW ARE YOU, BABEE?

BOZ!
HI!!

BOZAINA IS A LIVE WIRE I MET ON A SCREWY FRENCH COMPUTER NETWORK. WE BECAME INSTANT FRIENDS AND STAYED SO EVEN AFTER THE FRENCH PHONE POLICE NAILED HER WITH AN \$8,000.00 PHONE BILL. (IT WAS FREE FOR YANKS BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.)

©1989
CAROL LAY

HERE'S A PICTURE OF BOZAINA AND ME IN ENSENADA BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY AS WELL...



WHAT SHE'D CALLED FOR WAS TO TELL ME THAT AN ENGLISH STUDENT OF HERS, AN ARABIAN PRINCE, WAS ON HIS WAY TO L.A.



HE HAS A PACKAGE FOR YOU FROM ME ... CAN YOU MEET HIM?

OK... I DON'T SEE WHY NOT...

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM... HE IS VERY GENTLEMAN, HE IS VERY VERY RICH, HE IS VERY HANDSOME, AND SO SWEET AND FUNNY.

I'M SURE HE WILL TAKE YOU TO A VERY NICE RESTAURANT AND AFTERWARDS IF YOU WANT TO GO TO THE BED WITH HIM I WILL NOT MIND...

I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT I WAS CERTAINLY READY FOR A DECENT MEAL AFTER LIVING ON FROZEN DINNERS AND TAKE-OUT FOOD FOR A WEEK...



I WONDER IF I COULD EAT CAT FOOD WITHOUT BARFING IF I REALLY HAD TO...

THE PRINCE CALLED THE VERY NEXT MORNING...

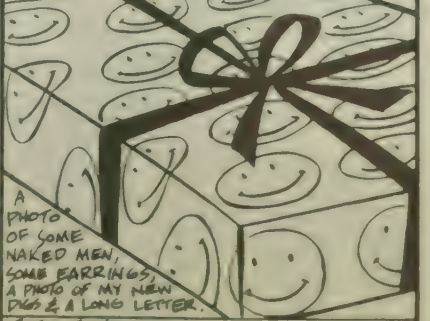


ALRIGHT... I'LL MEET YOU THERE AT 7:30

I SPENT MOST OF THE DAY DUPING TAPES AND COLLECTING A PACKAGE OF THINGS FOR BOZ...

CONTENTS:

4 TAPES (PERUVIAN FOLK TUNES, JAPANESE POP VOCALISTS, RUSSIAN JAZZ FROM THE '20'S, NOVELTY TUNES FROM OLD TV'S), THE LATEST CALVIN & HOBBS (HER FAVORITE CARTOON) 2 WEIRDOS



A PHOTO OF SOME NAKED MEN, SOME EARRINGS, A PHOTO OF MY NEW DRESS & A LONG LETTER.

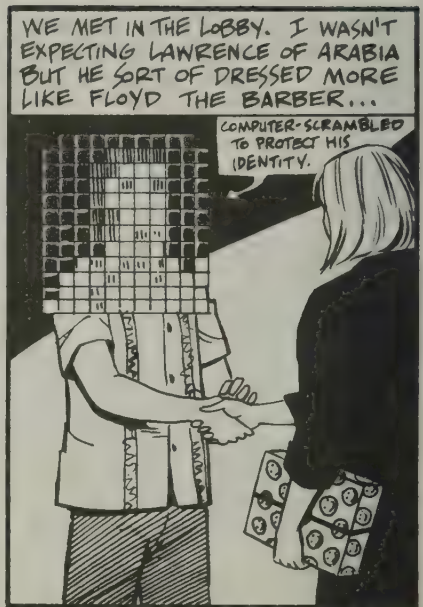
THEN I WALKED AROUND LAKE HOLLYWOOD TO WORK UP A REAL GOOD APPETITE.



I GOT TO HIS HOTEL A LITTLE LATE, A SWANK JOINT IN THE MARINA WITH A LOT OF SECURITY.

UNLIKE ME...

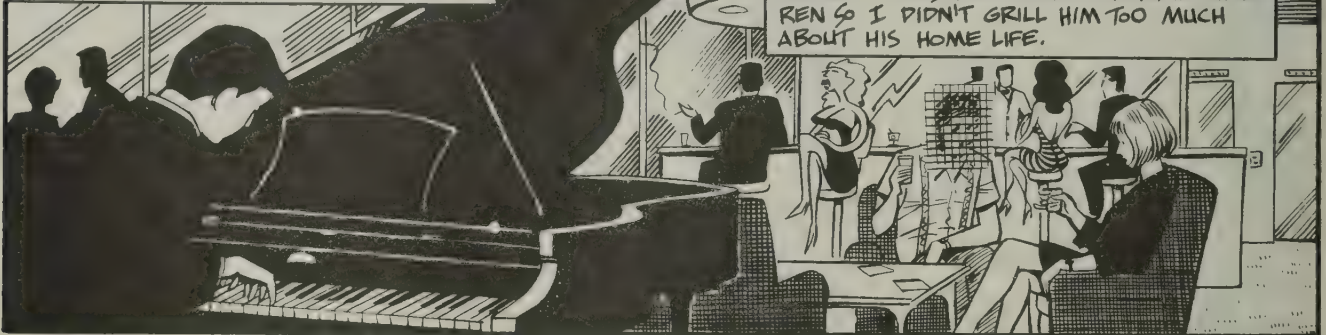
GOD, I HOPE NO ONE SEES HOW DIRTY MY CAR IS.



WE MET IN THE LOBBY. I WASN'T EXPECTING LAWRENCE OF ARABIA BUT HE SORT OF DRESSED MORE LIKE FLOYD THE BARBER...

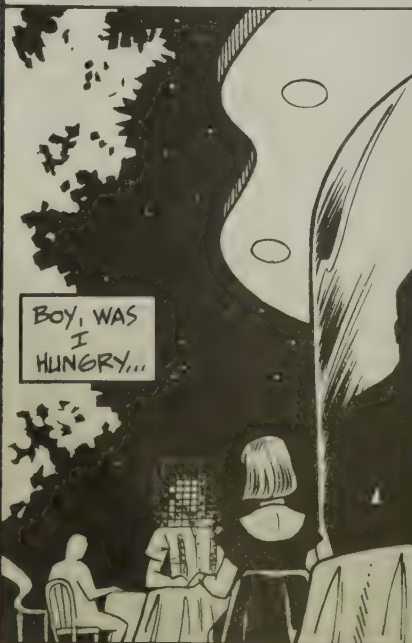
COMPUTER-SCRAMBLED TO PROTECT HIS IDENTITY.

WE HAD A DRINK IN THE LOUNGE. I FOUND HIM TO BE PLEASANT, INTELLIGENT, AND MILDLY AMUSING... AT FIRST...



BOZAINA HAD TOLD ME ABOUT HIS THREE OFFICIAL WIVES AND ELEVEN OFFICIAL CHILDREN SO I DIDN'T GRILL HIM TOO MUCH ABOUT HIS HOME LIFE.

SOON, I PACKED HIM INTO MY OLD TOYOTA AND DROVE US UP THE COAST TO A CHI-CHI RESTAURANT ON THE OCEAN IN MALIBU.



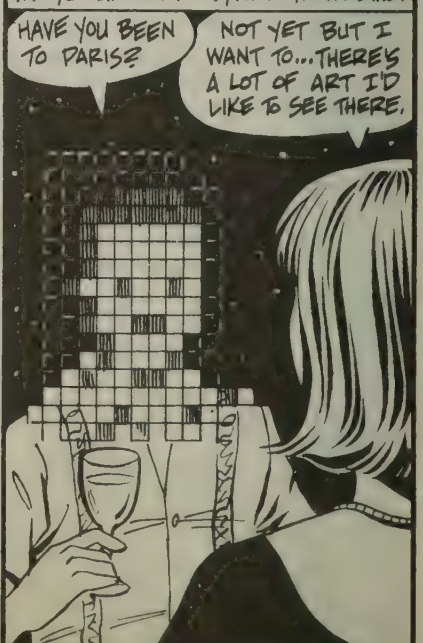
BOY, WAS I HUNGRY...

WE BOTH HAD THE SOFT SHELL CRAB AS WELL AS SALAD, APPETIZER, AND A VERY EXPENSIVE BOTTLE OF WINE.



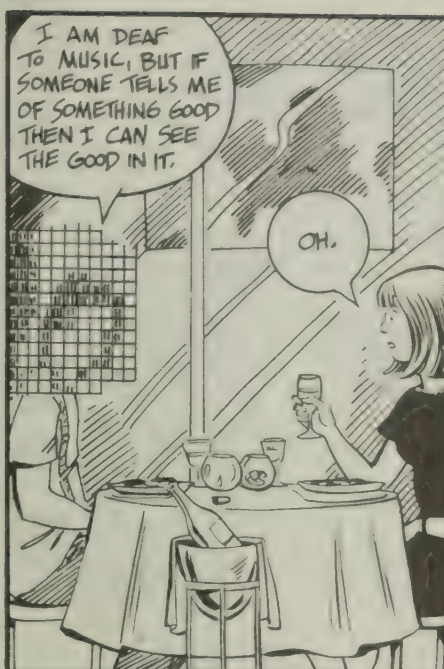
I COULD HAVE LIVED FOR WEEKS ON WHAT THAT MEAL COST.

DURING DINNER, I FOUND THAT HIS INTERESTS INCLUDED BANKING, FRENCH WINES, REAL ESTATE, YACHTING, GOURMET FOOD, AND TRAVELING.

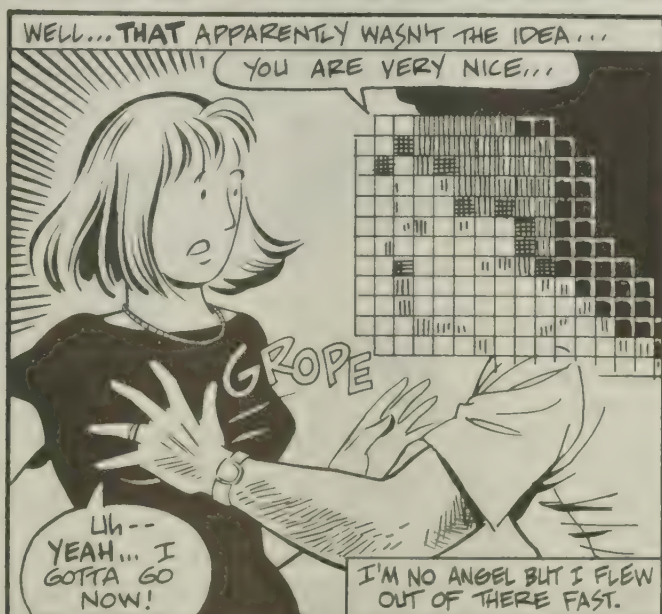
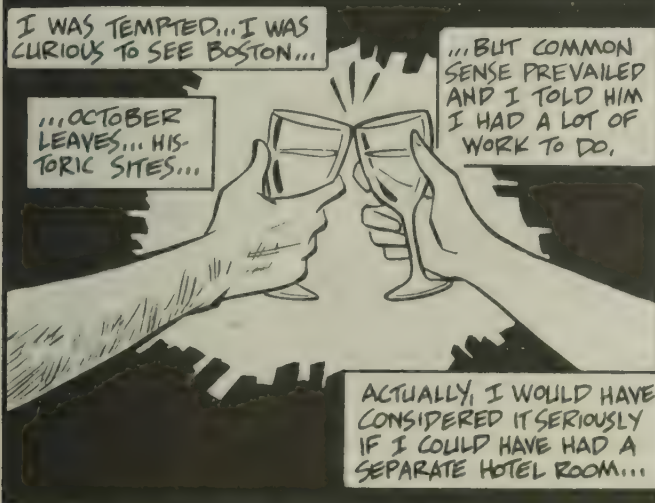


HAVE YOU BEEN TO PARIS?

NOT YET BUT I WANT TO...THERE'S A LOT OF ART I'D LIKE TO SEE THERE.

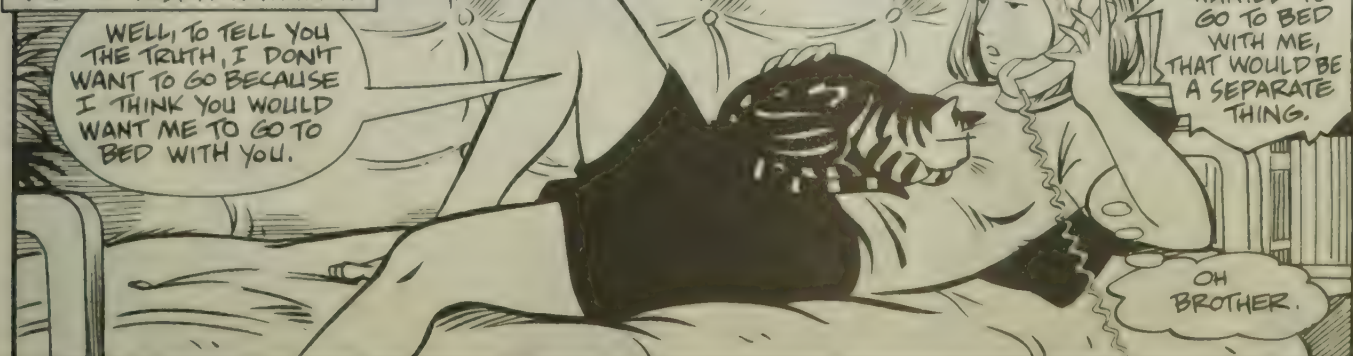


THE PRINCE'S NEXT STOP WAS BOSTON FOR A FEW DAYS. HE ASKED ME IF I WOULD LIKE TO COME ALONG TO DO SOME SIGHTSEEING AND KEEP HIM COMPANY.



THE PRINCE CALLED A COUPLE OF NIGHTS LATER AT 11:30 P.M. AND TRIED TO TALK ME INTO GOING TO HIS HOTEL.

WHEN THAT FAILED, HE PESTERED ME SOME MORE TO GO TO BOSTON WITH HIM.

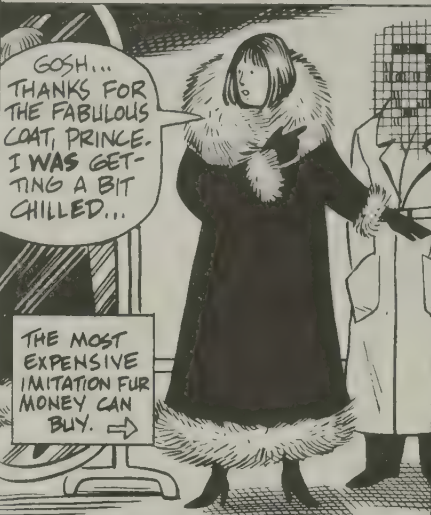


STILL, I HAD VISIONS OF LOBSTERS AND CHOWDER DANCING IN MY HEAD...



I WANTED ADVENTURE... TRAVEL... SEAFOOD.

IN IDLE MOMENTS, MY IMAGINATION WAS CARRIED AWAY EVEN FURTHER...



GOSH... THANKS FOR THE FABULOUS COAT, PRINCE. I WAS GETTING A BIT CHILLED...

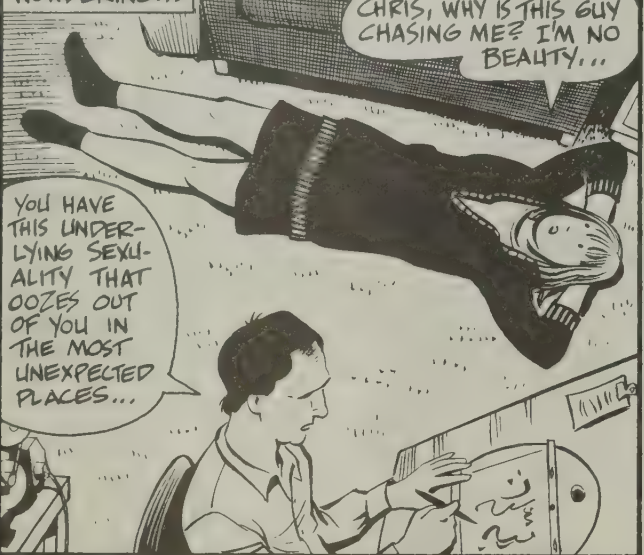
THE MOST EXPENSIVE IMITATION FUR MONEY CAN BUY. →

...BUT MY FRIEND AUDRI BROUGHT ME BACK TO EARTH.



I KNOW... I'M JUST INDULGING IN SOME FANTASIES...

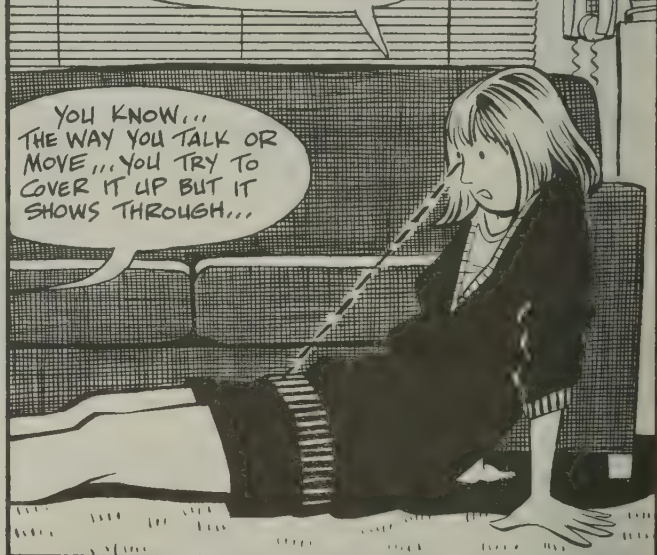
BUT THE PRINCE KEPT CALLING ME AND I STARTED WONDERING...



YOU HAVE THIS UNDERLYING SEXUALITY THAT OOZES OUT OF YOU IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES...

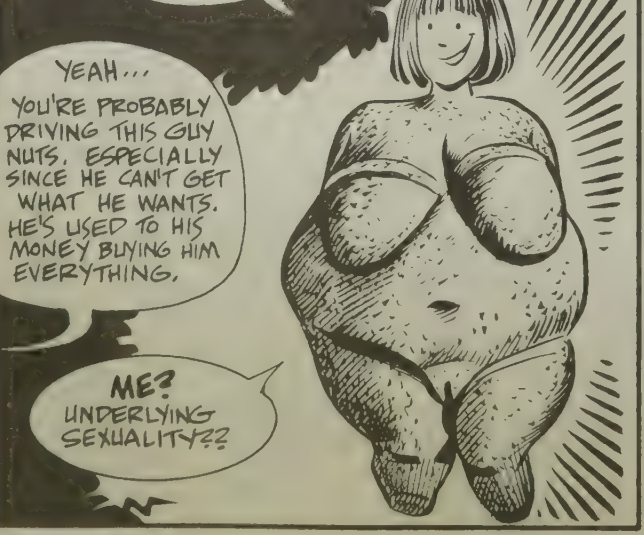
CHRIS, WHY IS THIS GUY CHASING ME? I'M NO BEAUTY...

HUH? WHAT PLACES?



YOU KNOW... THE WAY YOU TALK OR MOVE... YOU TRY TO COVER IT UP BUT IT SHOWS THROUGH...

REALLY??



YEAH... YOU'RE PROBABLY DRIVING THIS GUY NUTS, ESPECIALLY SINCE HE CAN'T GET WHAT HE WANTS. HE'S USED TO HIS MONEY BUYING HIM EVERYTHING.

ME? UNDERLYING SEXUALITY??

THE EPISODE FINALLY ENDED WHEN HE MADE ONE LAST PLEA FOR ME TO GO TO BOSTON WITH HIM BEFORE HE TOOK OFF FOR THE AIRPORT...



I'M SORRY, BUT I REALLY HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO.

ALRIGHT-- I UNDERSTAND... JUST DO NOT PUT ME INTO ONE OF YOUR COMIC STORIES, OK?

THE END



PENNY MORAN VAN HORN

I was born in 1954 and raised in Rye, a suburb of New York City. When I was a kid, my father brought home a couple of comic books for me whenever he went to the local stationery store for cigarettes and the newspaper. *Little Lulu*, *Audrey*, *Dot and Iodine*, *Richie Rich*, and *Dennis the Menace*. I also enjoyed the funny papers and *Mad Magazine*.

In seventh and eighth grade, my friend and I did comics for each other called "Conversation Hour" based on our teachers and other students. They were incredibly cruel car-

icatures preying on their foibles, speech impediments, and human frailty in general. Unfortunately, these priceless masterpieces have been lost forever.

I majored in art in high school and college and had planned to do "fine art" (abstract painting and drawing). I moved to Manhattan. I shunned commercial art for years after college until, several secretarial jobs later, I caught myself jealously eyeing the drafting tables and art supplies in the art department of the publishing company in which I worked. I took a paste-up and mechanicals course which got me more involved in the print media. I found that I preferred the printed page to the gallery scene. I was interested in illustrating and, after many false starts and a move to Texas, began to have some success.

One day while leafing through *National Lampoon*, I saw Ron Hauge's strip, *Modern Problems*. It seemed to hit a nerve. I loved his work. I became obsessed with comics. I wrote fan mail and ordered self-produced comic books that were advertised in the editorial sections of comics. Dennis Worden's *Stickboy*, which is another favorite of mine, came to my attention in this way.

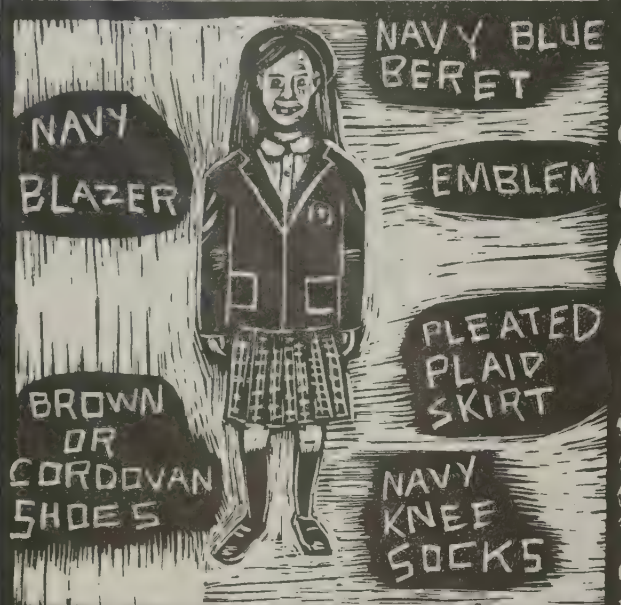
I was driven to make some of my own comics, and slowly began to undo years of neglect and denial: "No, I'm not interested in that 'cutting edge of graphics bullshit' " . . . or . . . "I can incorporate art into my life-style—I don't need to put it on paper," etc., etc. I had had a few scratchboard illustrations published, but I felt it would be stupid of me to attempt to do comics in that labor-intensive, time-consuming medium. "Only an idiot would take the time to do that," I thought. Soon I embarked on the project. Luckily, *Weirdo* was interested in my work and provided the initial encouragement for me to continue.

I enjoy reading, and feel that comics combine the best of both the written word and visual imagery. The difficult part of making comics for me is maintaining originality and humor and avoiding excessive cuteness. Now I am happily married and recently gave birth to my first child, a daughter. I live in Austin, Texas, and still do free-lance illustration.

A TRUE STORY

CATHOLIC SCHOOL

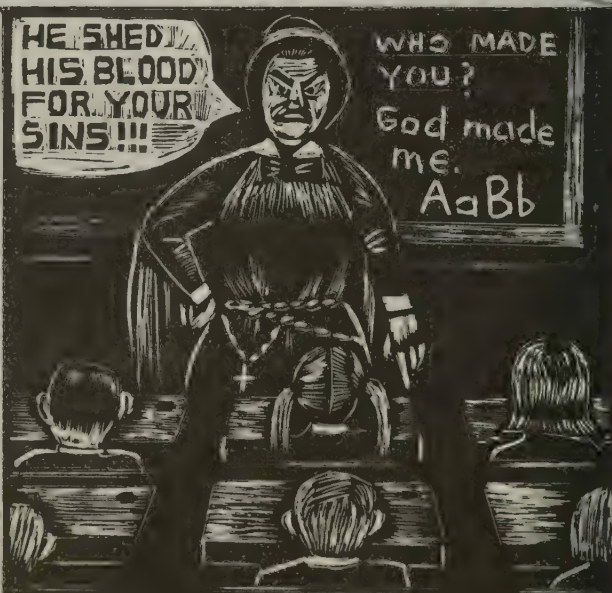
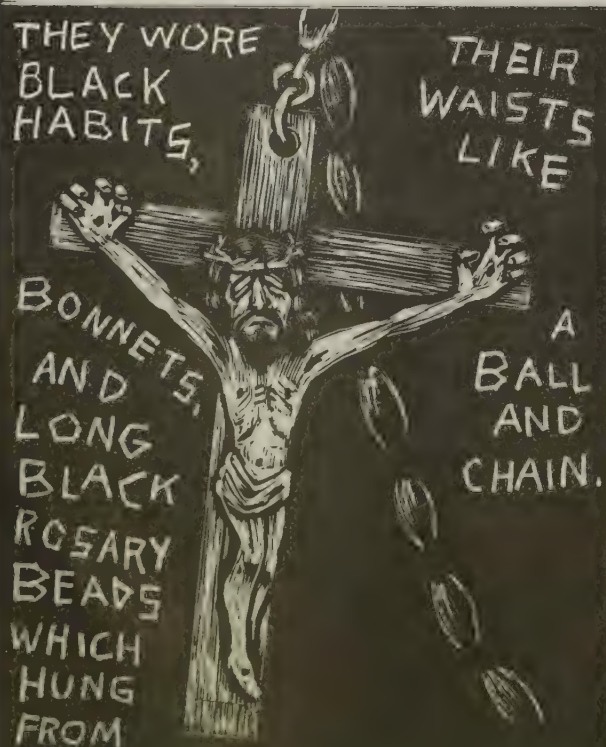
BY PENNY MORAN ©89



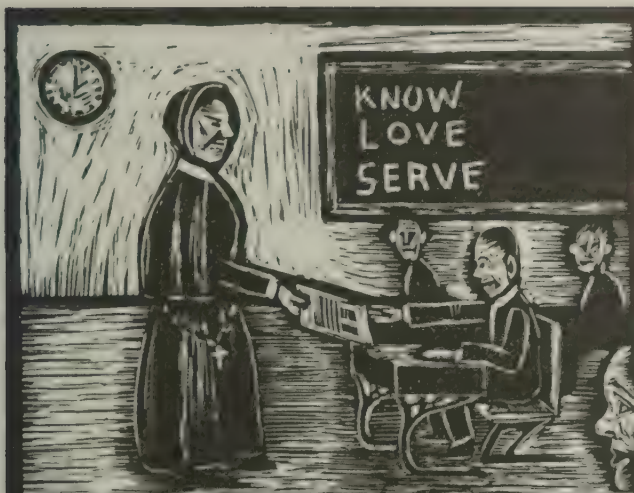
I ATTENDED CATHOLIC SCHOOL 1959-1966. WE WORE UNIFORMS.



THE NUNS WHO TAUGHT US WERE CALLED THE "SISTERS OF CHARITY."



THEY DEVOTED TOO MUCH OF EACH DAY TO TEACHING "RELIGION"



ONCE, DURING DISTRIBUTION
OF WEEKLY READERS,

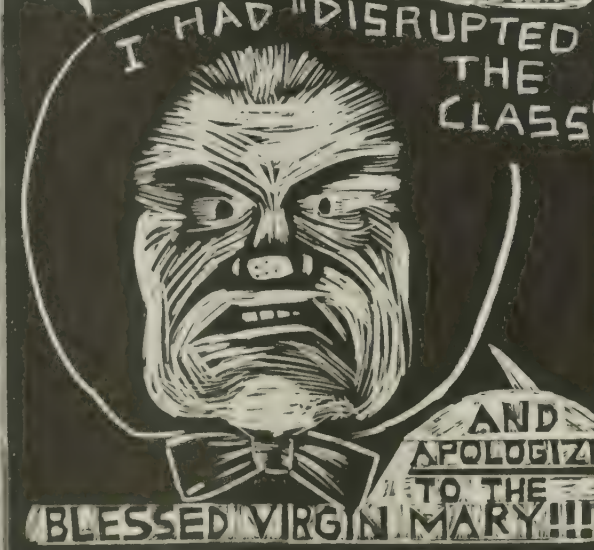


I BECAME OVERLY
EXCITED AND CHEERED.

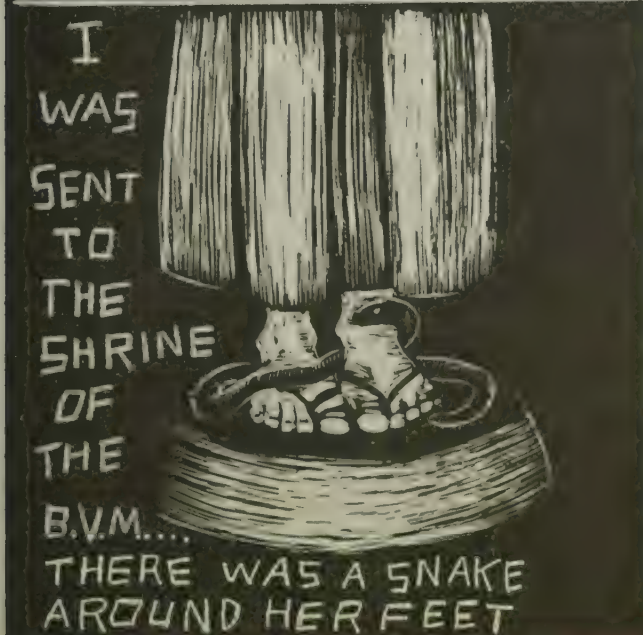


I FELT MY HAIR
YANKED FROM BEHIND.

GO UP TO THE FRONT OF THE
ROOM...



AND
APOLOGIZE
TO THE
BLESSED VIRGIN MARY!!!



I
WAS
SENT
TO
THE
SHRINE
OF
THE
B.V.M....
THERE WAS A SNAKE
AROUND HER FEET



I
WAS
NOT
SORRY

THE
END



"PSST!"
A YOUNG
HOODLUM-
TYPE CALL-
ED TO ME
ONE SUMMER
EVENING
IN TEXAS.

**"HEY,
GIRL!"**



ITOOK A
CHANCE &
LISTENED
TO WHAT HE
HAD TO SAY.

**"I FOUND
A JOB...
BUT I NEED
A PLACE
TO STAY."**



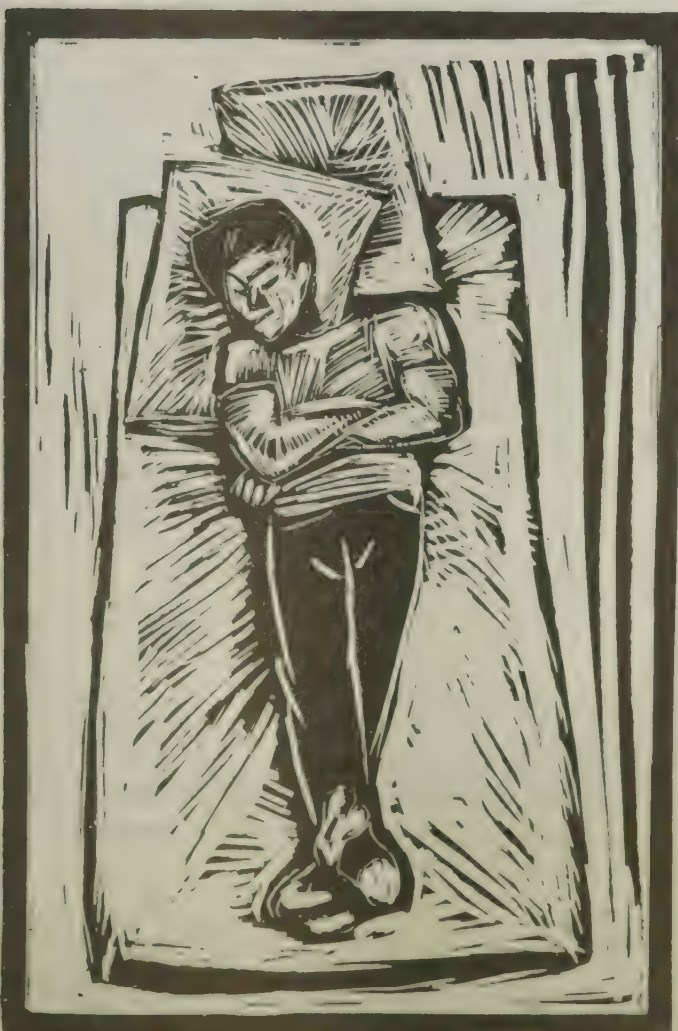
HE WAS FROM THE
SOUTH BRONX AND HAD
A WICKED N.Y. ACCENT.
I WAS ON MY WAY TO
AN ART OPENING
AND TOLD HIM HE
MIGHT AS WELL
COME ALONG.
BUT HE FELT SO
ILL AT EASE THERE
THAT HE JUST GLARED
AT ALL THE WINE-
SWILLING YUPPIES

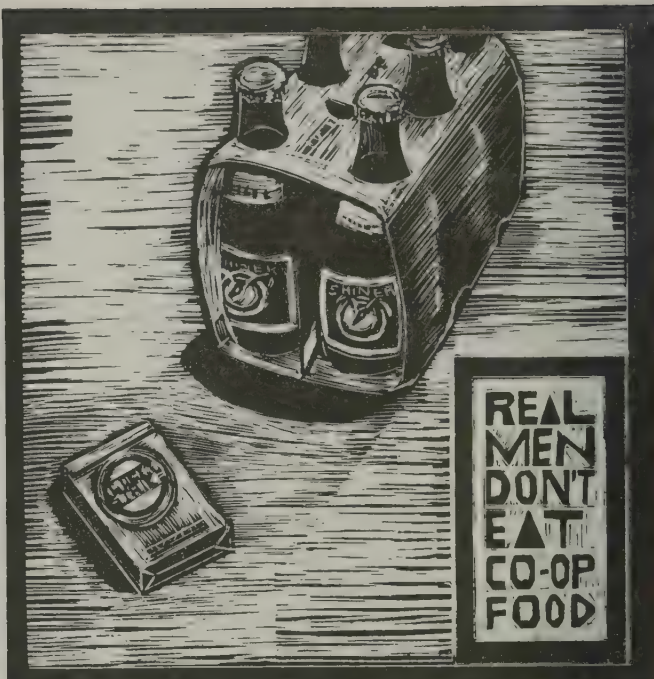
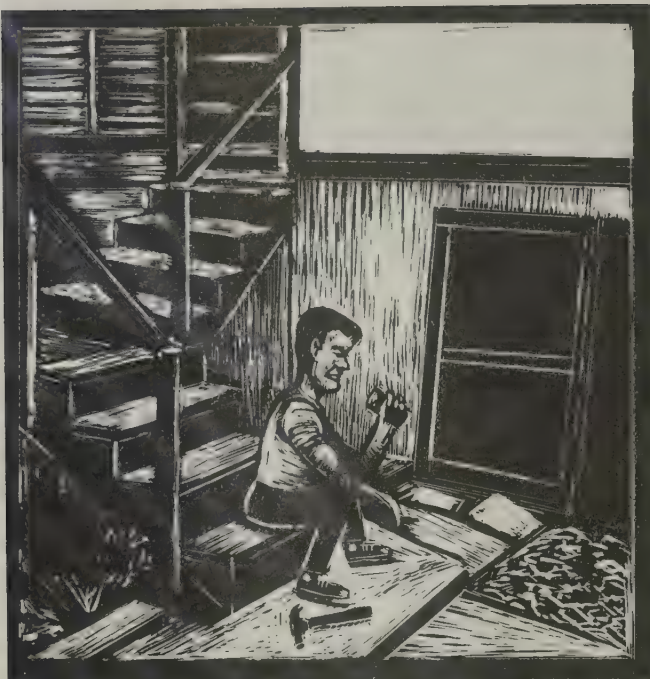


THINGS PROCEEDED WAY TOO QUICKLY. AS SOON AS WE LEFT THE SHOW, DOWN ON THE GROUND WE WENT. AND HE WAS WAITING FOR ME THE NEXT DAY, CLAD IN LEATHER, WITH A GHETTO BLASTER CRANKED UP.



SOON MY LITTLE PICKUP HAD SOMEHOW BECOME MY BOYFRIEND. I LET HIM STAY AT THE CO-OP I LIVED IN UNTIL HE "GOT HIS FEET ON THE GROUND." BUT HE REALLY ABUSED MY GENEROSITY.





HE NURSED A SECRET **DRINKING PROBLEM** UNTIL IT BLOSSOMED INTO A BURDEN TO THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD.

THE CARPENTRY AND HOME REPAIR JOBS WE LET HIM DO INSTEAD OF PAYING RENT WERE **BECOMING AWFULLY SCARCE.**



I **FOOLISHLY LENT HIM MONEY AGAIN** THAT AWFUL DAY-- "FOR FOOD," HE TOLD ME ...

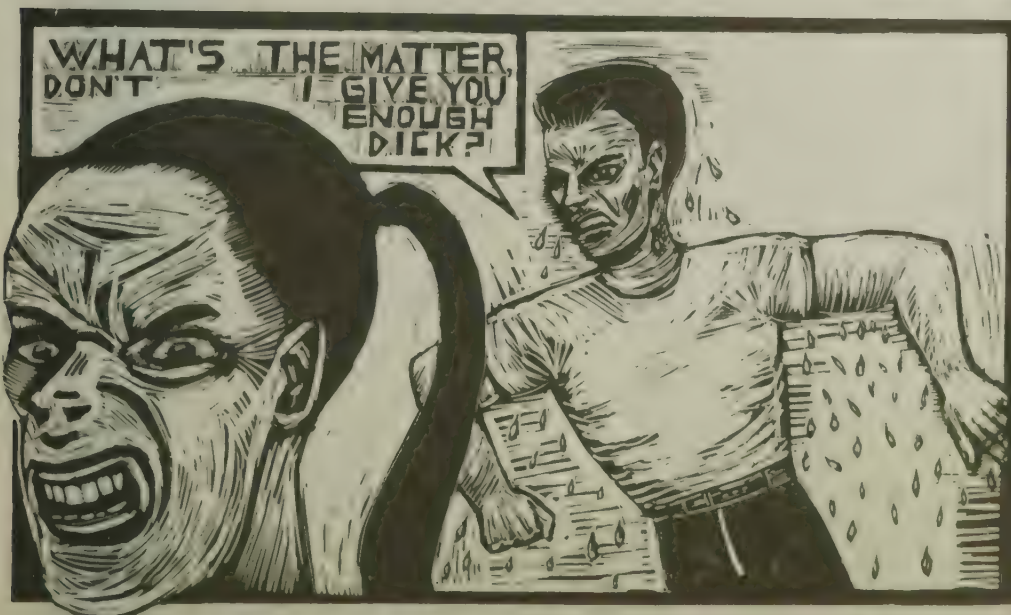
HE CAME BACK FROM THE CORNER STORE WITH **TWO SIX-PACKS,** FILLED A COOLER WITH ICE, AND PROCEEDED TO GET

**LOUDLY
DRUNK**

ON THE FRONT
PORCH WITH
ONE OF MY
HOUSEMATES.
I EAVESDROPPED,
AND HEARD
HIM SAY,

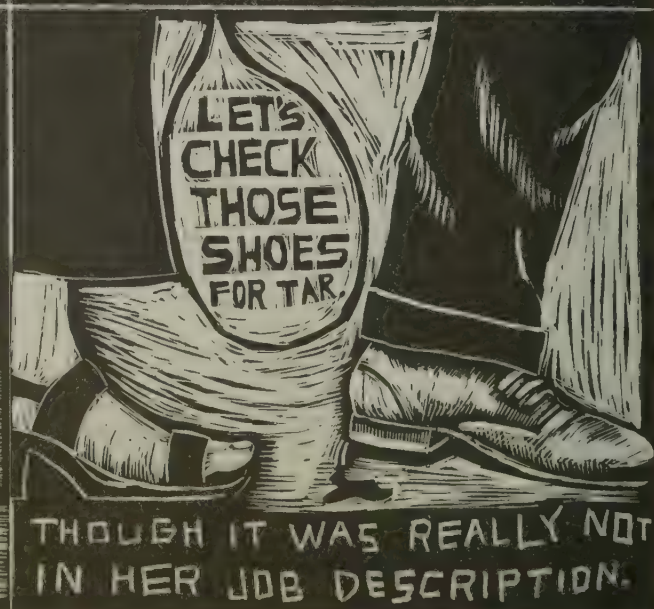
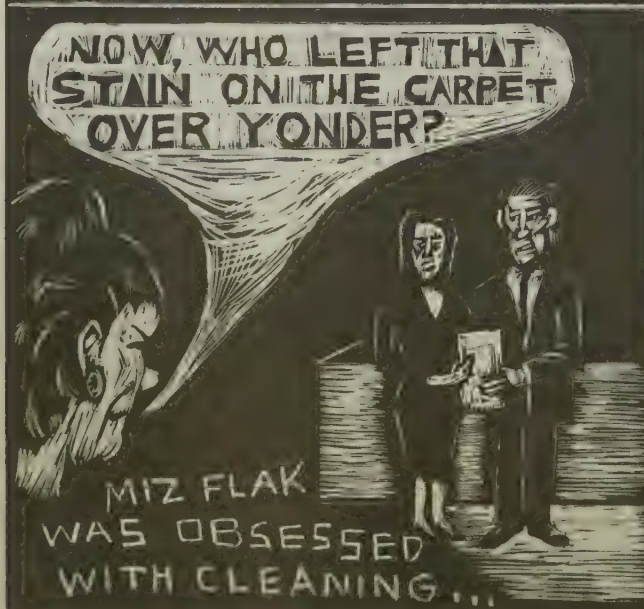
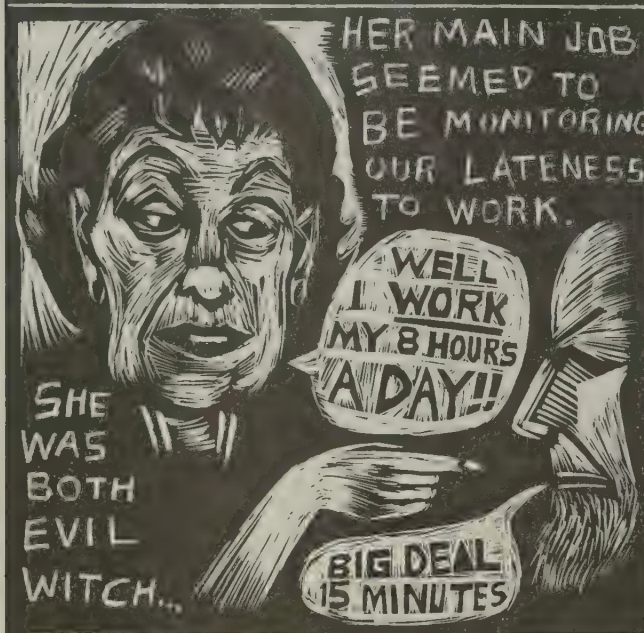
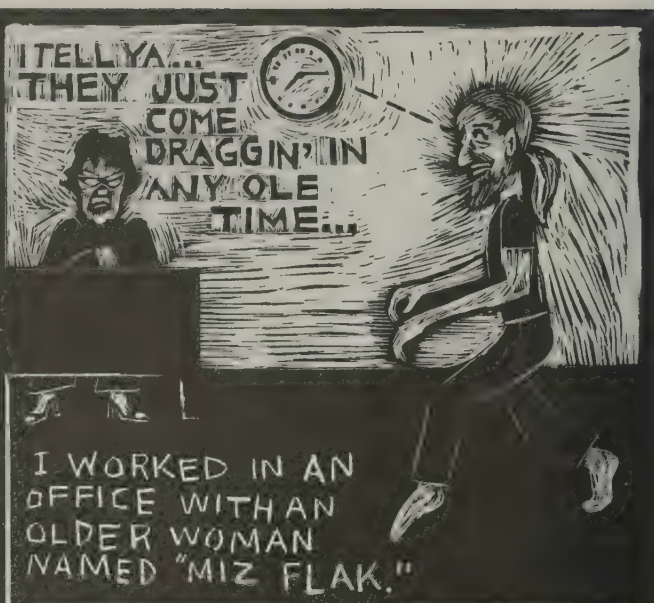
"PENNY'S
JUST ANOTHER
UPPER MIDDLE/
LOWER UPPER-
CLASS BITCH
ENTERING
EARLY MIDDLE
AGE. THEY'RE
A DIME A
DOZEN."

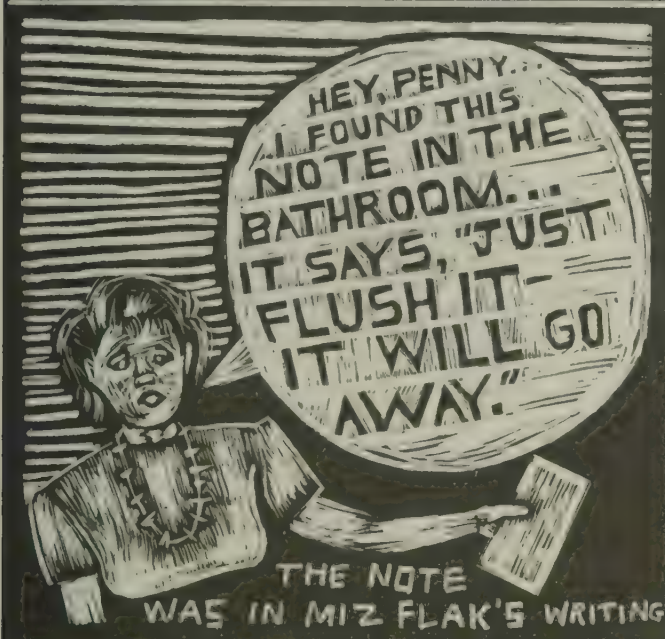
I WENT OUT
AND UPTURNED
THE COOLER
FULL OF
BEER AND ICE
ON HIS HEAD.



HE SAT
THERE
GASPING
WITH THE
COOLER
OVER HIS
HEAD FOR
A MINUTE,
THEN TRIED
TO HAVE
**THE
LAST
WORD.**

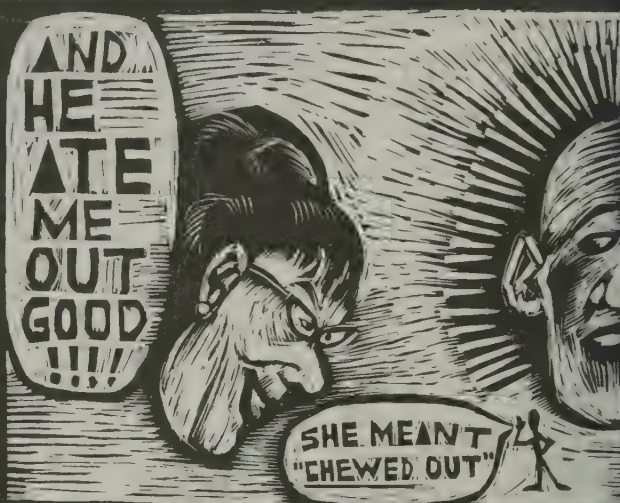
HE LEFT ME WITH HIS BLACK LEATHER
JACKET, BY WAY OF APOLOGY.







SOMEHOW, MIZ FLAK'S
WORD MIXUPS...



ALWAYS DEALT WITH
FEMALE GENITALIA.

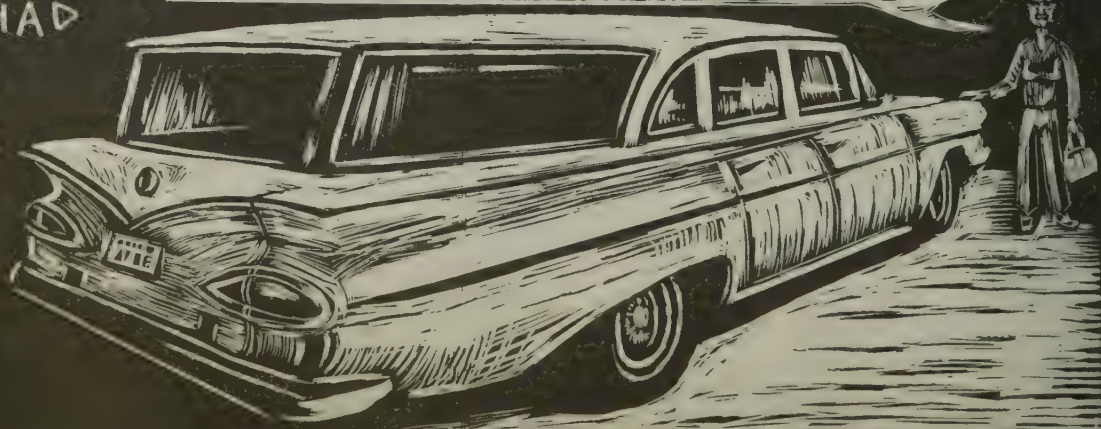


MIZ FLAK
HAD NO TACT.



AT LEAST
SHE HAD
GOOD
TASTE
IN
CARS.

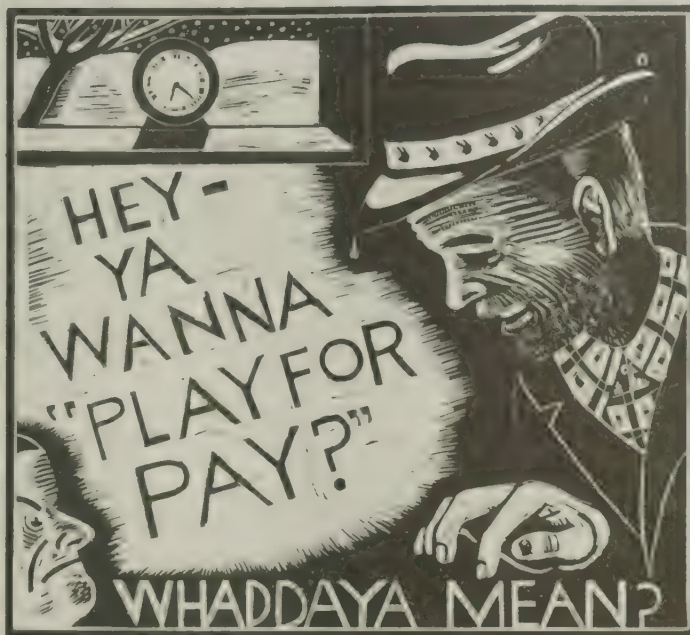
IT'S ONLY BEEN OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS ONCE
IN ITS THIRTY YEARS!



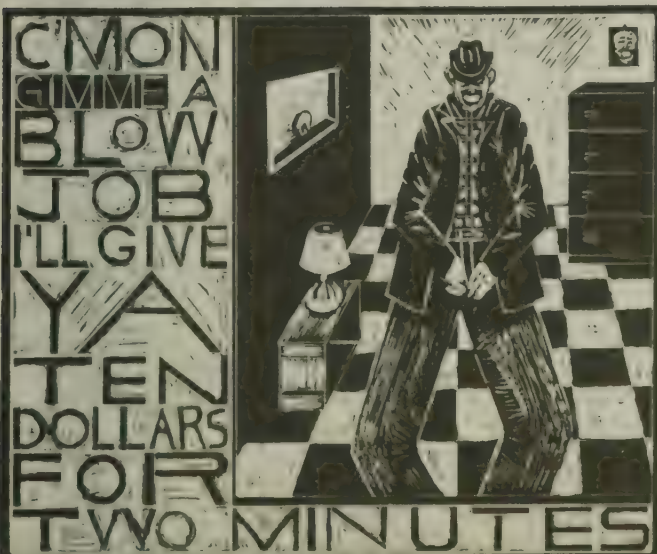
THE
END

TEN DOLLARS FOR TWO MINUTES

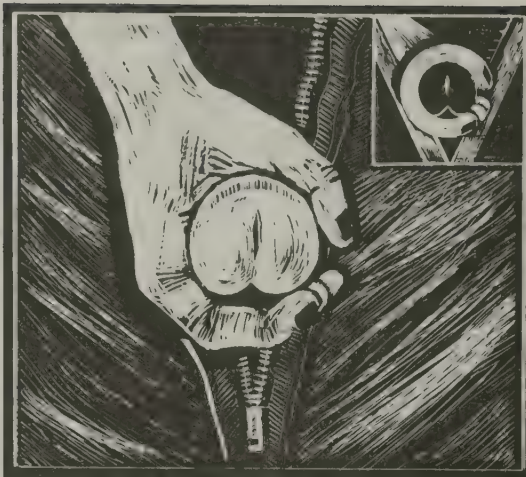
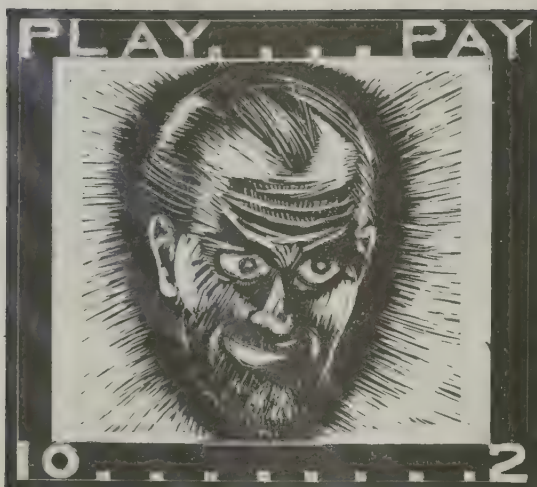
A TRUE STORY BY PENNY MORAN ©



EARLY ONE WINTER MORNING I AWOKE TO FIND THE LOOMING FIGURE OF MY LANDLORD IN MY TRAILER. HE HAD LET HIMSELF IN. "I NEED TO CHECK THE ROOF FOR LEAKS," HE LIED. QUICKLY HE GOT TO THE POINT: "HEY," HE SAID, "YA WANNA 'PLAY FOR PAY?'"



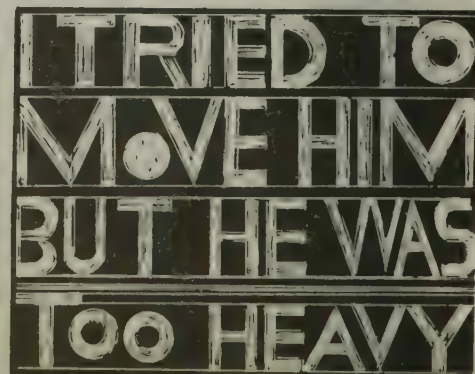
"I'LL GIVE YOU 10\$ FOR 2 MINUTES." I REFUSED HIS OFFER. I WAS TRAPPED BENEATH THE COVERS WITHOUT ANY CLOTHES.



HIS PROPOSITION SOON BECAME A CHANT: PLAY FOR PAY / 10 FOR 2... HE PRANCED ABOUT ZIPPING AND UNZIPPING HIS PANTS. "WHAT AM I GONNA DO?" I ASKED MYSELF. SUDDENLY, HE FLUSHED, GRIMACED,



AND FELL TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUMP. "THANK GOD," I THOUGHT. I ASSUMED HE HAD FAINTED. I DRESSED AND WENT OVER TO FETCH



HIS WIFE. "HE SHOULDN'T BE SHOVELING SNOW OFF THOSE ROOFS," SHE WHINED, "NOT WITH HIS HEART!" SHE KNELT BY HIS SIDE. WHEN WE REALIZED HE WAS DEAD, SHE WAILED



IN HER GERMAN ACCENT, "HE WAS SUCH A GOOD MAN!!!" ON THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL IN THE AMBULANCE SHE CRIED ON MY SHOULDER. I FOUND MYSELF WONDERING IF HE'D DIED WITH HIS ZIPPER UP OR DOWN.



AN INTERESTING FOOTNOTE: A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER, ONE OF MY FRIENDS SENT ME A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING ABOUT THE TWO OF THEM. THE HEADLINE READ: "ANGRY WIDOW FIGHTS TO CLEAR HUSBAND'S NAME." APPARENTLY, HE HAD BEEN CONVICTED OF TREASON DURING A RECENT WAR. "ON HIS DEATHBED," THE ARTICLE BEGAN, "MRS. X PROMISED HER HUSBAND SHE WOULD NOT REST UNTIL HIS NAME HAD BEEN CLEARED OF THE UNJUST TREASON ACCUSATION..."

END ■

DOMESTIC BLISS



"HONEY, I'M HOME!"
I BLEAT HAPPILY...



Q-TIPS IN HIS EARS
& SINUSES ABLAZE.



HE SULKES HOPEFULLY,
PROFESSING HUNGER.



"LET'S GO OUT TO EAT!"
IS MY SUGGESTION.

I TAKE A MOMENT TO
ANSWER THE PHONE



IN WHICH TIME HE
GOBBLES LEFTOVERS



IMAGINE MY CHAGRIN THEN WHEN
HE ENTICES ME OUT INTO THE YARD



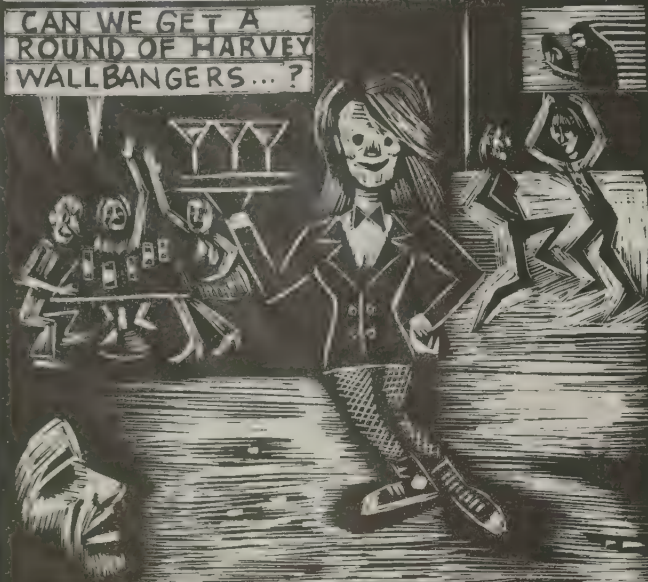
ONLY TO COMPLETELY DOUSE ME
WITH THE GARDEN HOSE

A BIRD IN THE BEARD

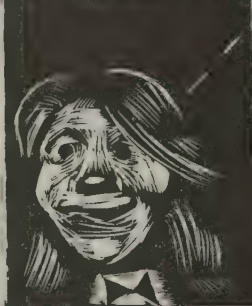
A TRUE STORY

PENNY '89
MORAN ©

CAN WE GET A
ROUND OF HARVEY
WALLBANGERS... ?



MY FRIEND ONCE WORKED
AS A COCKTAIL WAITRESS
IN A DISCOTEQUE.



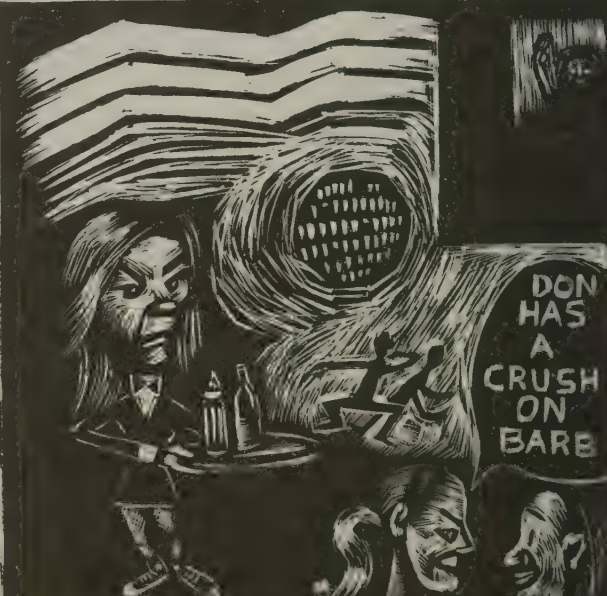
THE DISC JOCKEY AT
THE DISCO BECAME
INFATUATED WITH HER.

I HAPPEN TO KNOW
THAT THIS SONG IS A
CERTAIN COCKTAIL
WAITRESS'S FAVORITE!

SHE'S
A FOXY
LADY!

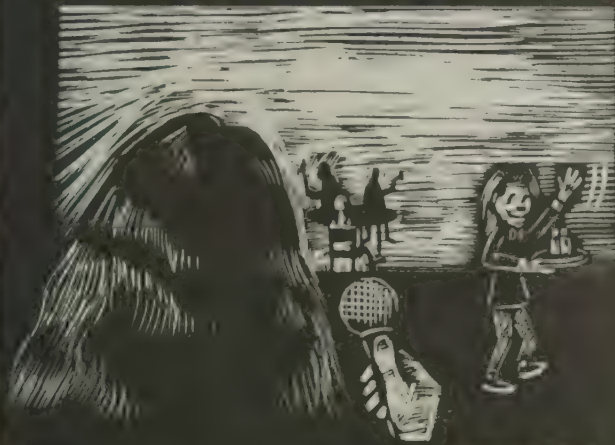


HE FLIRTED WITH HER
USING HIS MICROPHONE
IN BETWEEN SONGS.

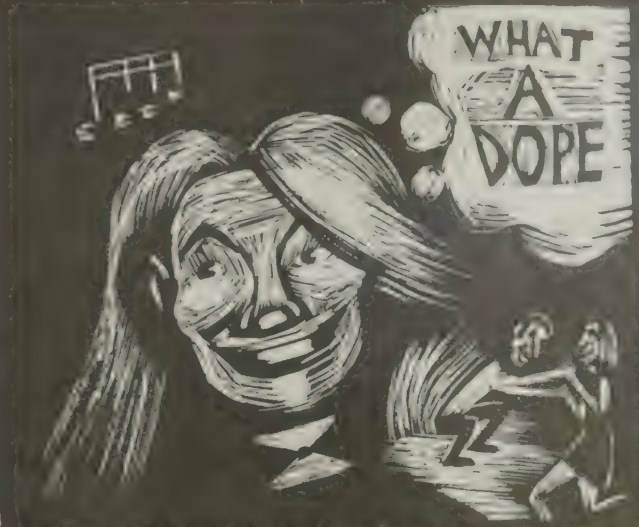


SHE WAS EMBARRASSED
BY HIS PUBLIC DISPLAYS.

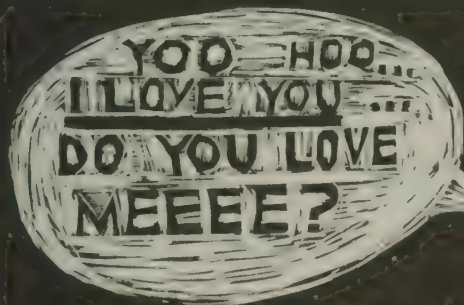
SHE PLAYED ALONG



TO AVOID MAKING WAVES,



BUT SHUNNED HIS MORE PRIVATE PROPOSITIONS.



ONE EVENING WHILE SHE WAS RELAXING AT HOME, SHE HEARD A CAR PULL UP AND A VOICE CALL OUT IN SING-SONG, DRUNKEN TONES...

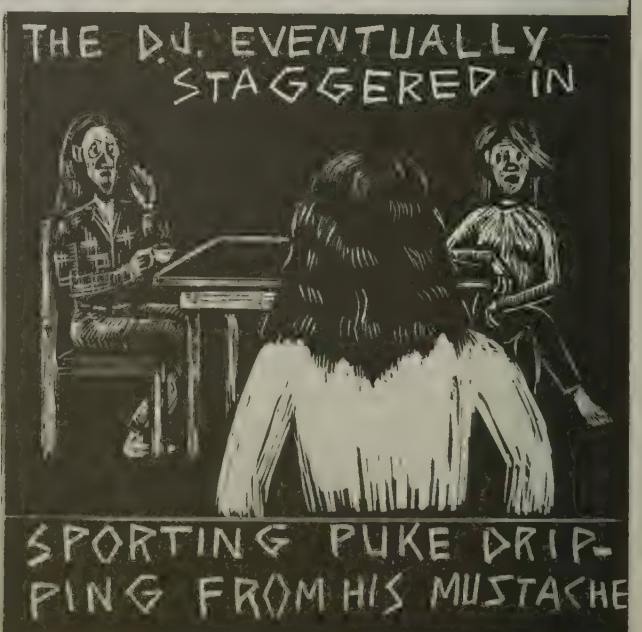
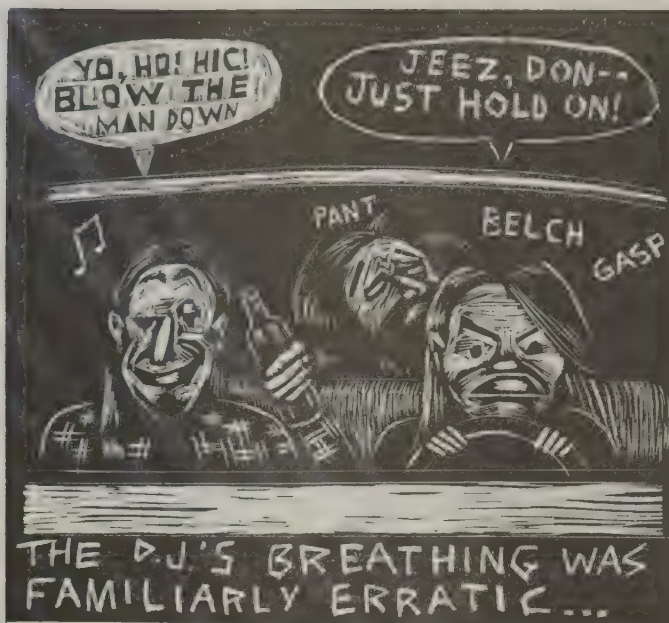
IT WAS THE D.J. AND

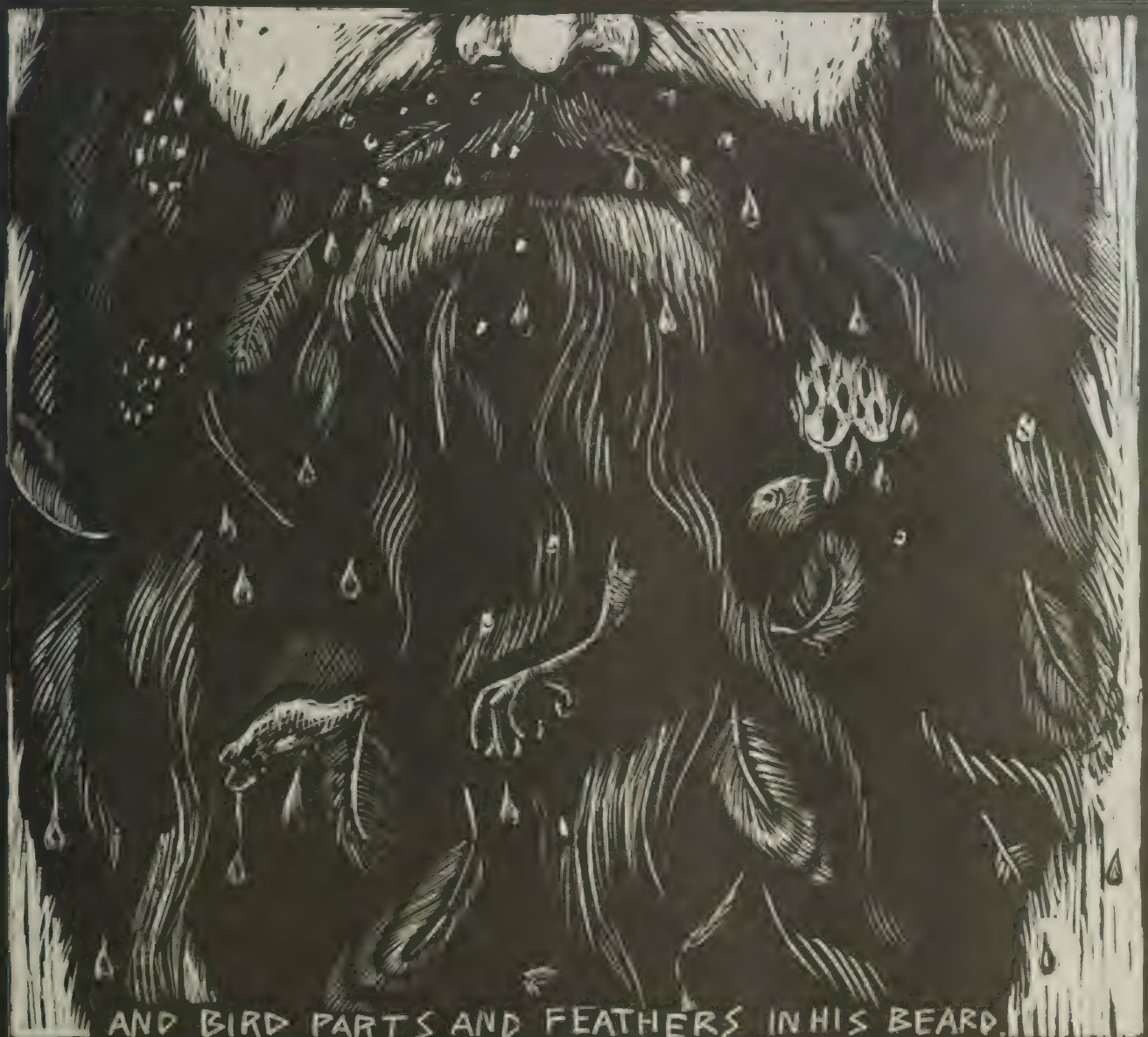


HIS ALSO-DRUNK BUDDY. MY FRIEND OFFERED A LIFT

... JUST TO GET RID OF THEM.







AND BIRD PARTS AND FEATHERS IN HIS BEARD.



HE'D APPARENTLY PASSED OUT ON A DEAD BIRD.



NONETHELESS, HE WAS FEELING VERY SUAVE.



PHOEBE GLOECKNER

I was born in Philadelphia in 1960 of teenage parents. They got divorced pretty soon and my mother, my sister, and I went to live with my grandparents. My grandfather is one of those types who can barely utter a serious word and I suspect that he's one of the reasons I ever did comics at all.

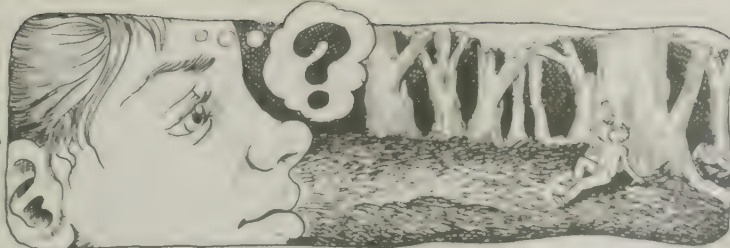
I spent Saturdays with my dad at Dirty Frank's bar downtown. I drank Coke and played shuffleboard with my sister while he sat in the back drinking beer and punching out "Secret Agent Man" over and over on the juke box. He kept a stack of sticky dimes by his beer to use for this purpose.

We moved to San Francisco without my dad when I was tenish. My sister and I learned the particulars of sex around this time, when we found the copies of *Zap Comix* my mother hid under her mattress. We especially enjoyed the story of "Joe Blow" because it had kids in it.

I bought a copy of the now-classic original *Twisted Sisters* by Aline Kominsky and Diane Noomin when I was still in junior high. The book made such an impression on me that I wrote a fan letter to Aline. I was so elated to get a response that I began to entertain fantasies of running away from home to live with Aline and R. Crumb on their secluded, pastoral plot of land up near Sacramento. However, I had started "experimenting with drugs" and falling in love with gay teenage boys and ended up running away to Polk Street in San Francisco instead. I lived in a little boys' brothel, decorated completely in powder blue, until my mother tracked me down with the aid of a sympathetic transvestite named Brandy, who spilled the beans. My first comics were about this period in my life.

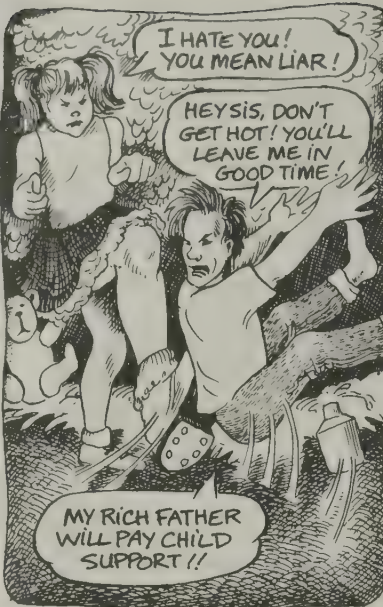
By the time I became eighteen, I was so afraid of becoming an indigent that I decided to go to college. After many years of study and psychic torment, I completed a master's degree in medical illustration. I'd like to take this opportunity to warn you that there are doctors who actually make jokes about patients after they've been "put under." I witnessed this while observing an elective augmentation mammoplasty (breast enlargement procedure). My advice is to learn to like the way you are or get a padded bra.

MAGDA MEETS THE LITTLE MEN IN THE WOODS





BUT REALLY, SEE,
I'M GOING TO
GET DRUNK WITH
MY FRIENDS +
I WON'T COME
HOME UNTIL
3:00 AM!!
YOU'LL BE
CRYING AND
I'LL TRY TO
HAVE SEX
WITH
YOU!!



I HATE YOU!
YOU MEAN LIAR!

HEYSIS, DON'T
GET HOT! YOU'LL
LEAVE ME IN
GOOD TIME!

MY RICH FATHER
WILL PAY CHILD
SUPPORT!!



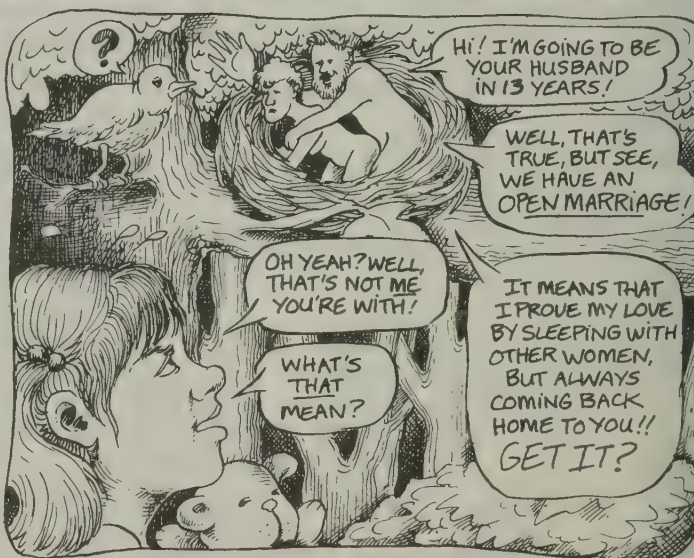
HUMMPH!

CIAO SUGAR-
PIE! SEE YOU
AROUND!!

TOOT
TOOT



WHAT A
STUPID
FREAK!



Hi! I'M GOING TO BE
YOUR HUSBAND
IN 13 YEARS!

WELL, THAT'S
TRUE, BUT SEE,
WE HAVE AN
OPEN MARRIAGE!

IT MEANS THAT
I PROVE MY LOVE
BY SLEEPING WITH
OTHER WOMEN,
BUT ALWAYS
COMING BACK
HOME TO YOU!!
GET IT?

OH YEAH? WELL,
THAT'S NOT ME
YOU'RE WITH!

WHAT'S
THAT
MEAN?



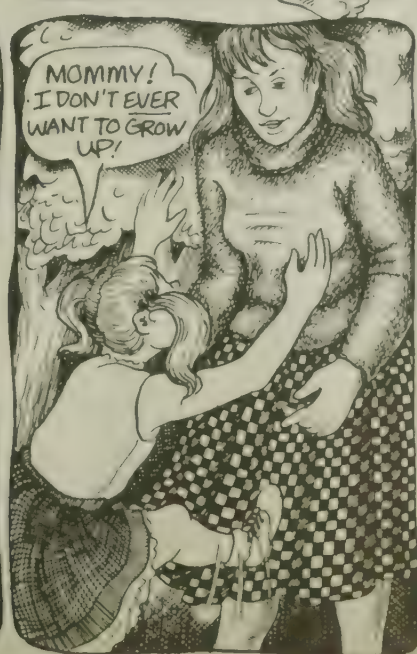
AND LOOK AT YOU!
I'LL TELL YOU HOW
TO DRESS!

I'M MUCH OLDER +
MORE INTELLIGENT
THAN YOU AND I'LL
MAKE YOU GO TO
COLLEGE!

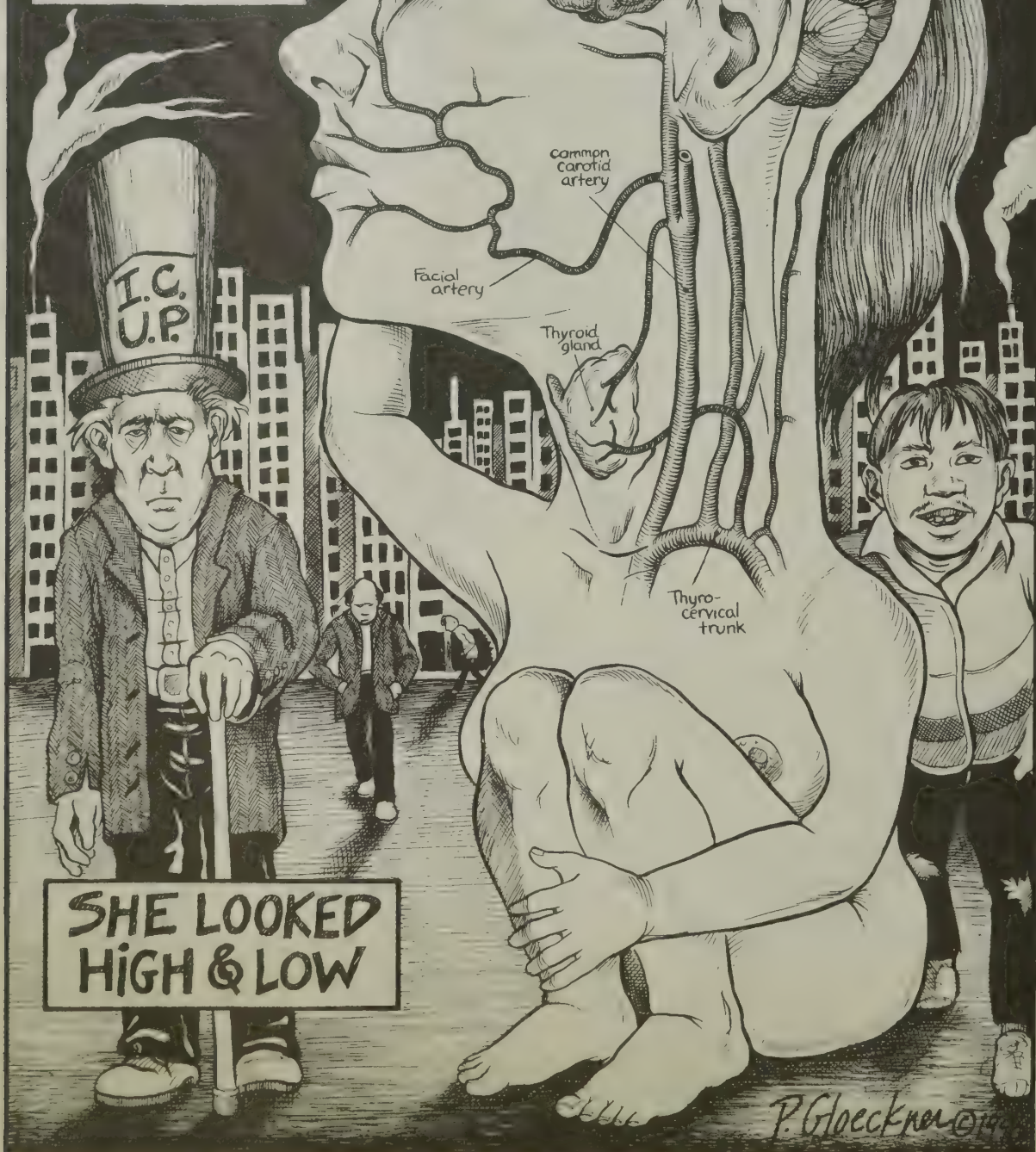


AND I'LL DISCIPLINE
YOUR CHILDREN
BECAUSE YOU
DON'T KNOW HOW!!

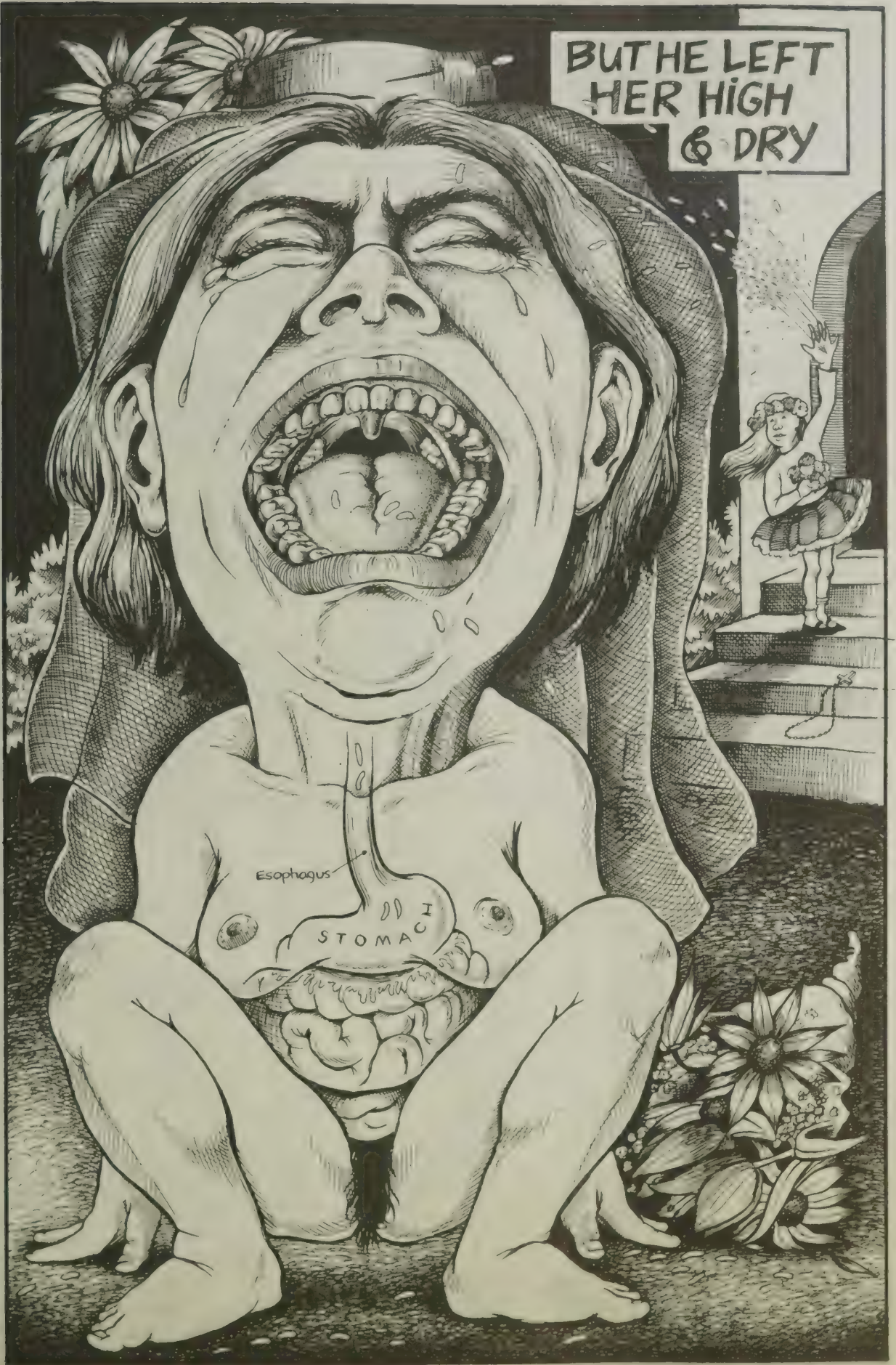
HEY! DON'T
TOUCH
THOSE
BABIES!!



THE SAD TALE OF THE VISIBLE WOMAN AND HER INVISIBLE MAN



BUT HE LEFT
HER HIGH
& DRY



NOW SHE'S A GAL
IN TROUBLE



THE CONDOM
IS PLACED ON
AN ERECT
PENIS

KVĚTEN 1990

P	U	S	Č	P	S	N
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	16	17	18	19	20	
23	24	25	26			
						31

WE FIND OUR HEROINE, 25-YEAR-OLD JANA DVOŘÁKOVÁ, AT HOME WITH HER WIDOWED MOTHER, THE FAMOUS CZECH ART HISTORIAN, DR. ANNA DVOŘÁKOVÁ. EXISTING IN SEPARATE STATES OF ALIENATION, LIFE FOR THEM IS MADE UP OF NEVER-ENDING BITTER ARGUMENTS ABOUT MONEY AND DISHES. BUT THEY JUST CAN'T SEEM TO ESCAPE EACH OTHER.



TESLA

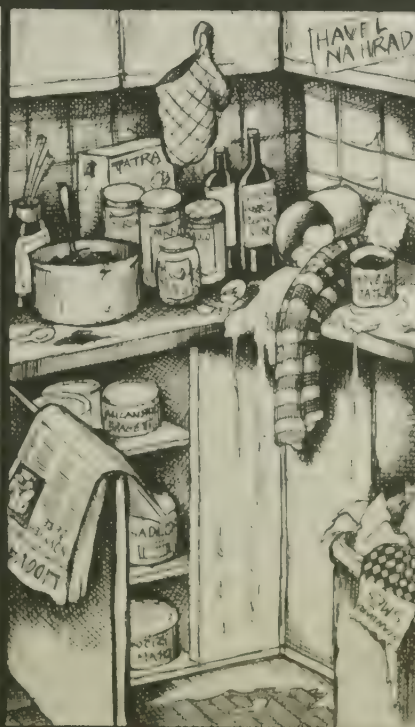
BY FIFI
GLICKMAN
© 1990



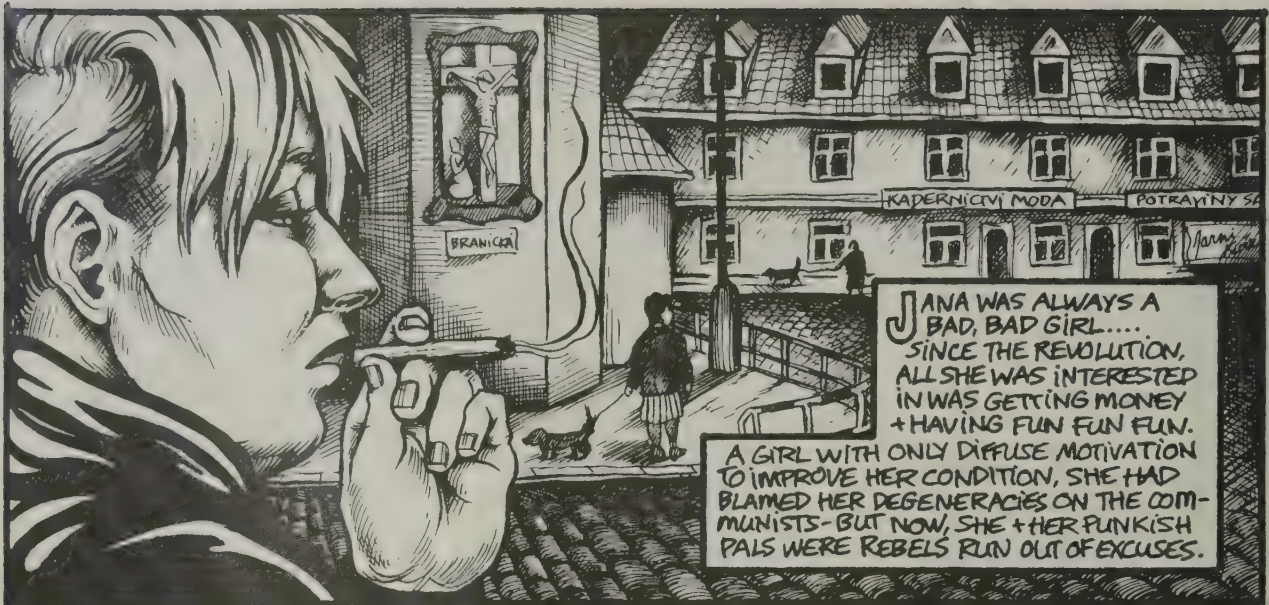
AN EVENING IN PRAGUE



IT'S BEEN A WEEK
SINCE YOU PROMISED TO CLEAN
THE KITCHEN, LITTLE MISSIE—
WOULD YOU MIND LIFTING
A FINGER TONIGHT?



I'M SORRY MOM,
BUT I'VE GOT PLANS FOR
THIS EVENING—
BIG PLANS.



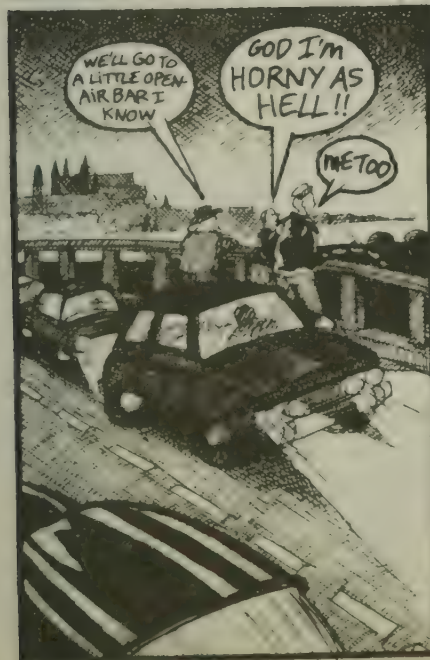
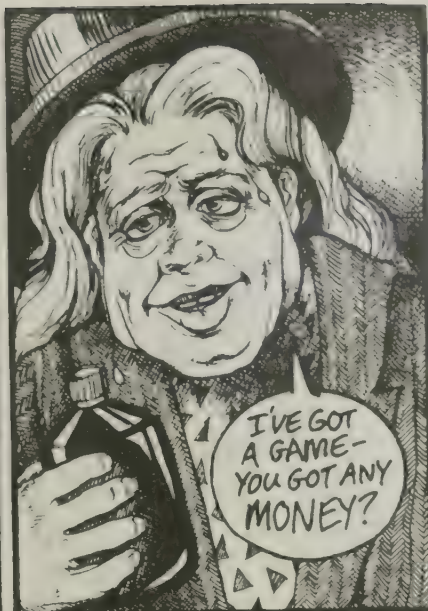
JANA WAS ALWAYS A BAD, BAD GIRL.... SINCE THE REVOLUTION, ALL SHE WAS INTERESTED IN WAS GETTING MONEY + HAVING FUN FUN FUN.

A GIRL WITH ONLY DIFFUSE MOTIVATION TO IMPROVE HER CONDITION, SHE HAD BLAMED HER DEGENERACIES ON THE COMMUNISTS - BUT NOW, SHE + HER PUNKISH PAIS WERE REBELS RUN OUT OF EXCUSES.



U KAFKU...A DARK BAR, IN THE STAROMESTSKÉ DISTRICT, THE HAPPENING HANGOUT OF PRAGUE...

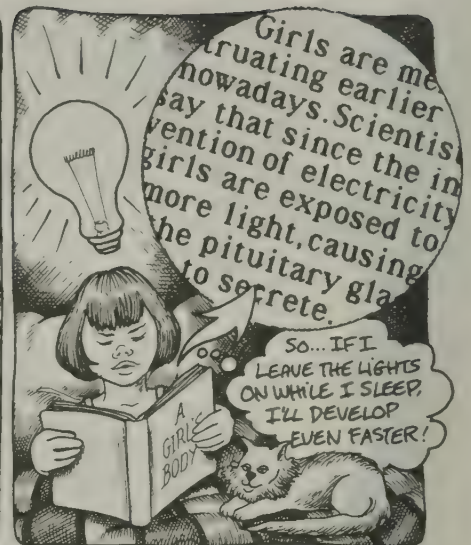
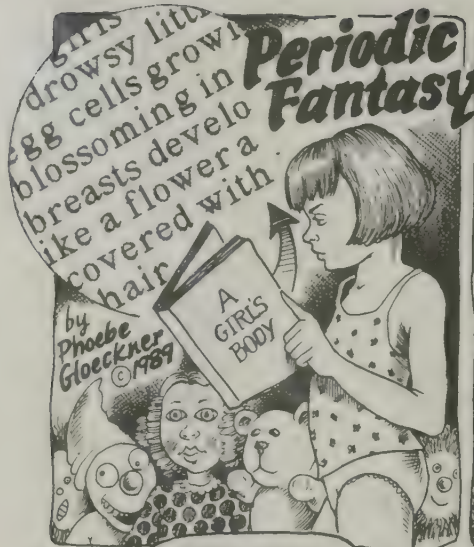








JUST WAIT 'TIL THEY GET HOME!



QUAKER SCHOOL Q-TIES

-in-

"PLAN AGAINST THE BOYS"

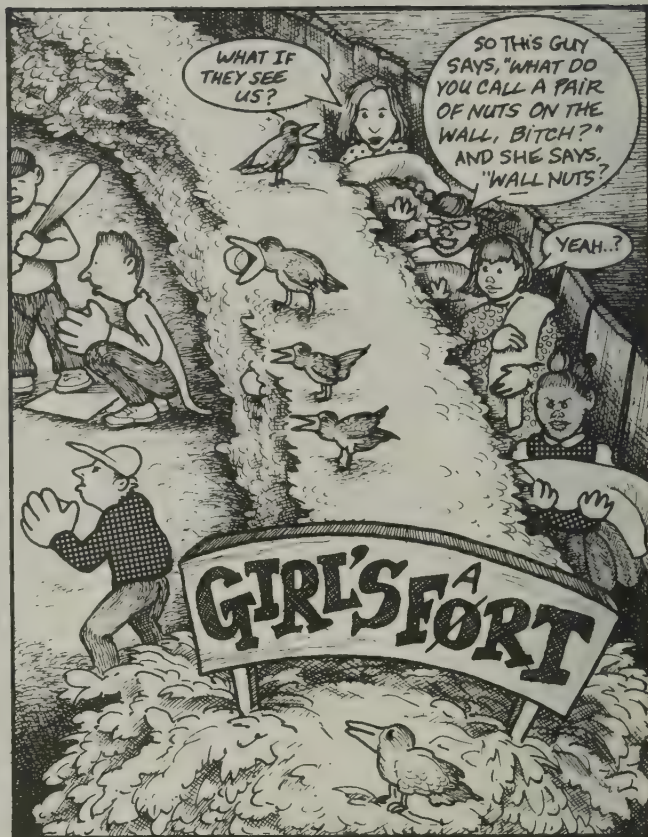
A PHILADELPHIA STORY



A TRUE CHILDHOOD TALE WITH NO MORAL

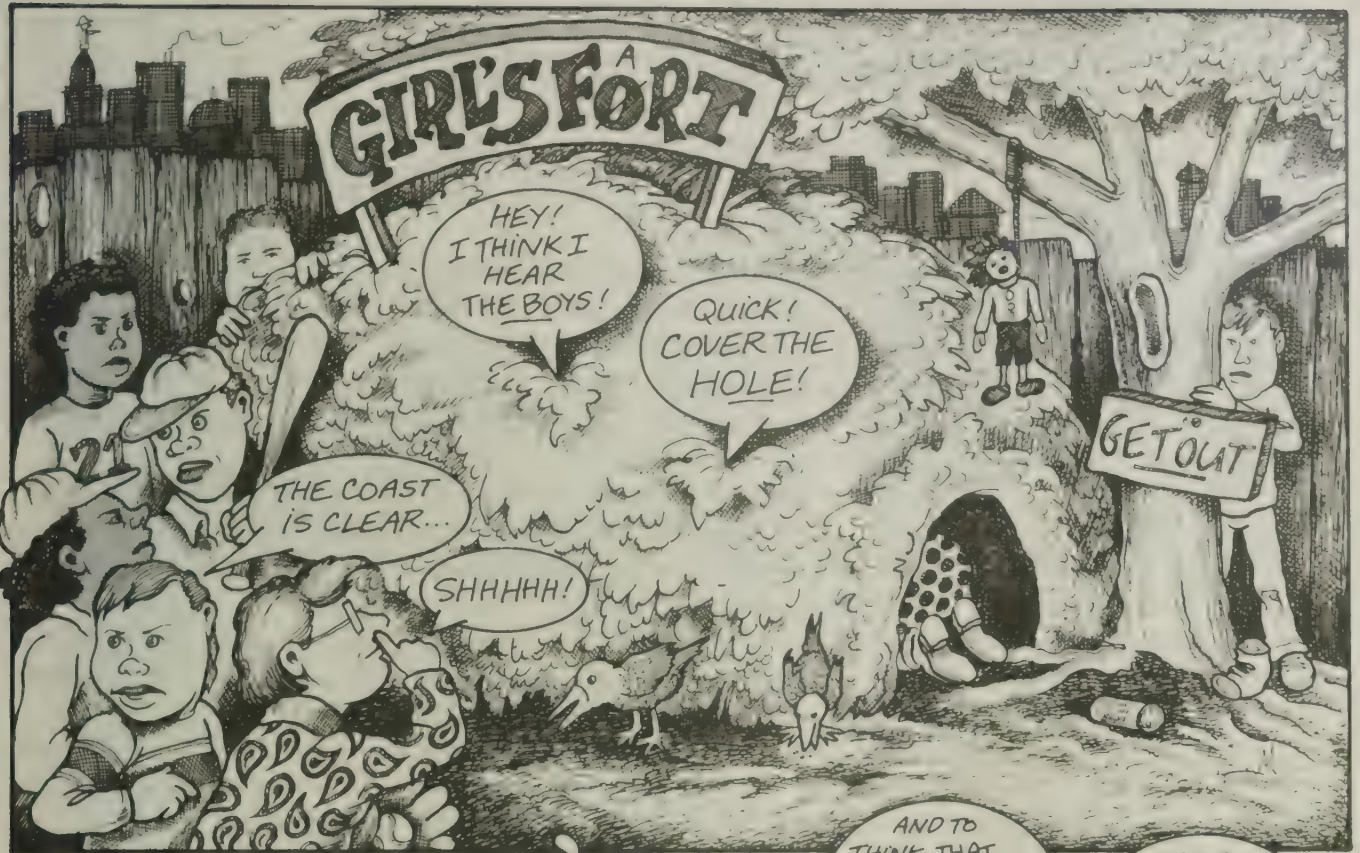
By PHOEBE GLOECKNER © 1989













DIANE NOOMIN

Born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1947.

Grew up on Long Island, a "Red Diaper Baby" gone suburban.

Moved back to Brooklyn (Canarsie) in 1960.

Saved from clear vinyl slipcovers and total white-lip-sticked, teased hair, teen slutdom by the High School of Music and Art. Took the Fred Braun shoes, status shopping bags, long-haired MOMA Member, Abstract Expressionist option instead.

Dropped out of college (art major) in the late sixties. Took a lot of drugs and got married . . . walked down the aisle of a Long Island Country Club in a mini skirt to "Hey Jude." Left Brooklyn and my husband and came out to San Francisco in the early seventies.

Met Aline Kominsky through a cosmic Upper-West-Side-Jewish-Dentist connection. She invited me to the first Wimmen's Comix Collective meeting. I was lucky enough to "learn while I earned" my twenty-five cents an hour drawing underground comics.

In 1973 I created DiDi Glitz. DiDi is both an exorcism of and a wallowing in my Canarsie "roots." She enthralls and repels me . . . and yes, I keep a Blonde Bubble Wig and fishnets in the closet, right next to husband number two's pinhead mask and polka-dotted muumuu.

In 1980, DiDi's Go-for-Baroque world of elaborately teased coiffes and suburban angst came to life in her favorite shades of hot pink and lime green, when Les Nickettes, a San Francisco based theatre group, produced *I'd Rather Be Doing Something Else: The DiDi Glitz Story*.

As my alter ego, DiDi can host Rubberware parties, venture into gay bars and get "flocked" with impunity . . . and I get to draw it, a fabulously satisfying trade-off!

LIFE IN THE BAGEL BELT

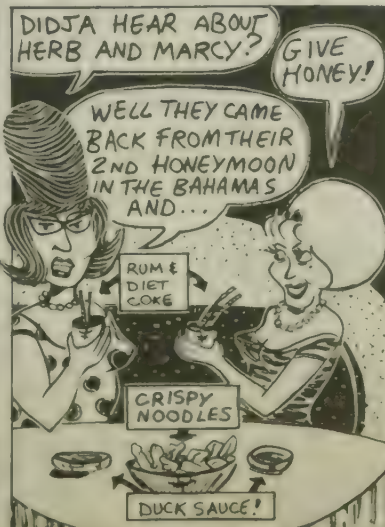
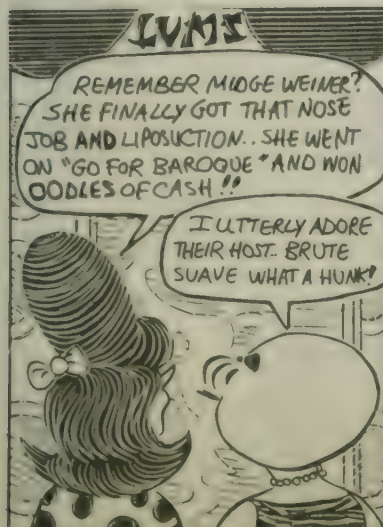
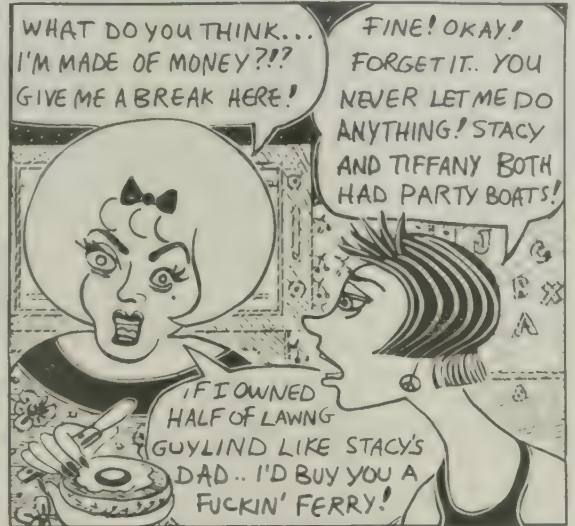
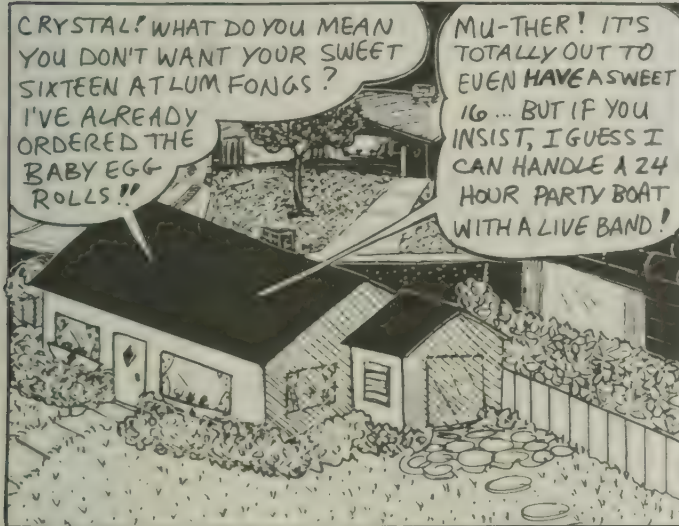


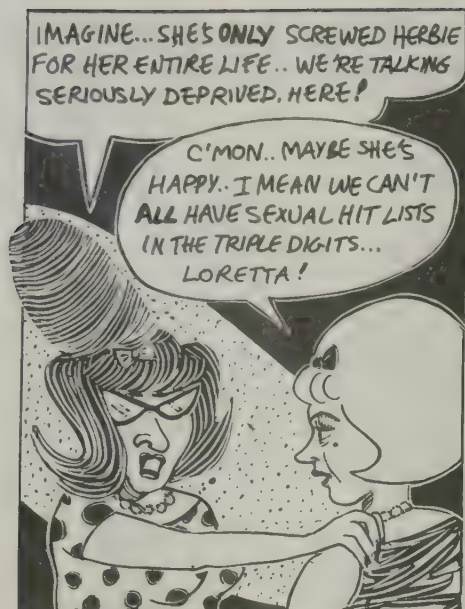
LAWNG

WITH DIDI GLITZ

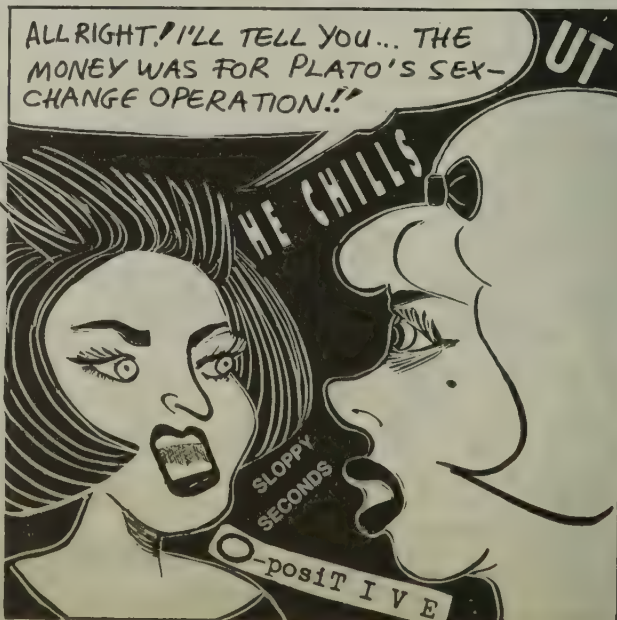
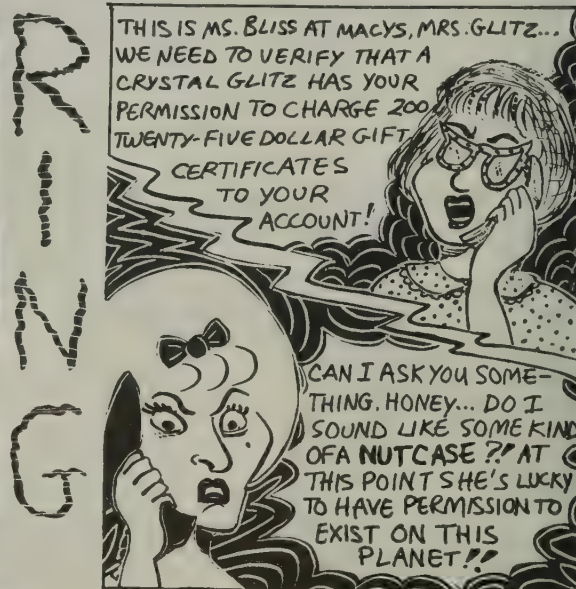


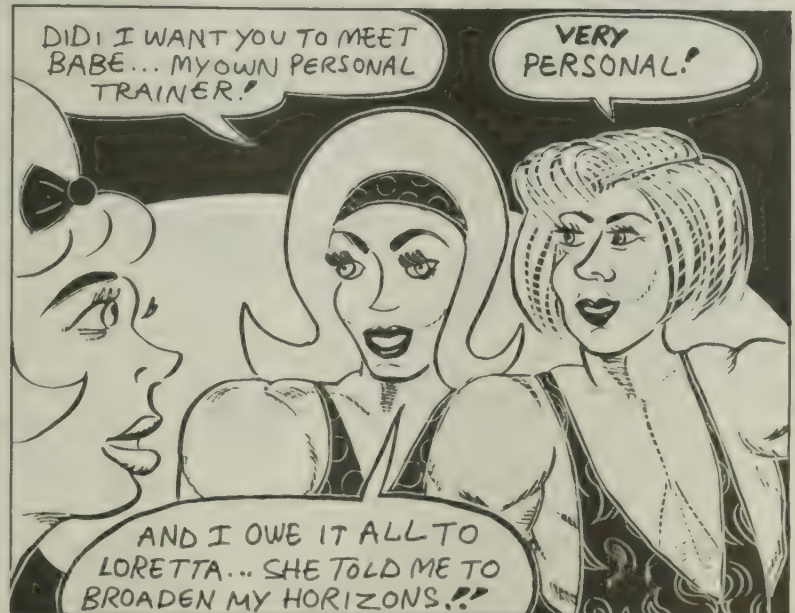
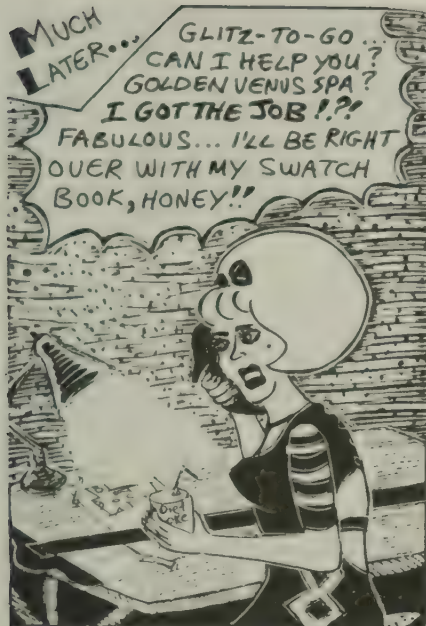
GUYLIND











MY GIRLFRIENDS WOULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT THEIR
EXCITING LOVE AFFAIRS AND LATEST CONQUESTS UNTIL
MY SHAME AND HUMILIATION BECAME SO UNBEARABLE
THAT I WANTED TO SCREAM BECAUSE...

I Had to Advertise for Love

Diane Noomin © 1990

OOH DIDI...I JUST
MET TH'MOST FAB
GUY!! I'M ON FIRE
WITH DESIRE!!

SOB...WHY
CAN'T IT HAPPEN
TO ME??



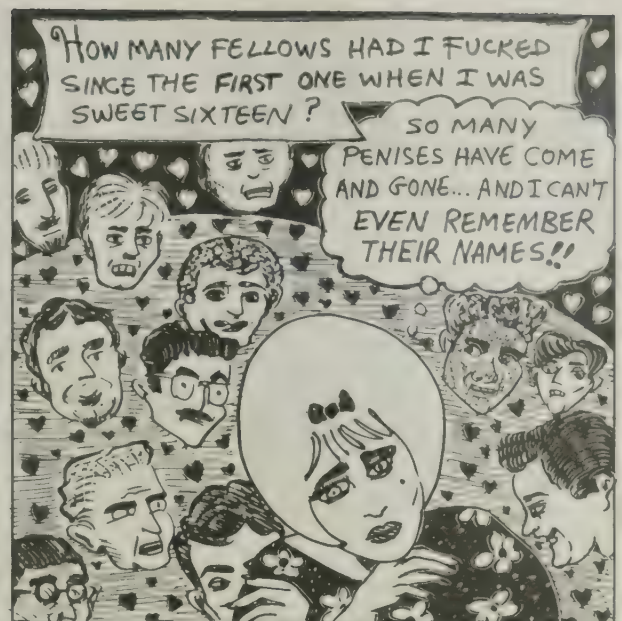
I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE SOMEONE TO FILL
THE EMPTINESS... SOMEONE TO LOVE...

SOB...

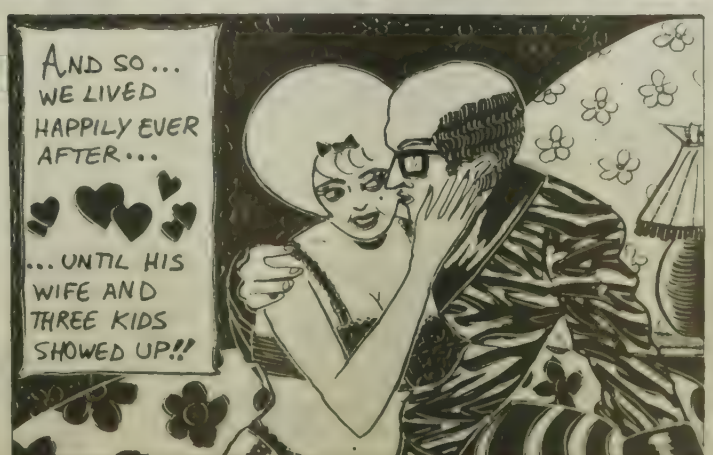
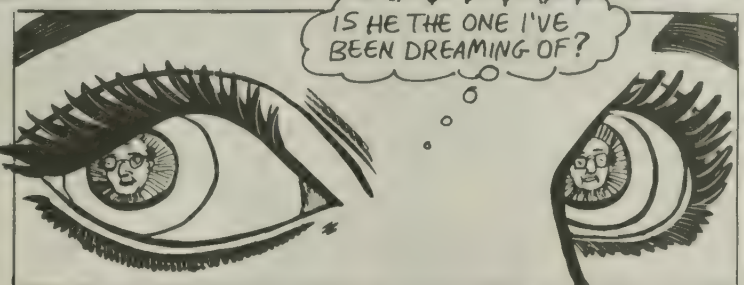
NEXT TIME LORETTA
NEEDS A SUCKER FOR
A BLIND DATE...
COUNT ME OUT!!

OH SIS... HOW DID YOU EVER
MANAGE TO HOOK A FABULOUS
DUDE LIKE HAL? DID YOUR
EYES LOCK ACROSS A
CROWDED ROOM?

NO, I
ADVERTISED!



AND THEN SUDDENLY, I DARED TO HOPE... ONE LETTER STOOD OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS LIKE A SHINING BEACON... BECKONING ME NEARER... CALLING ME TO LOVE...



RUBBERWARE

©1985 DIANE NOOMIN





I WANTED TO HAVE A PARTY WITH ONION DIP AND A JELLO MOLD... BUT I SPENT MOST OF MY TIME WONDERING HOW MANY SEXUAL AIDS I SOLD...

VIBRATORS CAN HELP WOMEN TO HAVE FUN WITHOUT MEN... YOU PLUG THEM IN... THEY TURN YOU ON... ORGASMS TILL YOU SAY WHEN



I LOVE TO USE MY CHARGE CARD I ADORE HAVING MONEY TO SPEND I BUY EVERYTHING FROM CONVECTION OVENS TO DESIGNER CONDOMS FOR MY HUSBAND...



TELL YOU DIDI I BEEN THERE... I DON'T NEED RUBBERWARE... A VIBRATOR CAN RUN FOREVER BUT MEN GIVE ME MORE PLEASURE!!



WE'VE GOT THAT RUBBERWARE FEELING... DEEP IN OUR HEARTS FOR THOSE WHO NEVER STOP AND THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW HOW TO START! WE'VE GOT THAT RUBBERWARE FEELING... DEEP IN OUR HEARTS IT WILL PLACE YOUR POPULARITY AT THE TOP OF THE CHARTS!!

"A sociological study of primitive youth in western civilization."

COMING OF AGE IN Ganarsie

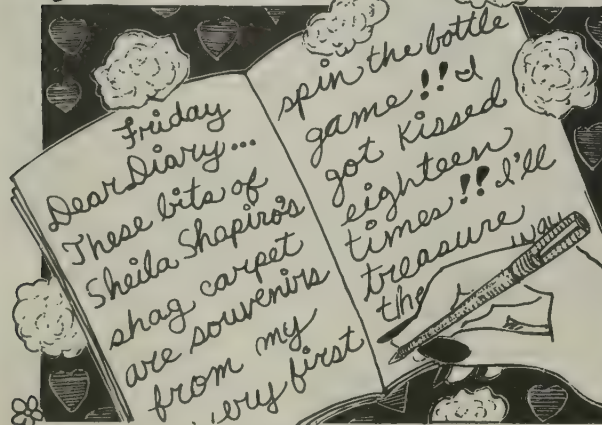


WHEN WE MOVED FROM LONG ISLAND TO BROOKLYN IN 1960 I HAD JUST TURNED THIRTEEN... A VERY **YOUNG THIRTEEN!**

OVERNIGHT I WAS THRUST INTO THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL WORLD OF MAKE-UP, MAKE-OUT PARTIES AND **B-O-Y-S...**



GREW UP FAST...

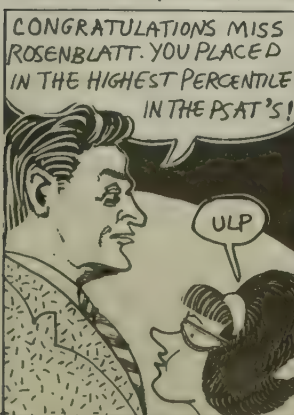


BUT NOT QUITE FAST ENOUGH...



I LEARNED TO PRETEND I DIDN'T STUDY, TO ROLL UP MY SKIRTS, WEAR WHITE LIPSTICK, HANG OUT IN BOWLING ALLEYS AND SHOP LIFT...

AND I ACQUIRED ON MY FIRST DATE WITH A "COLLEGE MAN" THAT MUCH COVETED RED BADGE OF HONOR... THE HICKEY!!



Diane Noomin © 1989

1-Teen Smut Version: "Shut up and shove it up."

Thank a tip o' the wig to Margaret Mead



SO THE NEXT MORNING (STILL GUILTY) I OFFER HIM SOME BREAKFAST...



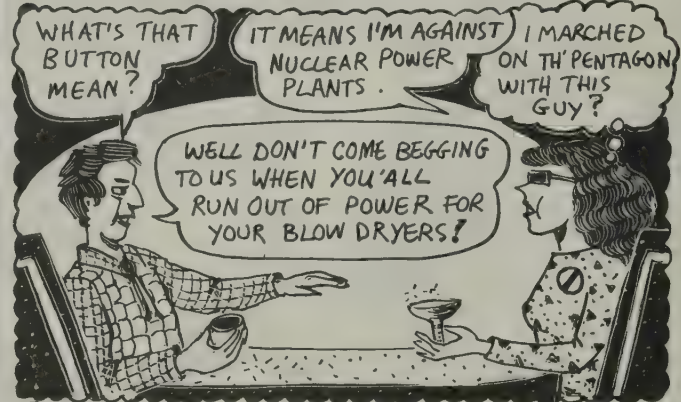
NO NEED TO ADD HE'D NEVER WASHED THE FUCKIN' FLOOR IN FOUR FUCKIN' YEARS OF MARITAL BLISS!!



WHEN HE GOT BACK TO BROOKLYN HE ACTED LIKE I WAS GONNA TIE HIM TO A STAKE ON FLATBUSH AVENUE + FORCE-FEED HIM CHICKEN SOUP...



P.S. I MEET HIM 20 YEARS + 2 MARRIAGES LATER... HE'S A HIGH SCHOOL TEACHER, LIVING IN PHOENIX, MARRIED WITH KIDS AND HE'S SHUTTING ONE OF HIS STUDENTS!



I SWEAR HE SOUNDED LIKE HE'D NEVER BEEN EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI IN HIS LIFE!

I HAVE NO EXCUSE. I KNEW HE WAS A WORLD-CLASS ASS-HOLE... BUT ONE DAY HE DROPPED HIS GUARD AND WAS KINDA SWEET AND VULNERABLE AND WE DRANK CHAMPAGNE AND IT WAS O.K. NOTHIN' TO WRITE HOME ABOUT... SO FIVE YEARS LATER...



I WAS OBSESSED WITH MELVIN - I HAD JUST SPLIT UP WITH EDDIE + I WAS LOOKIN' FOR A NEW PLACE... MELVIN SHOWED ME THE APARTMENT - A 5TH FLOOR WALKUP.



HE LIVED ON THE SAME FLOOR!!

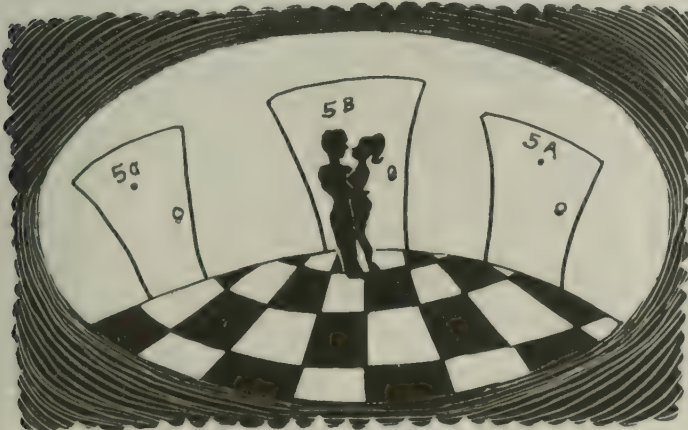
AT FIRST IT WAS FABULOUS!! I'D HANG OUT IN HIS APARTMENT AND JUST WATCH HIM WORK... HE WAS AN ACCOUNTANT... IT WAS FASCINATING!



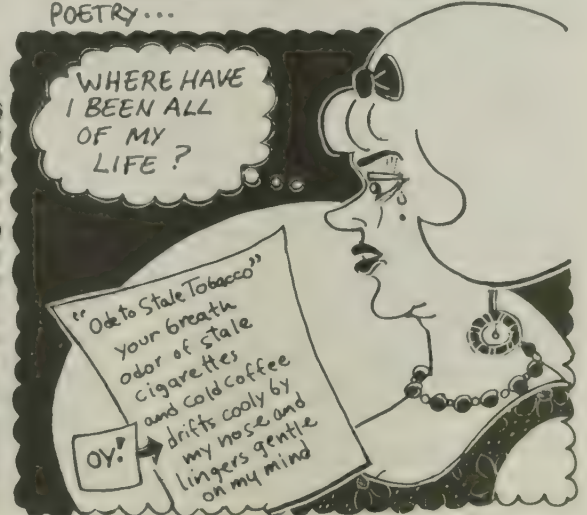
SO ONE DAY I'M AT HIS PLACE AND THIS GIRL COMES OVER AND STARTS CLEANING HIS OVEN...



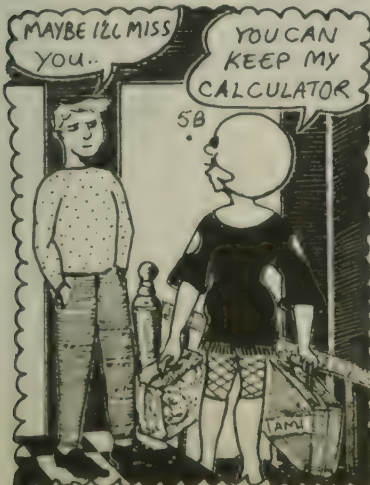
I'M SO OBSESSED WITH THIS GUY, I GO TO SLEEP SINGING "MELVIN MY LOVE"... HE'S ALL I CAN THINK ABOUT OR TALK ABOUT... I START LEAPING UP TO PEEK OUT THE PEEP-HOLE EVERYTIME I HEAR STEPS... SOMETIMES I SEE HIM WITH OTHER GIRLS...



HE IGNORES ME FOR WEEKS AND THEN BRINGS ME FLOWERS AND POETRY... SOON HE'S GOT ME WRITING POETRY...



FINALLY I JUST CAN'T TAKE THE HOT AND COLD TREATMENT ANYMORE... I MOVE FAR AWAY...



I MET MELVIN YEARS LATER AT SOME CONVENTION... EVEN THO HE'D GOTTEN FAT HE STILL HAD THAT ATTITUDE... GIRLS WERE DANGLING OFF HIM... WE DANCED...

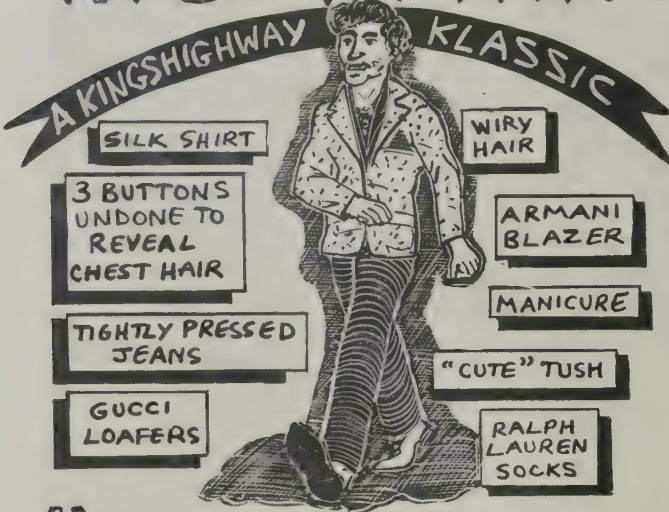


AND I GET A LETTER FROM MELVIN SAYING HOW NICE IT WAS TO SEE ME, AND HOW SORRY HE WAS THAT HE DIDN'T GET TO DANCE WITH MY BEST FRIEND, IRENE!

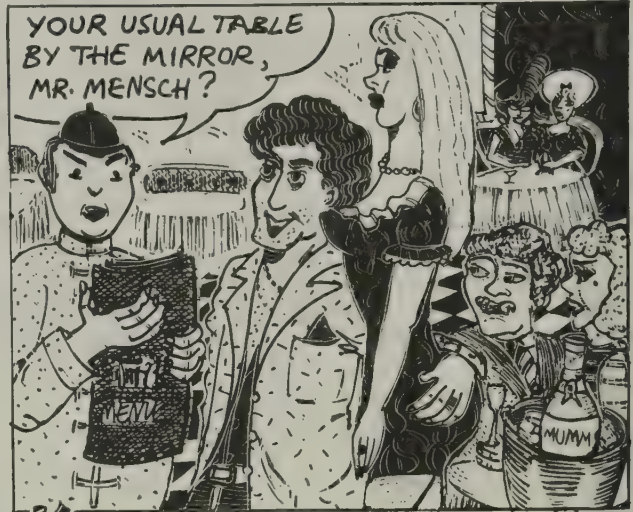
HEY GLITZ! RALPH'S ON THE PHONE! HE'S PISSSED... YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HOME AN HOUR AGO... HE WANTS HIS SUPPER



MEET MARVIN MENSCH



MARVIN THINKS HE LOOKS LIKE RICHARD GERE...
BUT IT'S MORE LIKE RICHARD BENJAMIN...



HE LIKES TO SEE AND BE SEEN



HE'S QUITE THE GOURMET...



MARVIN LIKES THINGS TO BE NEAT.



HE'S "INTO" WHITE.



HE'S TOO BUSY TO WATCH T.V.



MARVIN HAS A WAY WITH WOMEN...



HE'S RICH...



SUAVE...



TRENDY...

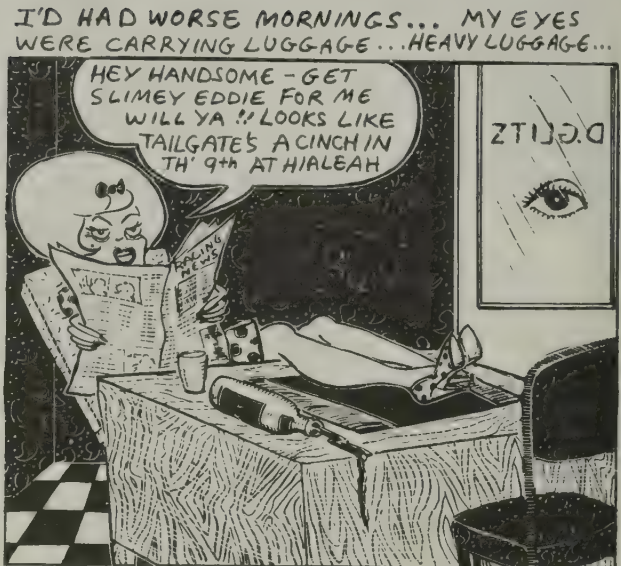
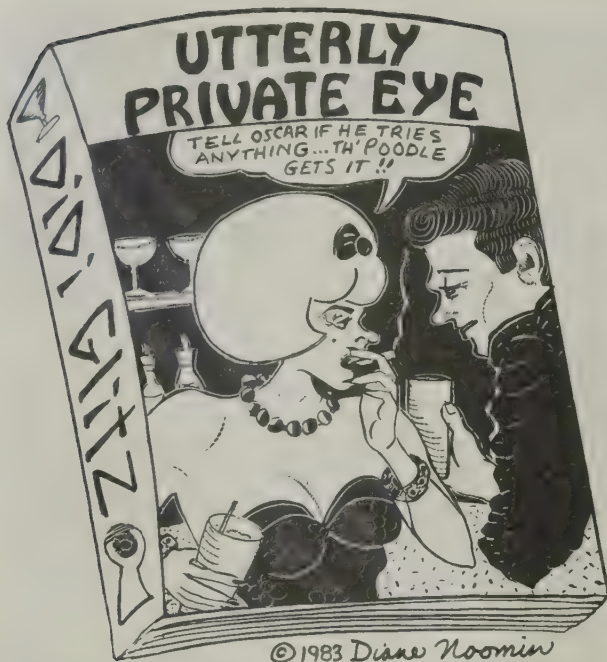


AND HE KNOWS HOW TO OPERATE...

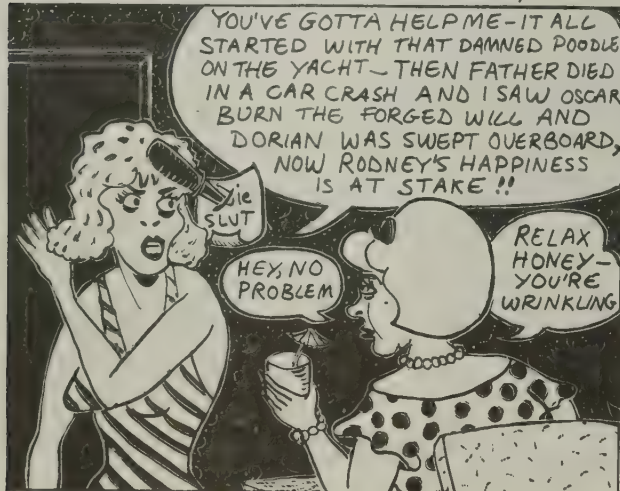


RREAL MENSCH!

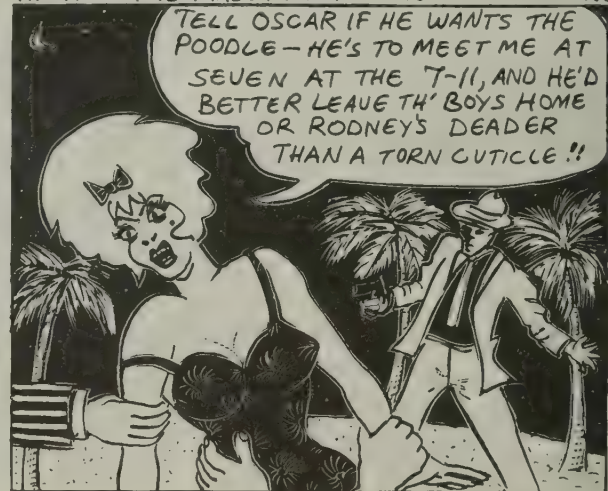
©1990 Diane Noonan



6 MINUTES LATER TROUBLE DROPPED IN... WELCOME AS A PIMP AT A PAJAMA PARTY...



6 HOURS LATER I HIT MIAMI... THE AIR WAS AS THICK AS THE MASCARA ON AN AGING DIVORCEE...



6 SECONDS LATER, THE SOLUTION HIT ME LIKE A TON OF PANCAKE ON A PUBESCENT PIMPLE. SUDDENLY A POOL OF DARKNESS OPENED AT MY FEET. I DIVED INTO IT... IT HAD NO BOTTOM



6 DAYS LATER I WAS DROWNING IN MY LIQUID ASSETS - AFTER 36 MAI-TAIS I WAS LIT UP LIKE A WHORE AT A HANNUKAH PARTY...



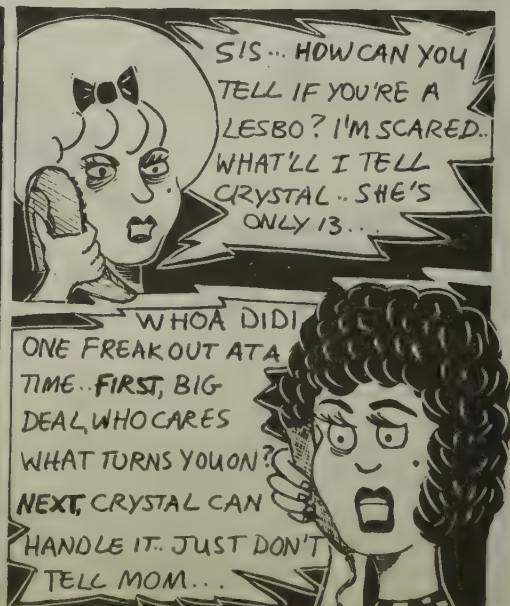
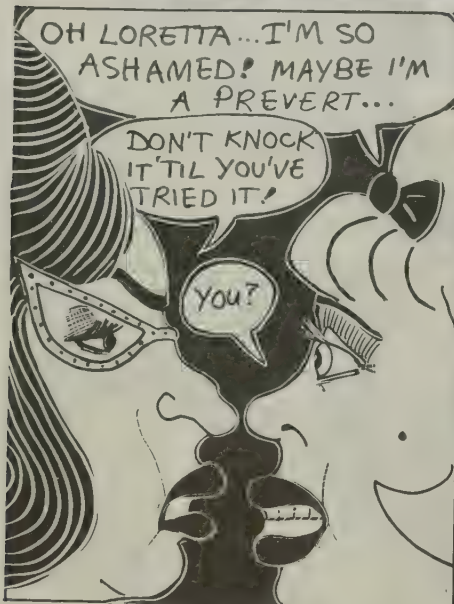
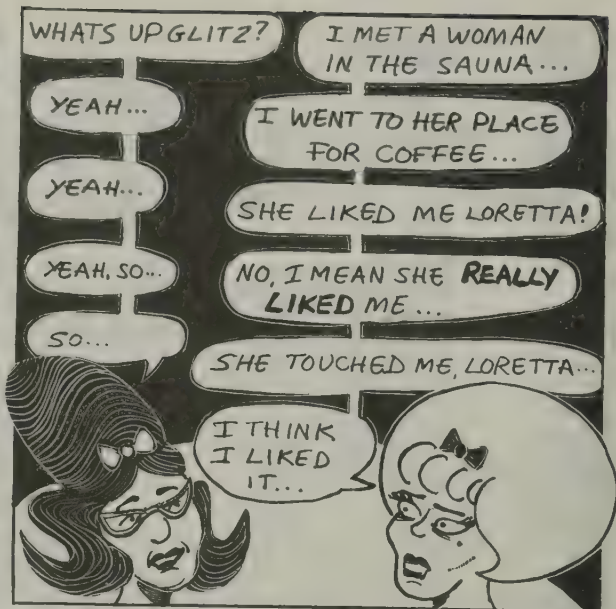
LESBO-A-GO-GO

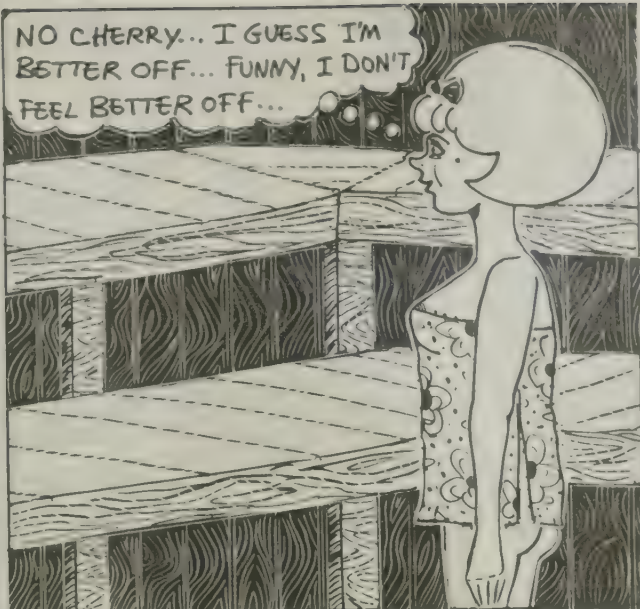
& with Didi Glitz &

©1990

Diane Noomin









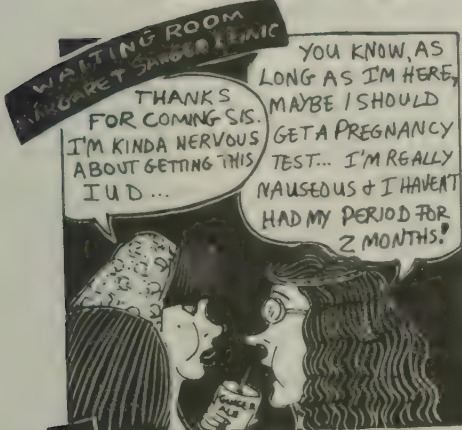
Thanks and a tip o'the wig to Val, Sandy, Deb and Cheryl

The utter end...

The C Word

1.

Diane Noomin © 1990



The first year they made abortion legal in New York I got pregnant.



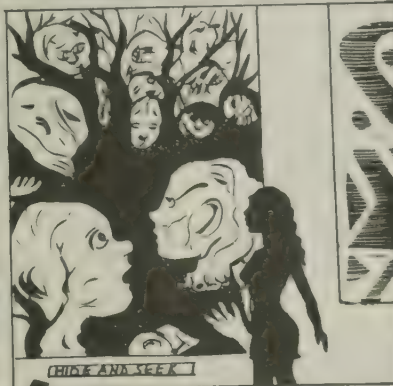
I was 22... stuck in a loveless marriage and...



...not sure who the father was.



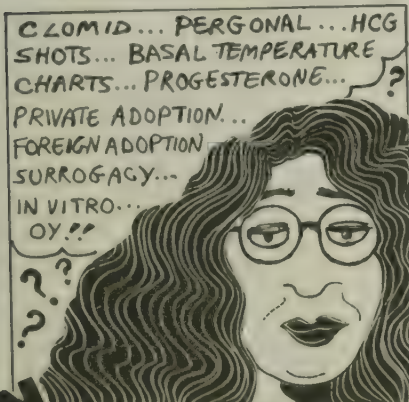
I did what I had to do. It was easy.



Years later, my marriage over, I found myself in front of a painting at the Modern.



The pain and sense of loss I had long suppressed out of necessity flowed over me.



Now 20 years, a happy marriage and 4 miscarriages later, I am faced with infertility.



Looking back I'm grateful to that 22 year old for her strength.



I owe my life to her choice.

1. choice \ˈchoɪs\ n. adj., n. 1: act of choosing; SELECTION 2: the right or power of choosing; OPTION 3: an alternative *syn* CHOICE, ALTERNATIVE, OPTION, PREFERENCE all suggest the power of choosing between (2) things. CHOICE IMPLIES THE OPPORTUNITY TO CHOOSE.



KRYSTINE KRYTTRE

Born October 9, 1958, in San Francisco, California. A self-taught cultural misfit, I've been attracted to underground comix since childhood. I thought that being an outlaw cartoonist would be so . . . so . . . *romantic*. However, drawing comix *does* provide me with a nice, safe way to work out my urban-working-class-existential angst, *and* it keeps me out of trouble, too. Usually.

As a cheerful cynic, my life is plagued by conflicts with duality—both personal and in the world at large. I could just ignore it, but artists are *supposed* to suffer. Everyone knows that. If I *must* suffer, it might as well be over something intellectual.

A morose optimist at heart, I watched too many episodes of "The Addams Family" and "Dark Shadows" as a child.

I'm a romantic nihilist above all and since I can't live without art, and can't make art unless I'm alive, my art and life sometimes become tangled together in a sincere, but messy intercourse. Oh well.

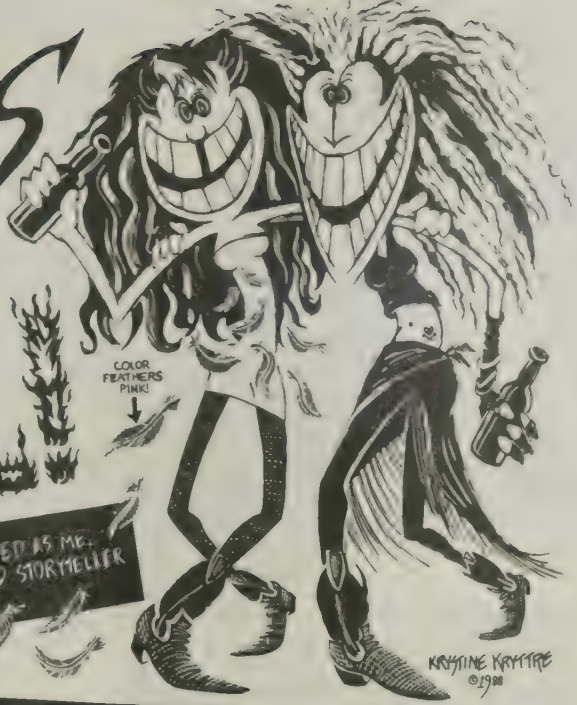
My fellow cartoonists, friends, and family have referred to my being, art and/or whatever as: extreme, cryptic, wild, brooding, playful, morbid, spacy, manic, intense, kooky, spooky, honest, schizo, ethereal, paranoid, sedate, hideous, naïve, expressionistic, scary, interesting, a bad influence, a Caligari dream, undoubtedly bats, and maybe not necessarily beautiful, *but* kind of sexy.

IN 1984, I WAS A NEWCOMER TO THE UNDERGROUND COMIX SCENE IN S.F. UPON FIRST MEETING DORI SEPA, I THOUGHT SHE WAS TALL & SCARY!



BIMBOS FROM HELL

SOMEHOW, I KNEW SHE WAS AT LEAST AS TWISTED AS ME. I WAS AWESTRUCK BY WHAT A GREAT ARTIST AND STORYTELLER SHE WAS. OH, SHE LIKED ME A LOT, TOO!



COLOR FEATHERS PINK!

KRYSTINE KRYSTINE ©1988



YOU KNOW, KRYSTINE, YOU'RE REALLY GOOD! YOU CAN REALLY DRAW! YOU'RE GONNA BE REAL FAMOUS! NO ONE CAN DRAW LIKE YOU! YOU KNOW HOW TO STYLIZE! AND YOU CAN SURE DRAW SOME DISGUSTING THINGS! DON'T EVER STOP! I'M SO GLAD WE'RE BUDDIES!



* SEE TITS & CLITS * (Last Gaspl)





SHE WAS HAPPY WHEN I LAST SAW HER.

I'M NOT ALONE...

LET'S NOT HAVE A SNIFFLE
LET'S HAVE A
BLOODY GOOD CRY
ALWAYS REMEMBER
THE LONGER YOU LIVE
THE SOONER YOU
BLOODY WELL DIE!

BUT I'M VERY ALONE.

I'M SORRY, KRISTINE.

BECAUSE WHEN SHE WENT - PART OF ME WENT, TOO.

WE'RE BAD GIRLS, DORI!
FUCK BEING SORRY!

OH! BAD GIRLS!

CLICK!

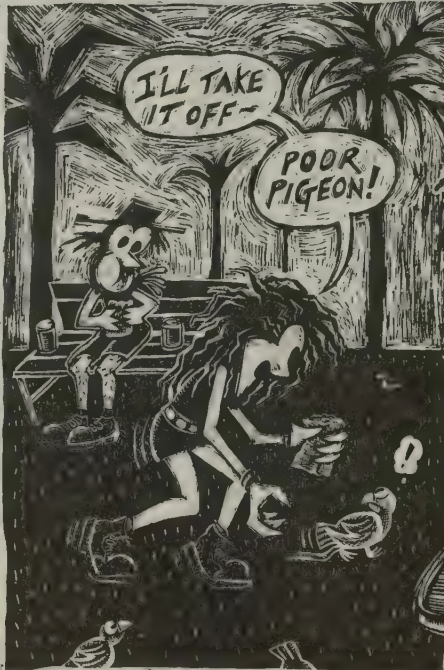
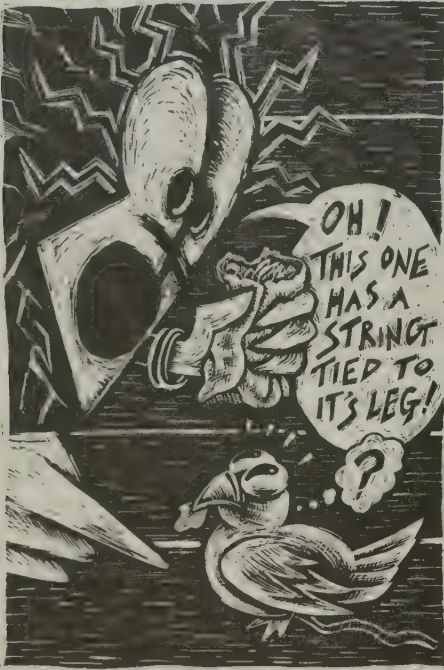
MY BEST FRIEND. ALWAYS.

ONE SUNNY DAY IN S.F., TWO CO-WORKERS TOOK THEIR LUNCH BREAK IN

DOLORES PARK

LOOK! THE
PIGEONS LIKE
MY BURRITO!

© 1993 KRISTINE KRYNINE





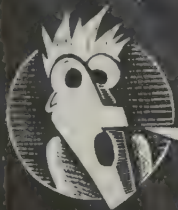
HORNY BLOWSIT







ON BEING TOO INTENSE



IT'S JUST AS WELL
THAT WE BROKE UP...
SHE SCARED ME! BESIDES,
I'VE NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND
FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, ANYWAYS.



SHE WAS JUST TOO
WILD LOOKING FOR ME-



THOSE TEETH EARRINGS



THAT RATTY HAIR.



THE WAY SHE WORE
BLACK ALLA TIME.



THAT WEIRD SENSE
OF HUMOR.

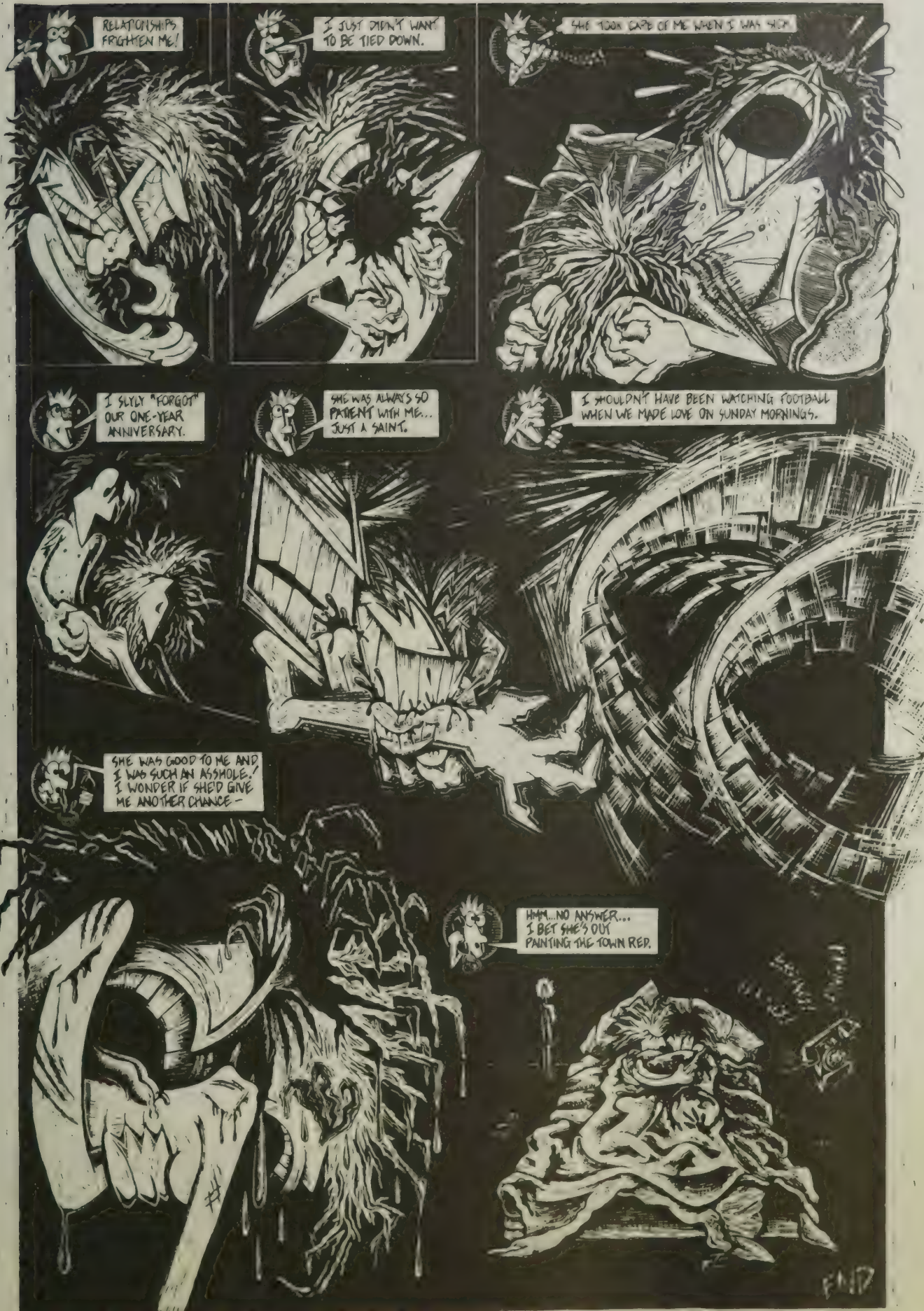


AND THOSE MORBID
DRAWINGS... DISGUSTING!



THOSE EYES - THAT LOOK WAS SCARY! LIKE SHE WAS PUTTING A HEX ON ME OR SOMETHING?





RELATIONSHIPS
FRIGHTEN ME!

I JUST DIDN'T WANT
TO BE TIED DOWN.

SHE TOOK CARE OF ME WHEN I WAS SICK.

I SLUTLY "FORGOT"
OUR ONE-YEAR
ANNIVERSARY.

SHE WAS ALWAYS SO
PATIENT WITH ME...
JUST A SAINT.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WATCHING FOOTBALL
WHEN WE MADE LOVE ON SUNDAY MORNINGS.

SHE WAS GOOD TO ME AND
I WAS SUCH AN ASSHOLE.
I WONDER IF SHE'D GIVE
ME ANOTHER CHANCE -

HMM... NO ANSWER...
I BET SHE'S OUT
PAINTING THE TOWN RED.

END

THE GØSPEL

ACCORDING TO FATHER PHEM

-OR-
"CUM ALL
YE FAITHFUL"

"And now, little children, abide in him: that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

JOHN 2:28

JOHNNY WAS A SWEET 9 YEAR OLD BOY WHO WANTED TO BE AN ALTAR BOY.

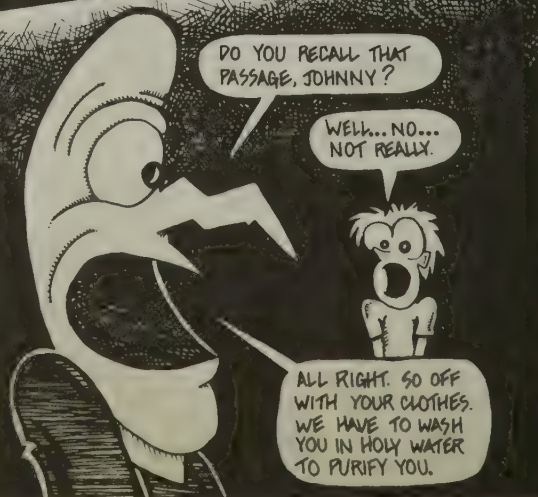
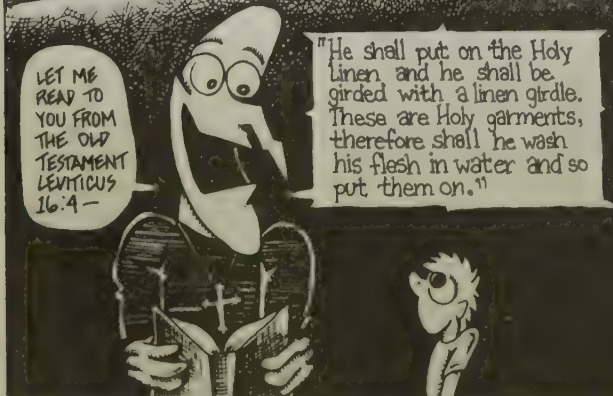
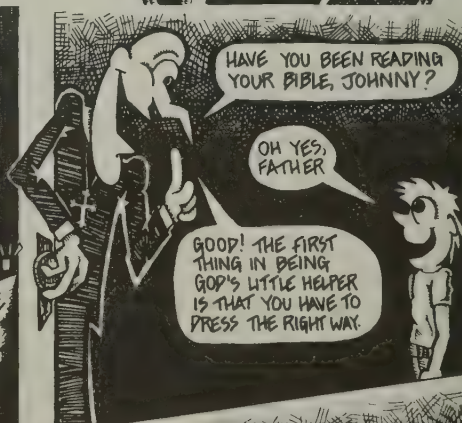
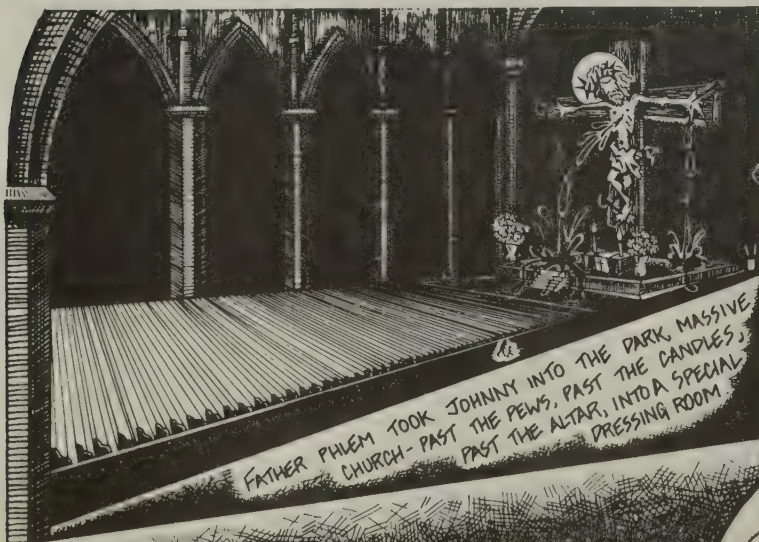
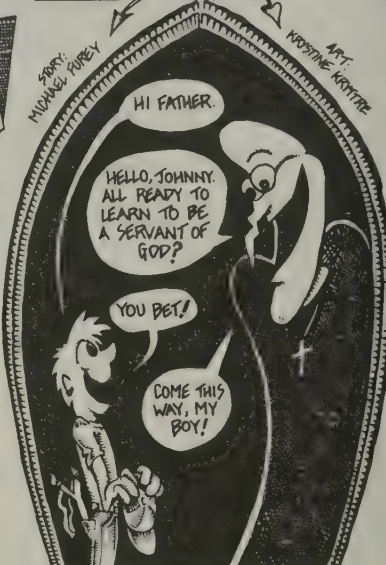


HE HAD TO MEET WITH HIS FAMILY'S PARISH PRIEST, FATHER PHEM, FOR HIS FIRST INDOCTRINATION LESSON.



STORY:
MICHAEL BUREY

ART:
KRISTINE KRITZKE

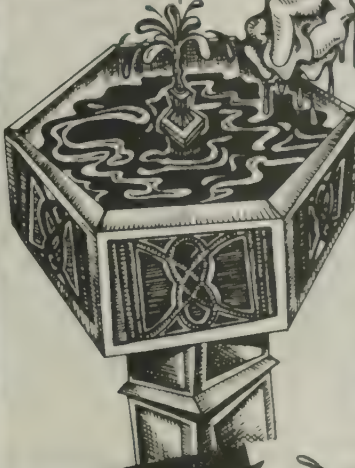


JOHNNY, TRUSTING FATHER PHLEM COMPLETELY, TAKES OFF ALL HIS CLOTHES.

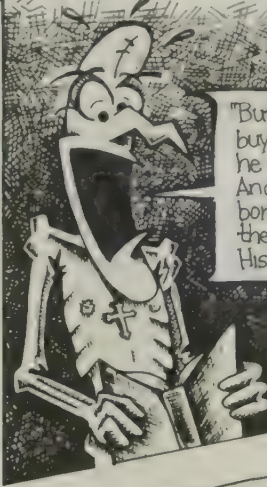


FATHER PHLEM QUICKLY UN-DRESSES HIMSELF ALSO.

BOTH COMPLETELY NAKED, FATHER PHLEM TAKES JOHNNY TO THE HOLY WATER FOUNTAIN AND STARTS WASHING JOHNNY'S INNOCENT BODY.



AS HE GETS TO JOHNNY'S CROTCH, HE AGAIN QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 22:11-



"But if the Priest buy of any soul, he shall eat of it. And he that is born in His house, they shall eat of His meat."

NOT "EAT IT" MY YOUNG, NAIVE LAD... LET ME SHOW YOU... FOR INSTANCE IN NUMBERS 18:10-

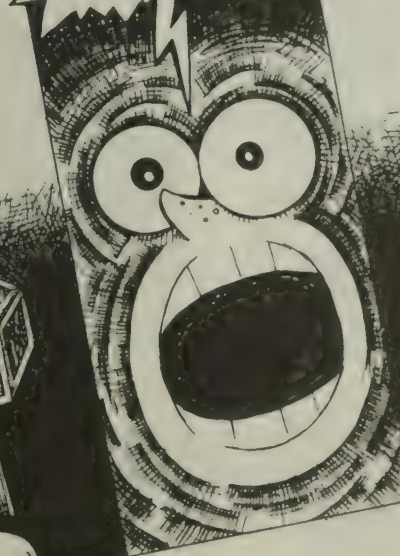


"In the most Holy place shalt thou eat it, every male shall eat it. It shall be most Holy unto thee."

FATHER PHLEM WAS NOW WASHING HIS OWN CROTCH AND SHOWED JOHNNY WHAT THE LORD MEANT BY MEAT.



YOU MEAN I HAVE TO EAT THAT?!



FATHER PHLEM COULD TELL JOHNNY WAS STILL CONFUSED, SO HE TRIED A DIFFERENT APPROACH.



YOU SEE JOHNNY, THIS IS WHAT BEING CLOSE TO GOD IS ALL ABOUT!

AGAIN HE QUOTES FROM LEVITICUS 14:15-



"And the Priest shall take some of the log of oil and pour it into the palm of his left hand."

THEN HE FILLED
HIS OWN LEFT HAND.

FATHER PHILEM!
I'VE GOT TO
SEE YOU!

**KNOCK!
KNOCK!
KNOCK!**

FATHER, I'VE GOT THESE BOILS ALL OVER MY BODY!

YOUR LUCKY DAY! YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN A LOT ON YOUR FIRST DAY. SEE THE BROTHER'S BOILS. YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED ONE WAY TO EAT OF THE FLESH, AND THIS IS ANOTHER WAY.

YOUR LUCKY DAY! YOU ARE GOING TO LEARN A LOT ON YOUR FIRST PAY. SEE THE BROTHER'S BOILS. YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED ONE WAY TO EAT OF THE FLESH, AND THIS IS ANOTHER WAY.

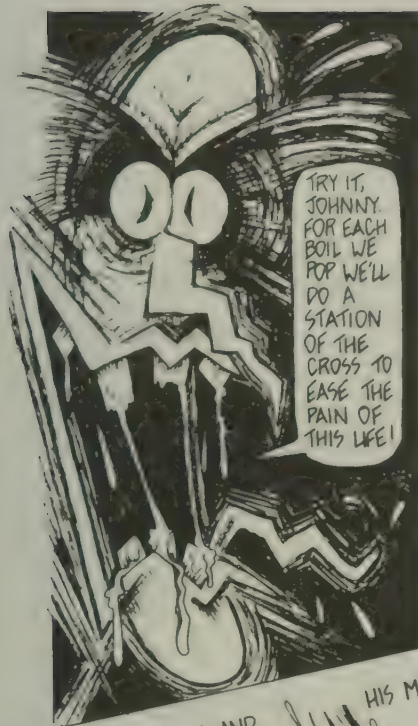
"And in the place of the boil there, be a white rising or a bright spot, white and some-what reddish, and it be shewed to the Priest."

WITH THAT, HE KNELT DOWN, PICKED OUT A BIG, JUICY BOIL...

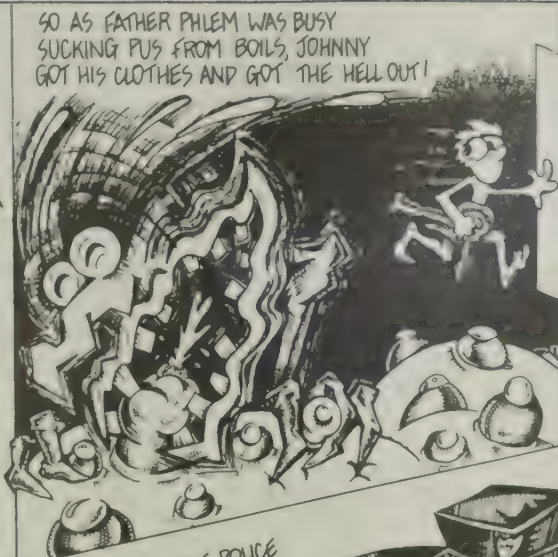
"And in the place of the boil there be a white rising or a bright spot, white and somewhat reddish, and it be shewed to the Priest."

WITH THAT, HE KNELT DOWN,
PICKED OUT A BIG, JUICY BOIL...

UNTIL IT BROKE,
AND HE SUCKED IT UP



JOHNNY LIKED PLAYING WITH HIMSELF, BUT THOUGHT FATHER PHEM WAS OFF HIS ROCKER!

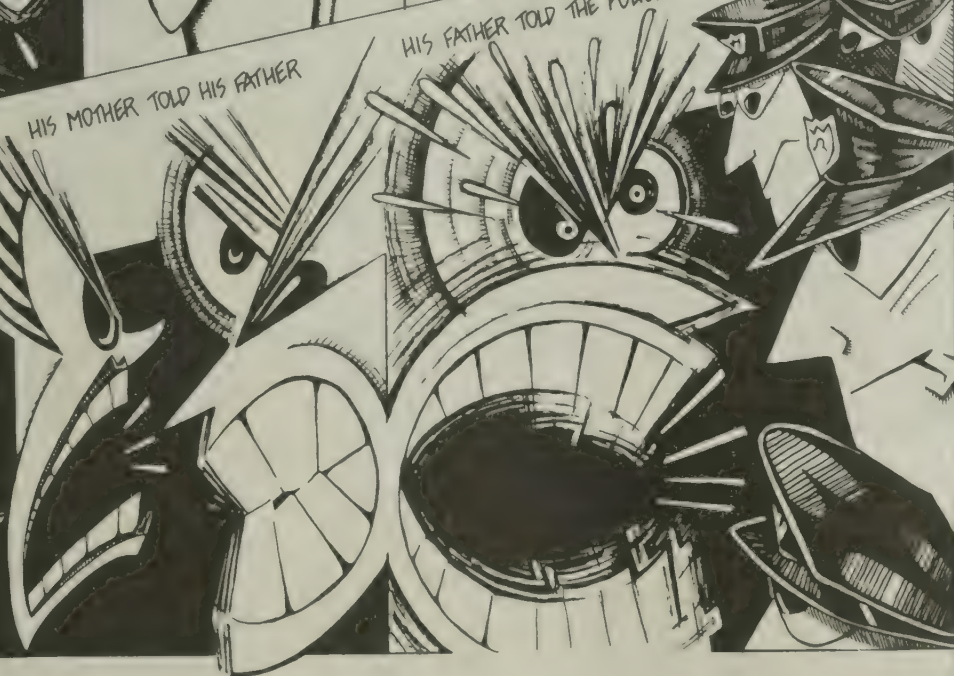


HE WENT HOME AND TOLD HIS MOTHER



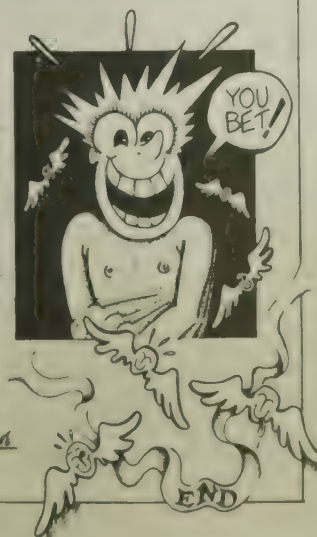
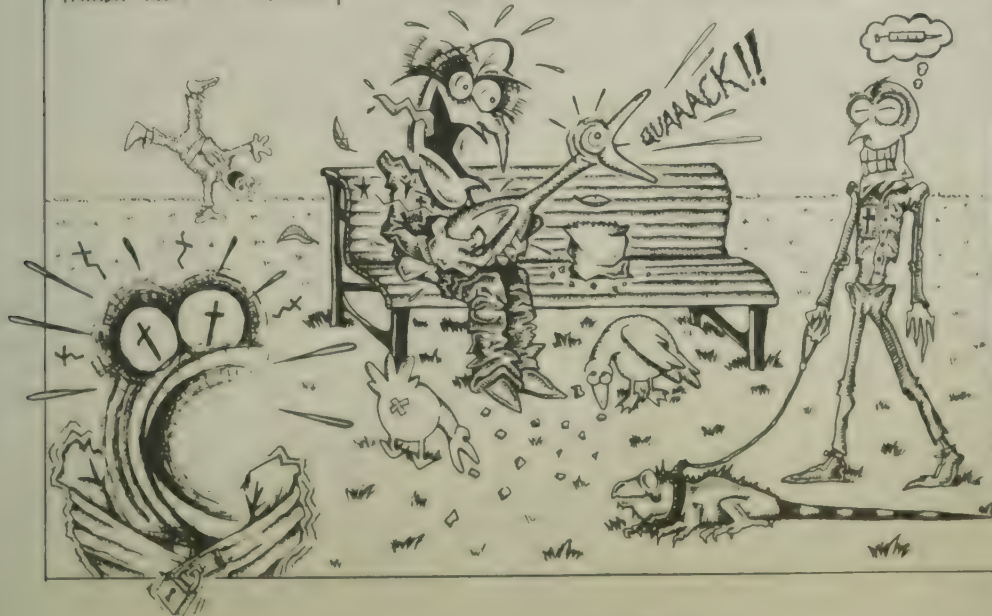
HIS MOTHER TOLD HIS FATHER

HIS FATHER TOLD THE POLICE



FATHER PHEM IS NOW SERVING TIME IN A STATE MENTAL FACILITY FOR WAYWARD PRIESTS.

JOHNNY STILL REMEMBERS HIS TEACHINGS



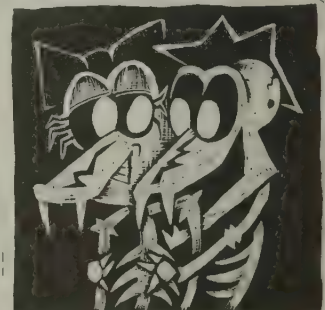
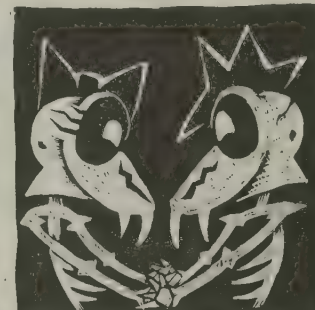
END

NIHILIST ROMANCE

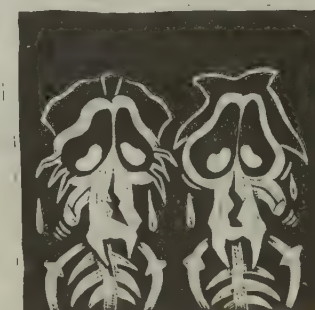
KRYSTINE KRYTTRE
© 1986



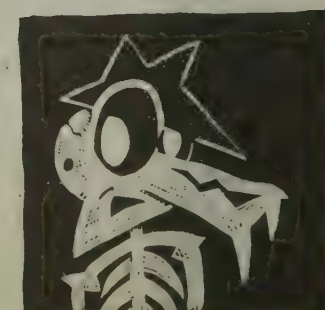
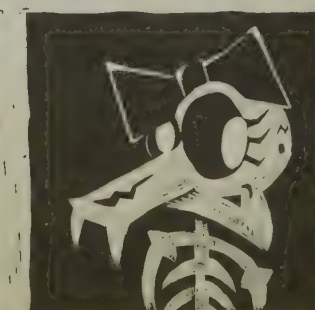
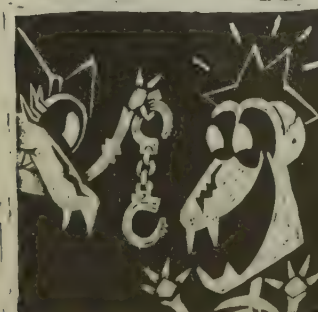
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU



...CAUSE I'LL NEVER SAY IT-



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T



THINK ABOUT IT A LOT.



KRISTINE
WOLFE '08







M. K. BROWN

I was born in Connecticut where, at age eight, on Christmas Eve I saw Santa Claus in the sky from the window of the upstairs bedroom. At first I thought I was imagining things. Then the silhouette passed across the moon and I could clearly see the eight galloping reindeer, the sleigh full of presents and Santa, in the sleigh, leaning forward with one arm raised. The question occurs to me now: was he flogging the reindeer? I prefer to think that he was pointing the way to deserving children like me (this was before my bout with kleptomania).

After attending several art schools, I moved to the West Coast, married, gave birth to a daughter who has a good sense of humor, divorced, and am currently living in Northern California. There are fifty-four stairs to my house, thus I have strong legs and receive a certain satisfaction from observing people much younger than I am (especially those who run regularly), gasping for breath and leaning on the railings when they reach the porch. Not many salespeople come up to my door, which is good because I am very busy with metaphysical matters.

Over the years I have studied and fooled around with all forms of art, music, dance, sports, crafts, sewing, cooking, sandal-making, yogurt-making, bread-making, jewelry, knitting, horse-back-riding. I have jumped and fallen off horses and had my arm in a cast so that I couldn't draw or wash my own hair and had to go to local beauty salons for six weeks until the cast came off, during which time I was given a new style every five days. The best was "Southern Belle." I am now considering a blue streak (ultramarine).

I wish to extend warm greetings to fellow cartoonists in this book and to readers. My hope is that, in the face of the world's great travails, we can continue to express and enjoy the human condition in all its glory. Over and out.

I Can't Work Today

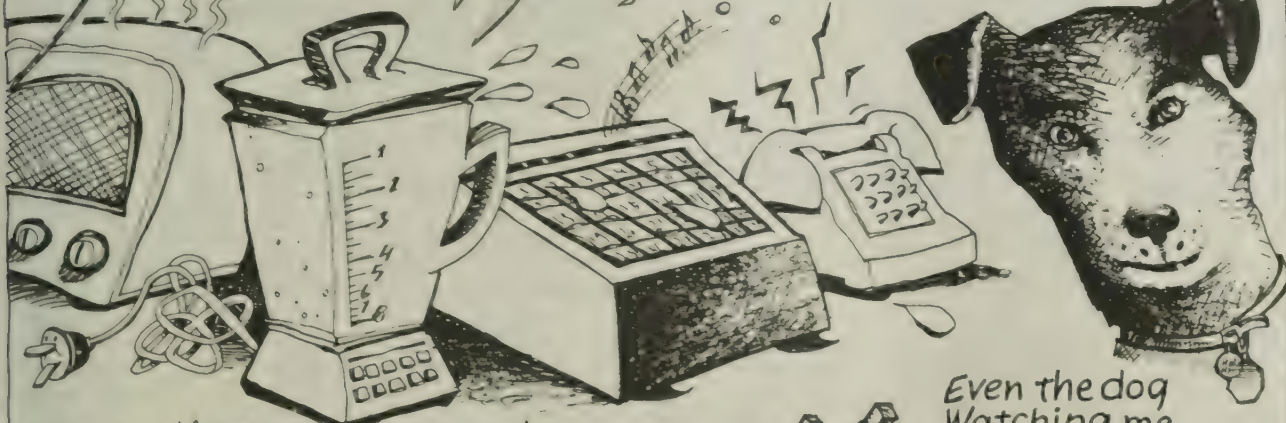
A STUPID POEM by M.K. BROWN ©1987



I can't work today,
All the old ghosts are
Hanging around.

Everything
Looks Stupid!

My clothes
Are uncomfortable



in fact, NOTHING works today;

Even the dog
Watching me
Rankles.



And the SKY,
A "funny" blue now,
Keeps changing Color!



I see a bowl of Fruit on the table.
There are faces in it.

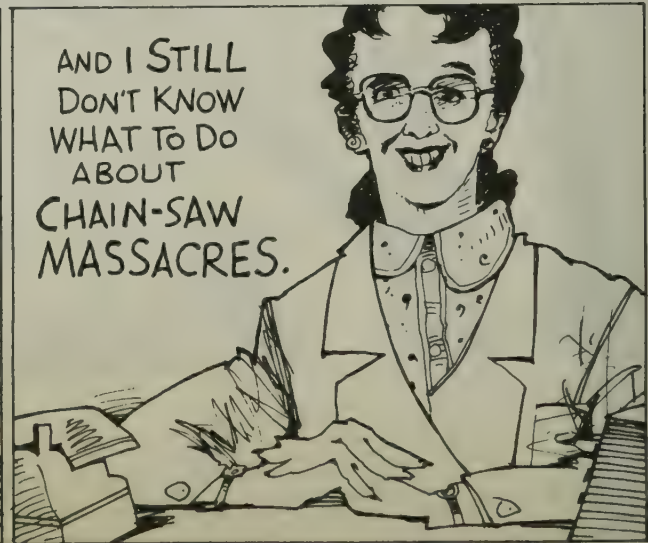
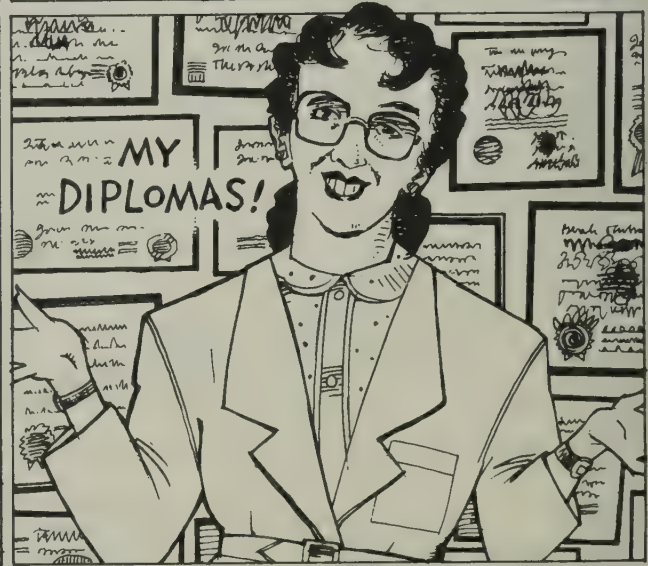
I wonder how Liz Taylor is doing.

The end

COPING WITH CHAIN-SAW MASSACRES



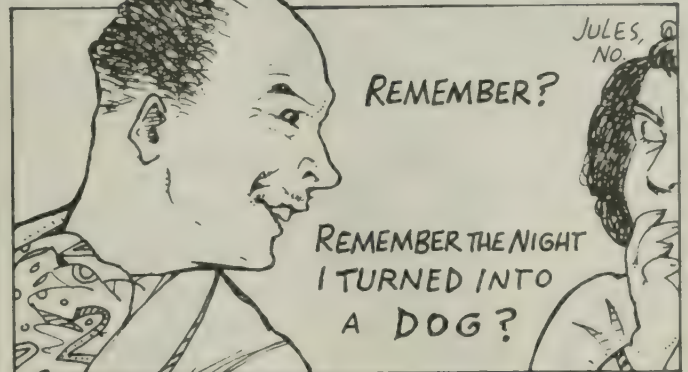
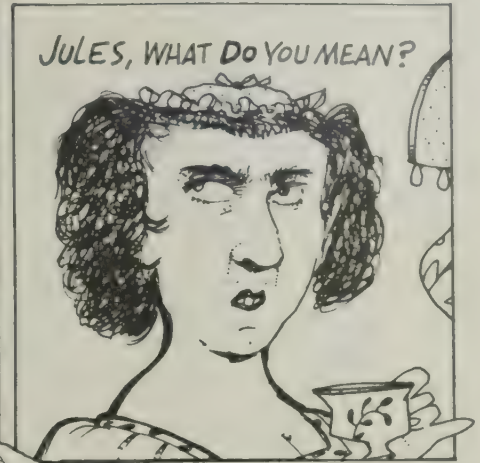
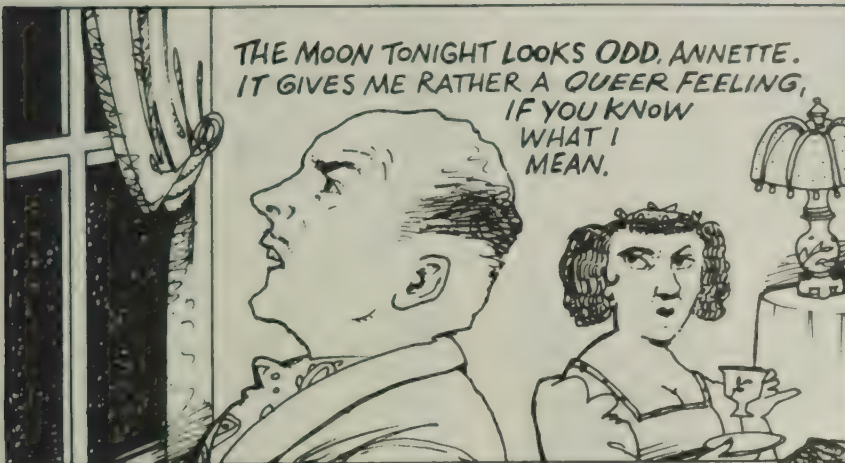
TWENTY-FOUR MINUTES LATER



© 87 M.K. BROWN

ODD MOON RISING

CONDENSED THWARTED HORROR



WHITE GIRL SINGS THE BLUES

(GET DOWN)

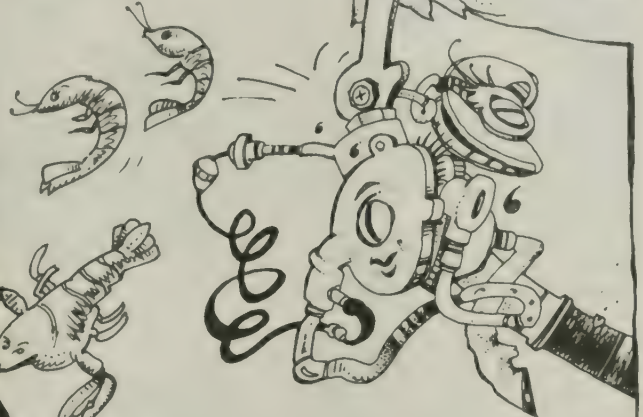


Easy HOME AUTO REPAIR

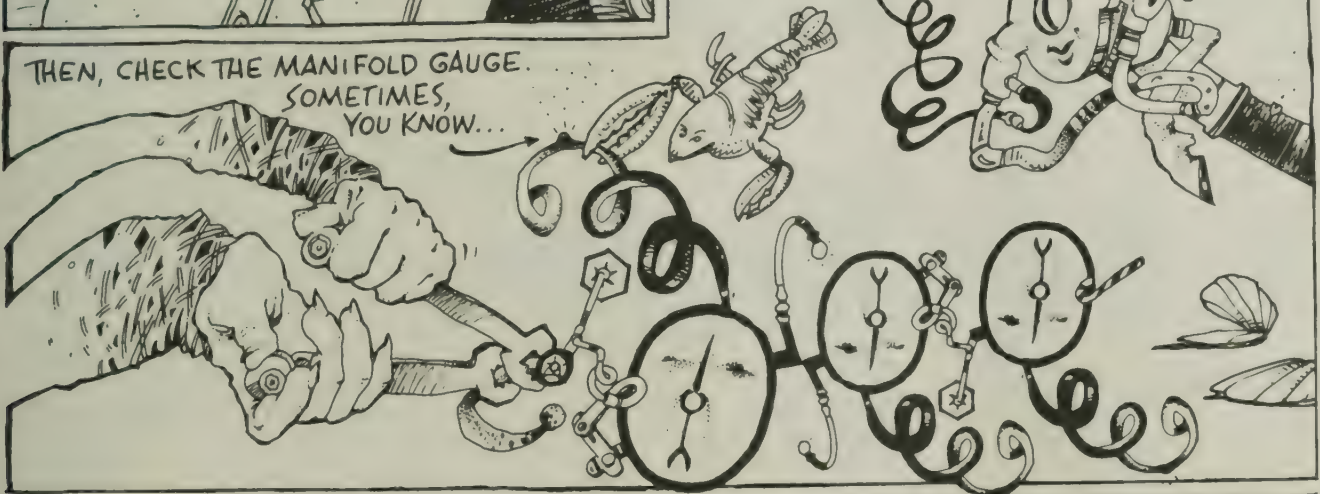
IF I CAN
DO IT,
MAYBE
YOU CAN
TOO!



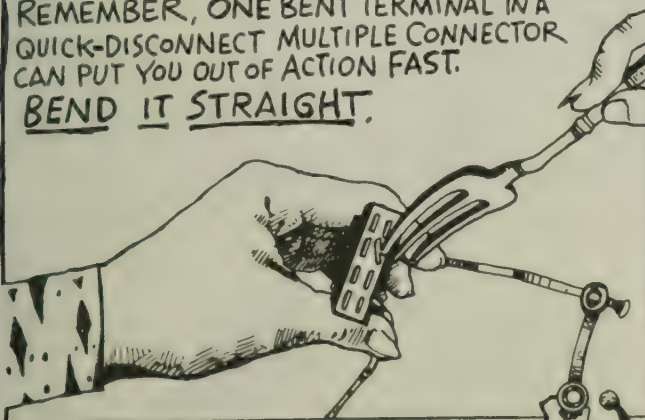
FIRST, OBVIOUSLY, GET
RID OF ANY LOBSTERS
OR OTHER SHELLFISH
WHICH COULD BE CAUSING
A PROBLEM IN YOUR
ENGINE.



THEN, CHECK THE MANIFOLD GAUGE.
SOMETIMES,
YOU KNOW...



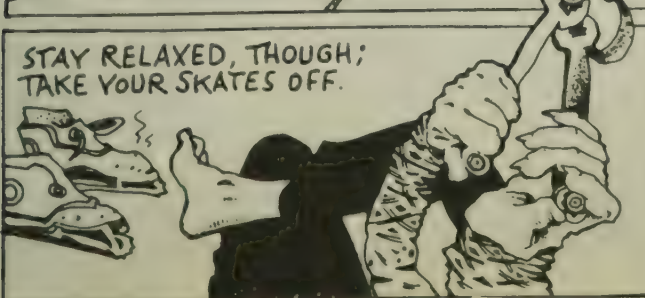
ALSO, EXAMINE THE DISTRIBUTOR.
REMEMBER, ONE BENT TERMINAL IN A
QUICK-DISCONNECT MULTIPLE CONNECTOR
CAN PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION FAST.
BEND IT STRAIGHT.



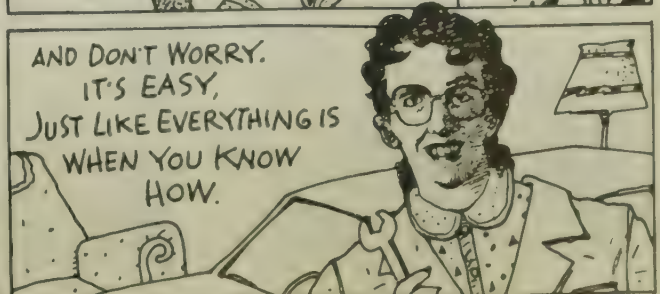
BEND EVERYTHING.



STAY RELAXED, THOUGH;
TAKE YOUR SKATES OFF.



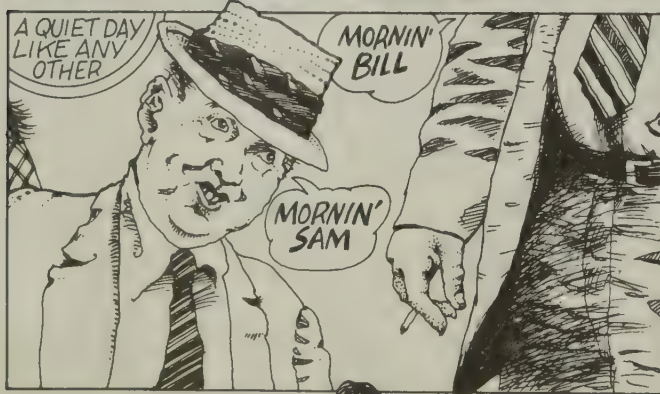
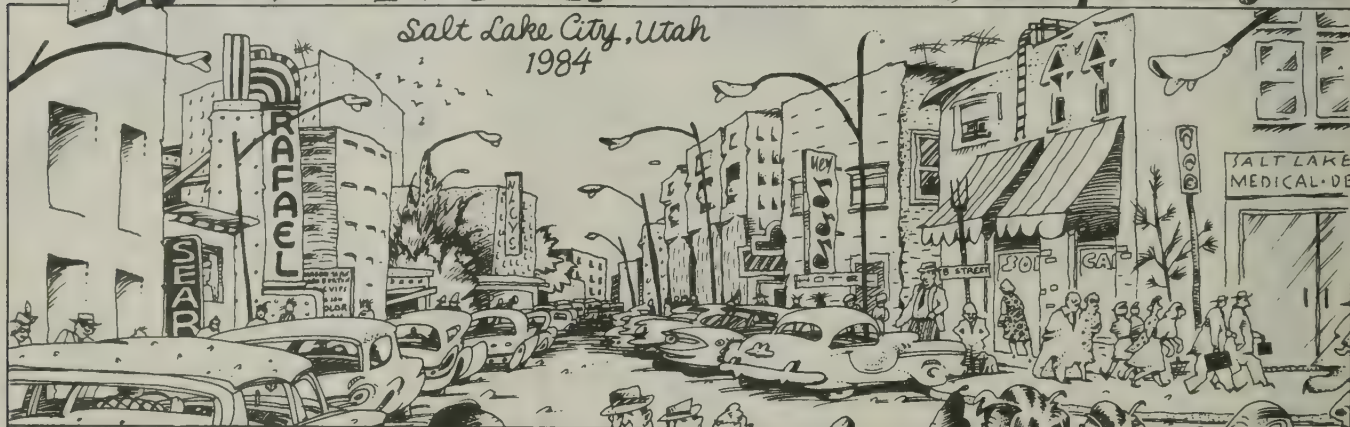
AND DON'T WORRY.
IT'S EASY,
JUST LIKE EVERYTHING IS
WHEN YOU KNOW
HOW.

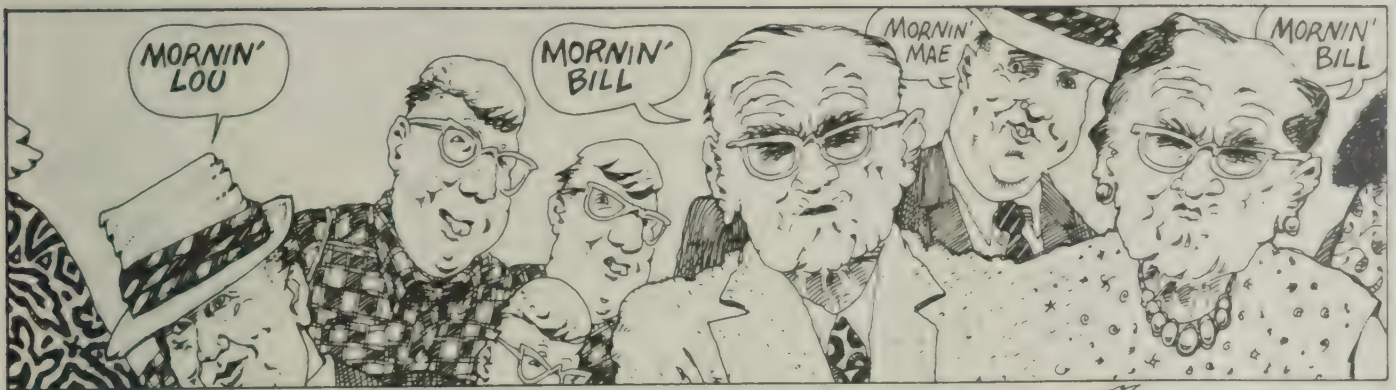


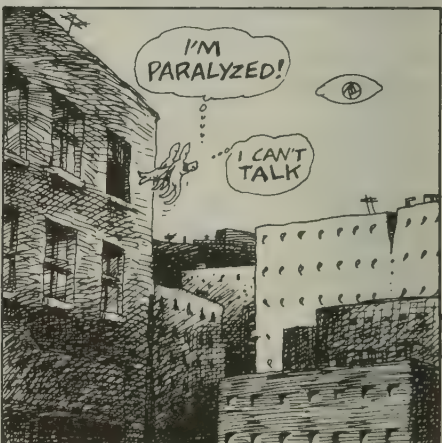
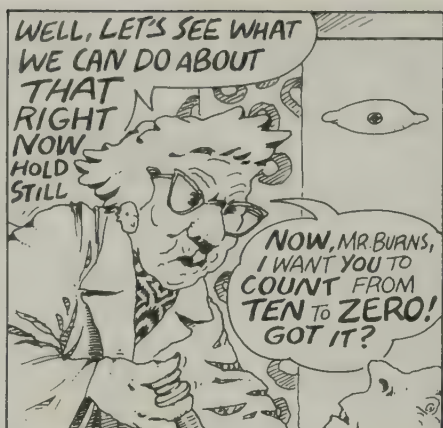
THEY CAME FROM SPACE

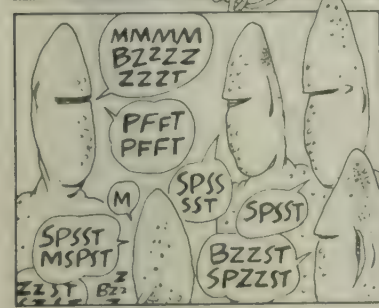
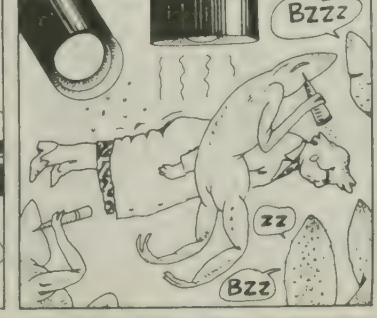
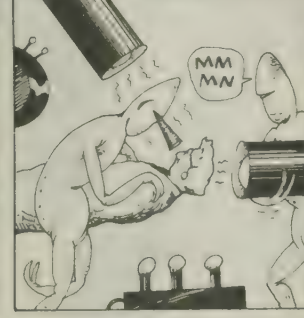
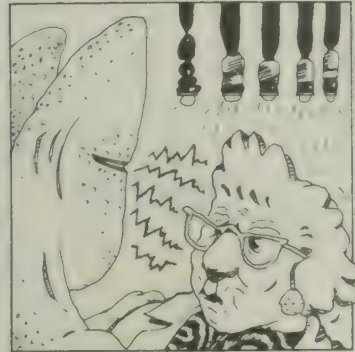
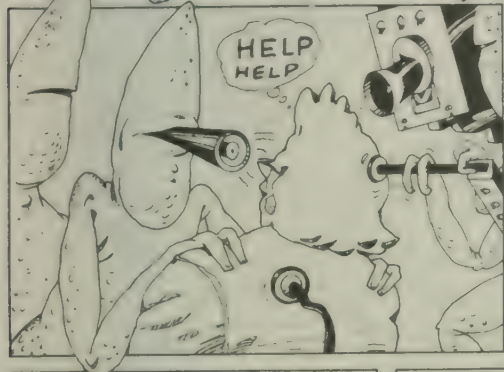
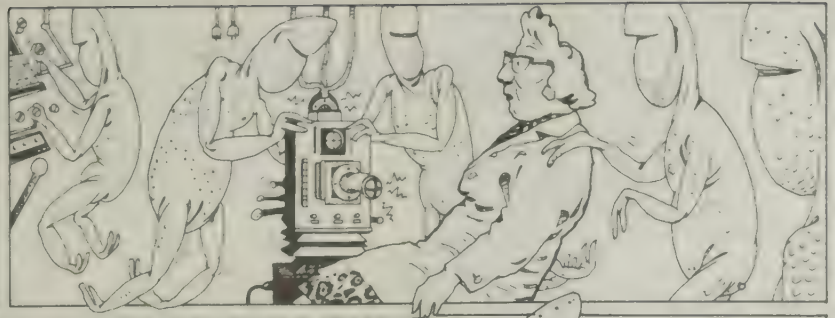
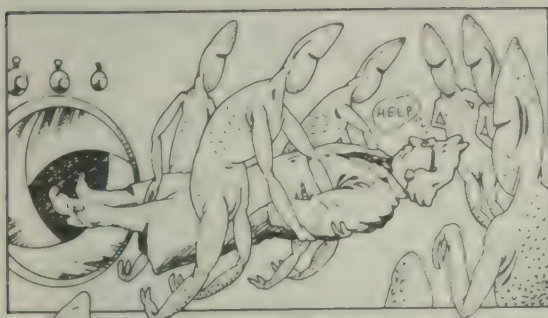
A TRUE-LIFE Sci-Fi Social Drama BY MARY K. BROWN

Salt Lake City, Utah
1984







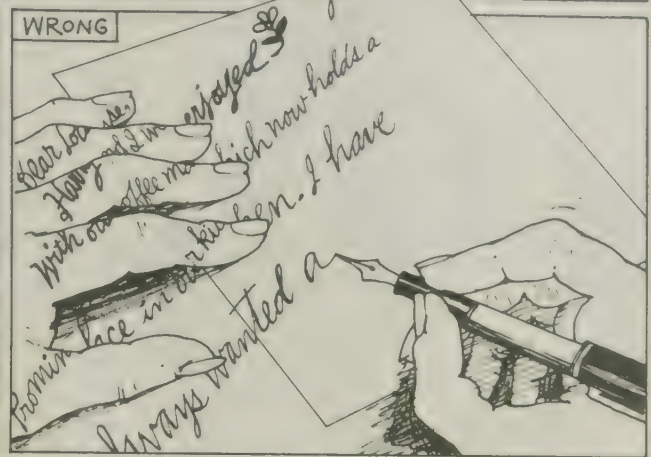
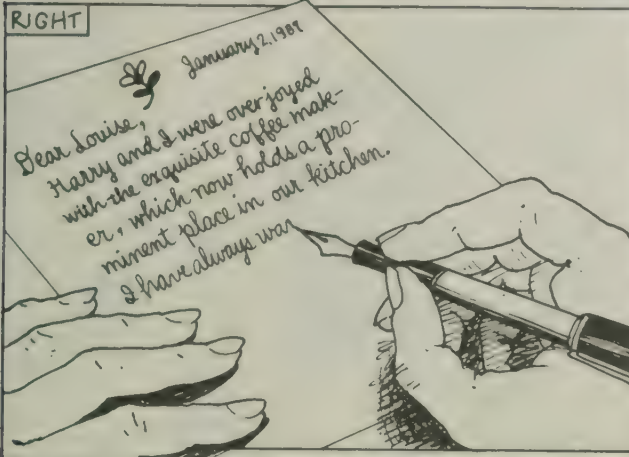


GUIDE DOGS

© 87 M.K. BROWN



THE RIGHT BRAIN AND THE WRONG BRAIN



LET'S DO THE WHITE GIRL TWIST (LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER)

©1986

M.K. BROWN



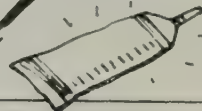
MARRIAGE & MIRAGE



M. K. BROWN

FREE GLUE SAMPLE!

© M. K. BROWN



OH
MY
GOD!

I've just
received a
free glue
sample!

Maybe
I should
glue
something!

I could glue
all my shoes
together!
ha ha ha

I could glue
these
drapes
together.

I could glue
the lamp to the
telephone,
Or, the telephone
to the table.

But why
would
I do
that?

That's
stupid.

Why should
I have to
glue
everything
just because
it comes
in the mail?

maybe just this
one
little
item.

Well,



ESPEAKINK SPANICH en MACY'S



SINGLES BAR

M.K. BROWN
©1979



HI THERE MY NAME IS ANDREW
MY FRIENDS CALL ME ANDREW
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



CAROL



WELL, CAROL!
WHAT DO YOU THINK
ABOUT THE WAY
I'M SITTING?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

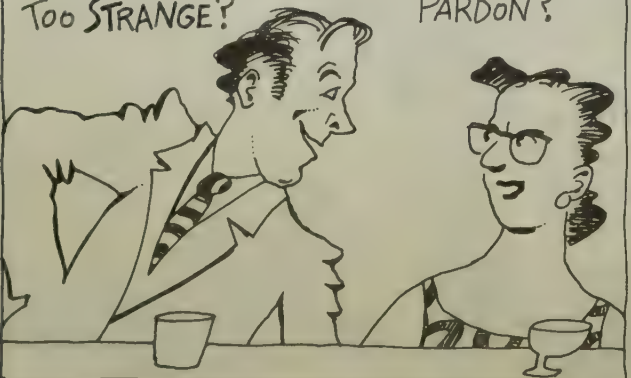


I MEAN REALLY- DO YOU
LIKE MY ELBOW RESTING
ON MY KNEE
THIS WAY?



Too Cocky?
Too STRANGE?

I BEG YOUR
PARDON?



ARE YOU DEAF?

WHAT?







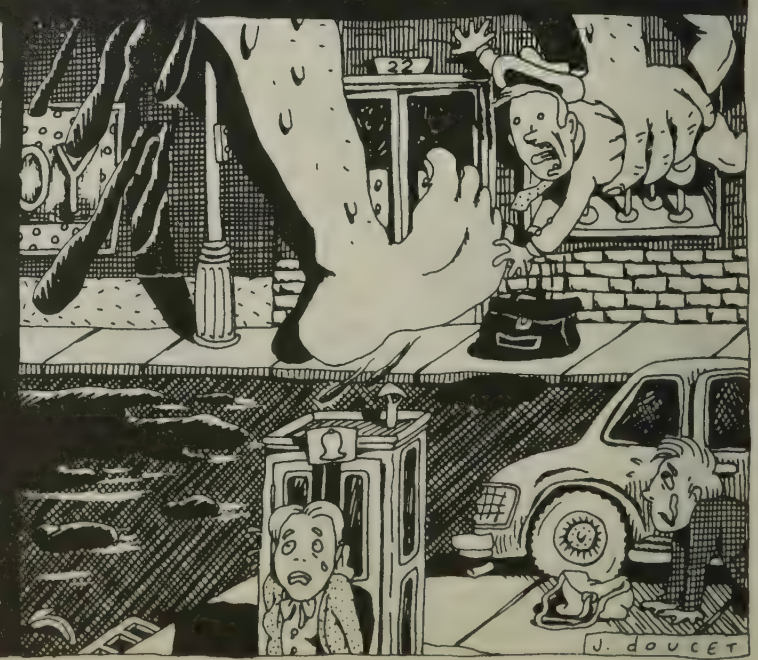
JULIE DOUCET

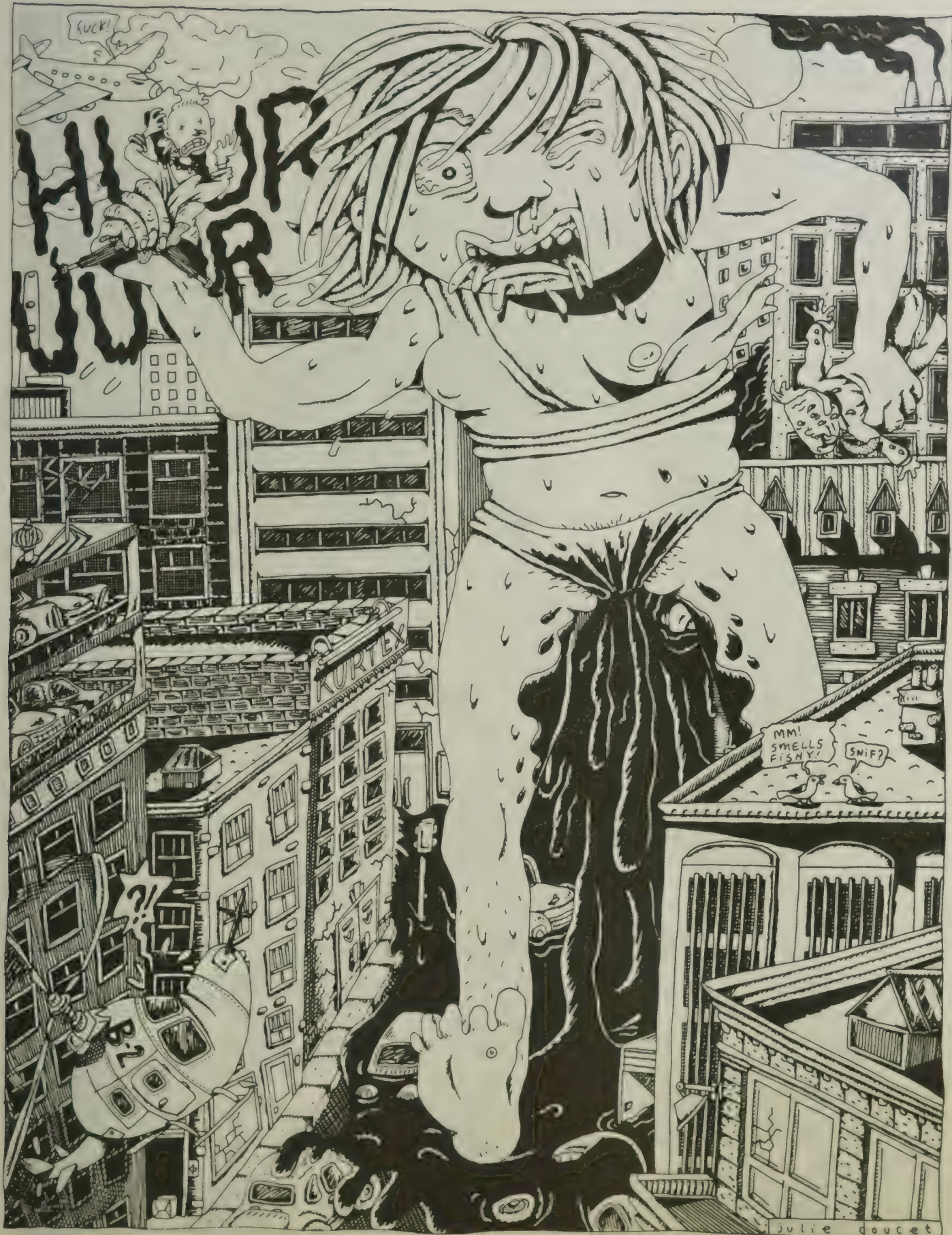
Born December 31, 1965, at Montreal, Quebec Province, Canada. . . . I'm French. Childhood without problems. Then adolescence: I went to a convent with nuns and Jesus. Girls only (except Jesus). We were wearing a green polyester costume . . . GRWXZT! After, the university: fine arts. But I left after three years to do comics. I went on welfare and began to publish my own mini comic, *Dirty Plotte*, both in French and English. At the same time I discovered the wonderful world of American comics and started to send my cartoons to some magazines. . . . My first appearance

is in *Heck! Comic Art of the Late 1980s*. Then in *Weirdo*, *Wimmen's Comix*, *Buzzard*, *Rip-Off*, *Drawn & Quarterly*. In two years I've published fourteen mini comics. Then, recently, *Dirty Plotte* became a real regular comic book(!) published by *Drawn & Quarterly*. Uh well, that's it for the moment, I think. . . .

HEAVY FLOW



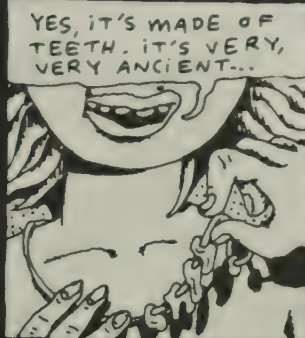


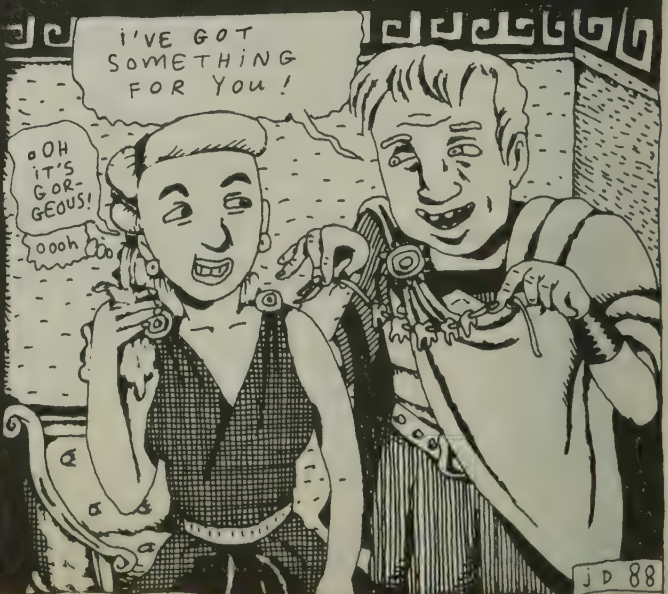
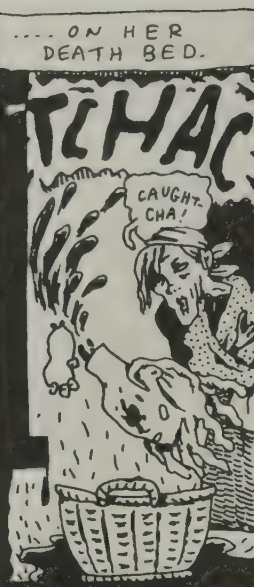


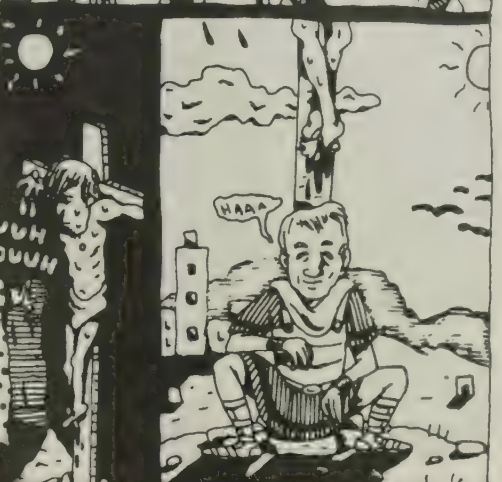


THE MAGIC NECKLACE

BY JULIE DOUCET 88
TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL WILL

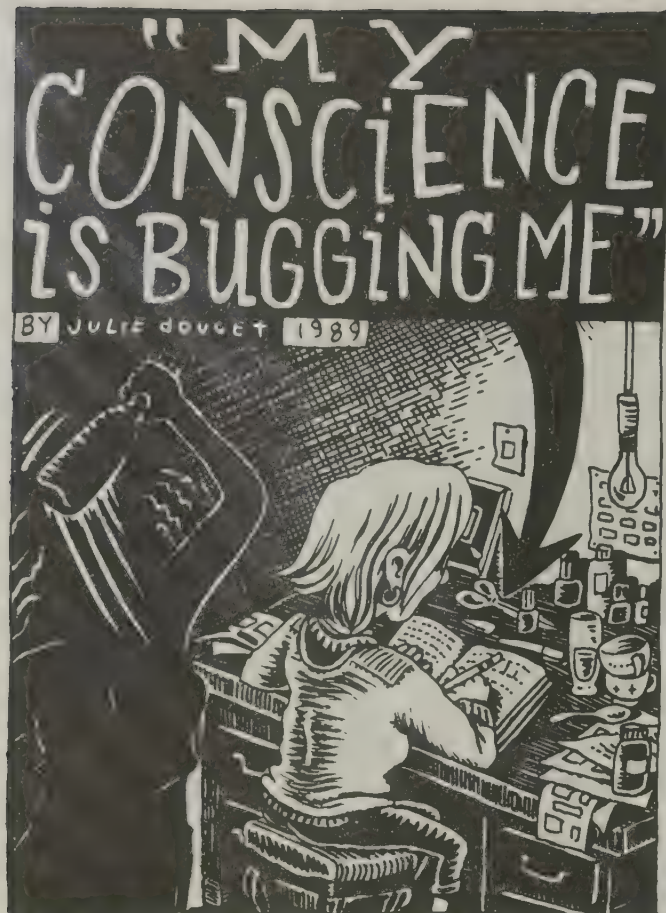






END

Jd 88











VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE!

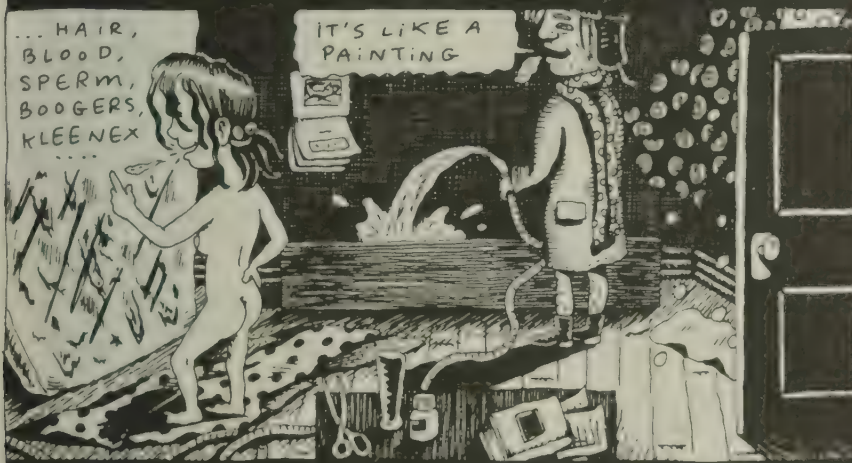
(HURRAY FOR THE DIFFERENCE!)



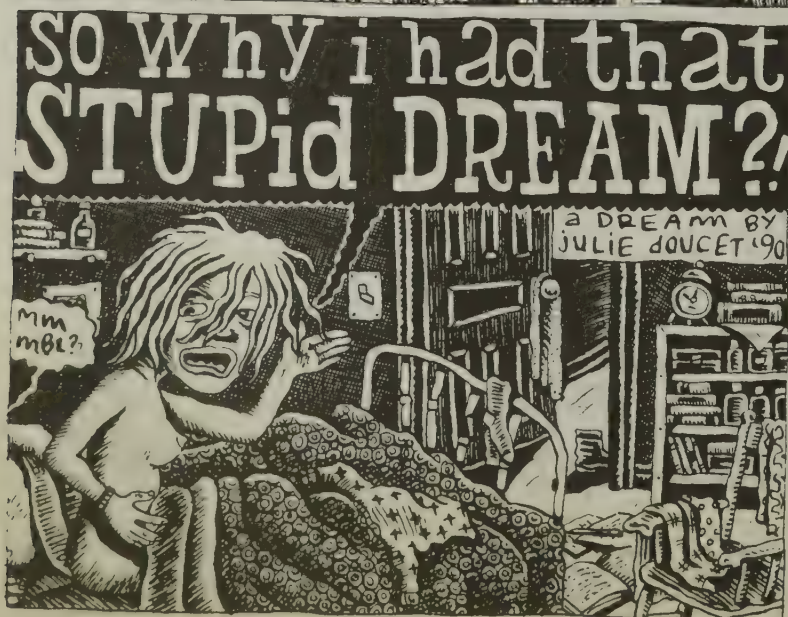


AFTER ... YOUR BED IS FULL OF FROZEN DIRT!

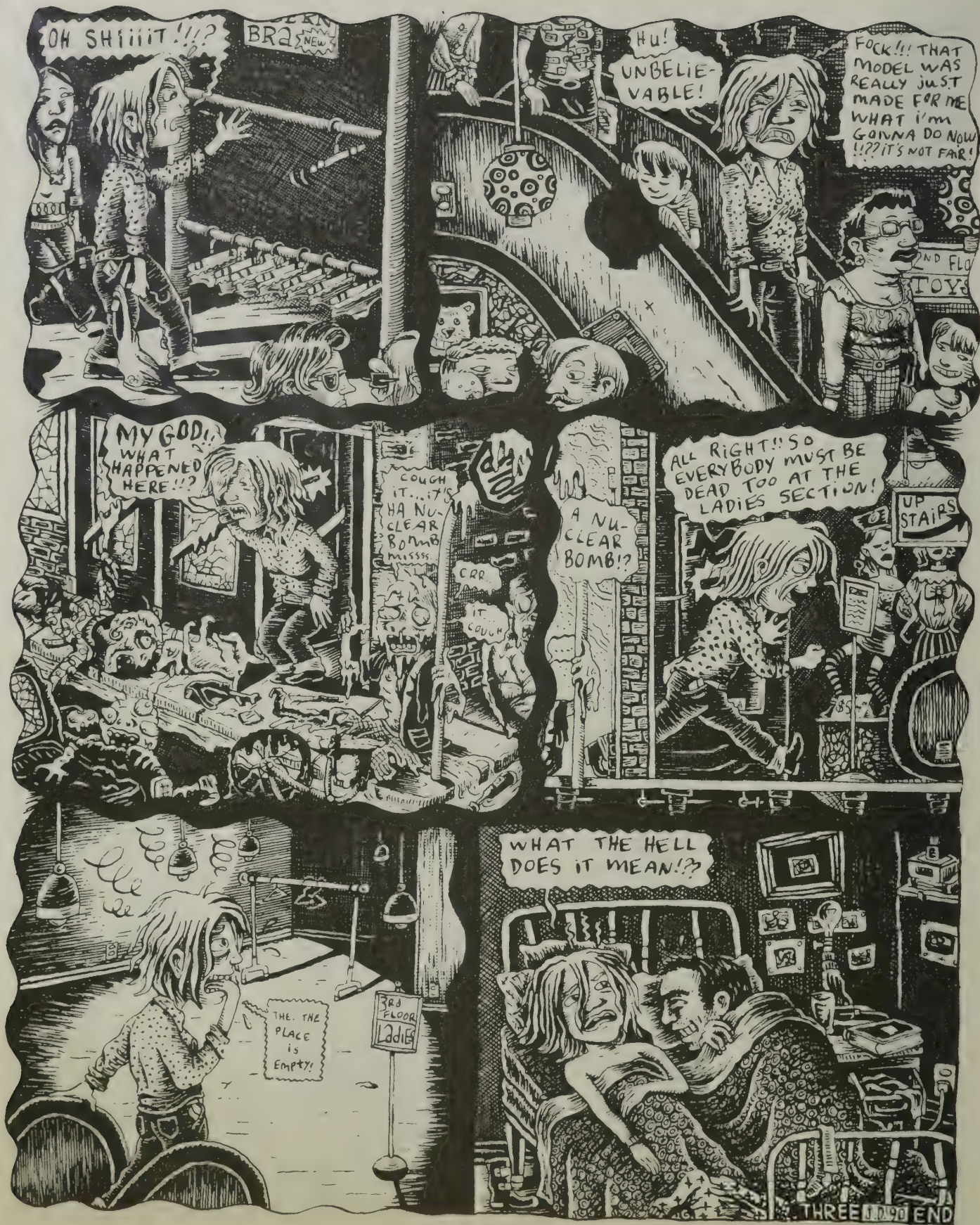




END PAGE 3 J.D. 89









ALINE KOMINSKY-CRUMB

I was born in Long Beach, Long Island, in 1948. My mother went into labor on a yacht. I spent my first seventeen years in an upper middle class ghetto, surrounded by ostentatious materialism and rabid upward striving. My parents fluctuated between tenuous prosperity and abject poverty. They fought constantly. This was a fertile breeding ground for "The Young Bunch," a comic persona I developed in my early twenties. To say that I never fit into this world of "post-war jerks" is an understatement (I can perversely brag that no boy in high school ever asked me out), but such intense

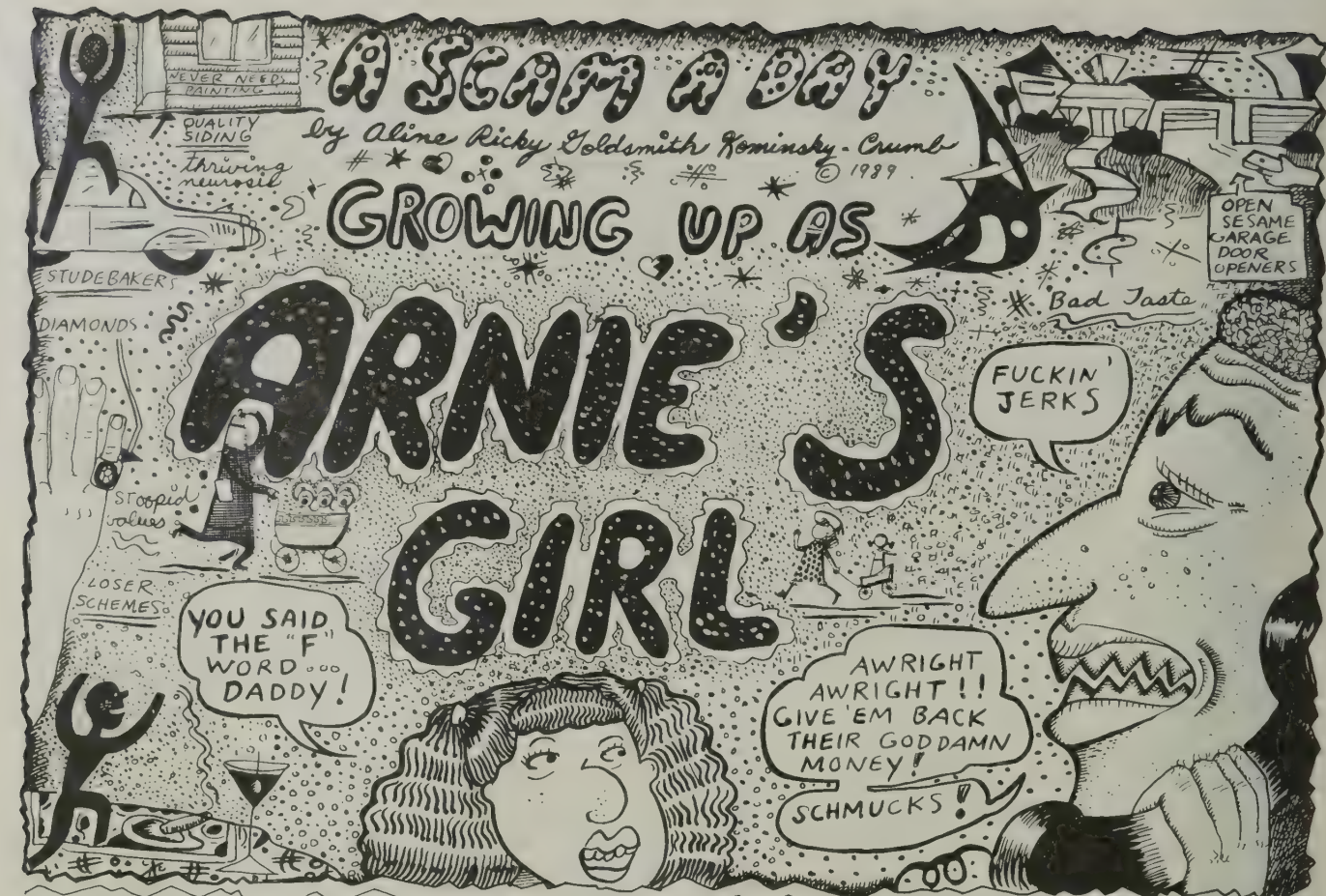
alienation has provided me with years of comic-tragic material. Even now, a short visit home to Long Island or North Miami Beach keeps me going for months.

I graduated from Lawrence High School in 1966, became wild and promiscuous, took any drug offered to me, attended S.U.N.Y. New Paltz (ran away pregnant), went to Cooper Union for one semester and finally managed to earn a BFA in painting from the University of Arizona, a swell, fun school. During this period I started writing and illustrating stories about my life to "crack up" my pals.

At age twenty-two I moved to San Francisco and started drawing comics "for real." I was influenced by cartoonists Justin Green, Kim Deitch, and R. Crumb as well as George Grosz, Freida Kahlo, and Matisse. I published my first story in 1971 in *Wimmen's Comix #1*. Since then I have had a checkered career. I edited a benefit book, *El Perfecto*, for Tim Leary (I later found out his girlfriend bought a stereo with the money). I did stories for later issues of *Wimmen's Comix*, *Lemme Outta Here*, *Arcade*, *Manhunt*, and others. I had two solo books come out in the mid-late seventies, *Power Pak #1* and *#2*, as well as a first *Twisted Sisters* with Diane Noomin and two issues of *Dirty Laundry* with my husband, Robert Crumb (we each drew ourselves in the same panel). I finally became editor of *Weirdo* magazine in 1987. I put out ten issues of that great publication and have just laid it to rest, not without some sadness.

Right now I'm working on more autobiographical stories and painting some deeply disturbing oil portraits. I'm about to pack up and move to France with my husband and daughter.

I'm very excited and deeply satisfied that this version of *Twisted Sisters* exists!



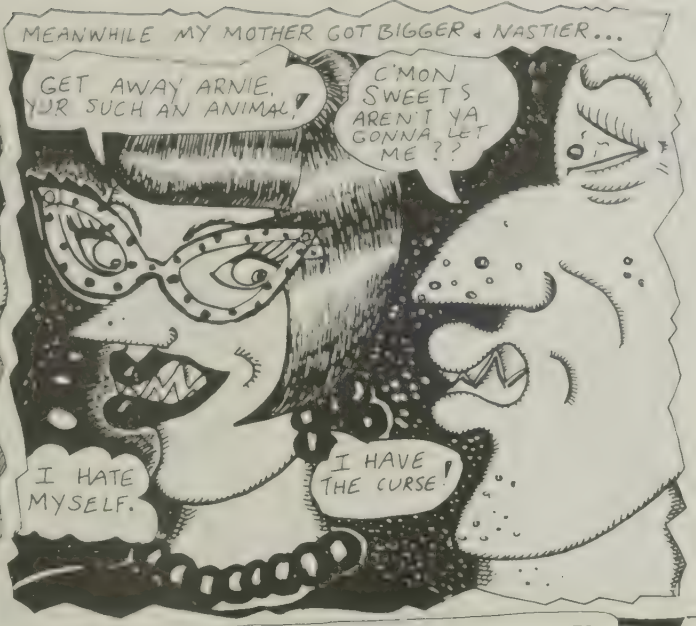
AT AGE 4½ MY BROTHER WAS BORN + MY PARENTS MOVED US TO THEIR POST WAR JERK DREAM HOME.



THINGS GOT WORSE... MY BROTHER WAS DIFFERENT...







* SORRY..HE USED HORRIBLE WORDS!

HE BOUGHT ME EXPENSIVE UNWANTED GIFTS. I HAD TO ACT EXTREMELY APPRECIATIVE!



MY MOTHER SCREAMED AT HIM FOR SPENDING MONEY ON ME..



I TRIED TO COVER UP MY ZITS + DISGUISE MY FLAWS...



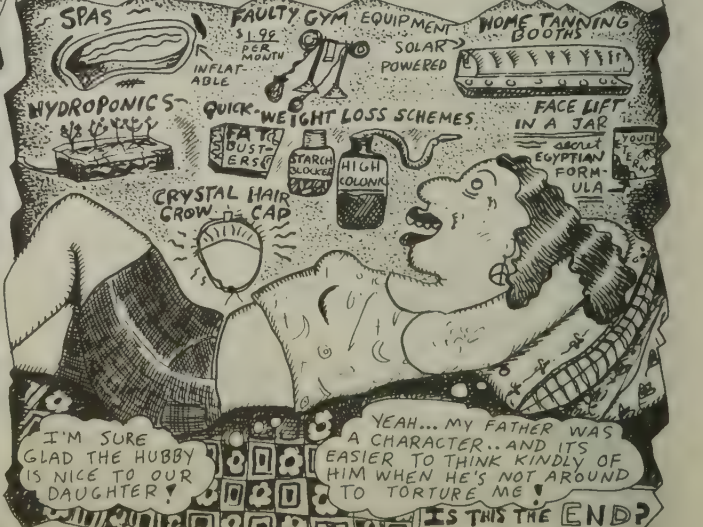
YEARS LATER: I WENT TO COLLEGE, TOOK DRUGS, GOT DRUNK, PREGNANT, RAN AWAY + WAS HAVING A WILD TIME.



ARNIE FOUND OUT ALL ABOUT MY SINS + HE WAS STRANGELY AWED BY MY FEARLESSNESS... THEN HE DIED OF CANCER..



ARNIE'S BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS NOW... BUT I SOMETIMES IMAGINE WHAT HE'D BE UP TO NOW??



* SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW + WON'T UNLESS SHE READS THIS... OR YOU TELL HER!

WON TONS...

by ALIXE
(ALWAYS ON A DIET)
HOMESKY CROMBOWICZ

MOO GOO GAY PAN

THURSDAY
SPECIAL
CHINA JADE
FREE DELIVERY

CAN USE
CHOP STICKS

LUCIOUS
NOODLES

US
JEWS
LOVE
CHINESE
FOOD

LET'S
HAVE
TAKE-
OUT
TONITE

HOT N' GREASY

THE WOMEN IN MY FAMILY REALLY KNOW HOW TO EAT.

MMM...THESE RIBS ARE SOO JUICY..

EGG ROLLS NOT GREASY

WANT ONE?

YEA SHURE PASS 'EM

I ♥ FRIED RICE

BUT THEY HATE TO COOK...

CALL VINNIE'S WILL YA PLEASE?!

THERE'S NOTHING TO EAT HERE!!

I DUNNO WHAT TO MAKE!

☆ FRIGIDAIRE

NORTH MIKE

YEA GOOD IDEA BERNIE... I'LL ORDAH AN X-LARGE GARBAGE PIZZA + 2 SIDES OF GARLIC BREAD... AWRIGHT!?

YEA SHURE TANKRIFAL

BUT ALAS.. POOR ME STRANDED OUT HERE IN CALIFORNIA, EPICENTER OF BLAND FOOD,... THIS FRESH AIR MAKES ME HUNGRY...

IT'S SO SWEET + HEALTHY, HERE... I GUESS I'M LUCKY.

I CAN HAVE FRESH HOME GROWN FOOD.

BUT I'D KILL FOR A HOT PASTRAMI ON RYE WITH RUSSIAN DRESSING, COLESLAW + AN EGG CREAM TO GO!

OH IF I COULD JUST SPEND AN HOUR AT WOLFIE COHEN'S RASCAL HOUSE IN N. MIAMI BEACH..

WHAT'LL IT BE HONEY?

FREE KOSHER PICKLES

FREE PICKLED BEETS

FREE COLESLAW

FREE SOUR TOMATOES

FREE ROLLS + BAGELS

CHARMING WAIT PERSONS MEMORIZE YOUR ORDER

FOOD ON THE BRAIN

OF COURSE, THE MOST FUN IS TAKING THIS FAB-FARE HOME TO ENJOY IN PRIVATE WITH INTIMATE FRIENDS AND FAMILY...



THEN EVERYONE CAN FLOP ON A CHAISE LOUNGE



NOTHING MORE REASSURING... WITTY REPARTEE... FALCONCREST IN THE BACK GROUND....



BUT NOW BACK TO MY PRESENT PREDICAMENT..WHAT DOES OUR LITTLE RURAL TOWN HAVE TO OFFER WHEN I HAVE THOSE DESPARATE CRAVINGS?



I FIND THIS LACK OF TOTAL FULFILLMENT SO DEEPLY DISTURBING THAT I HAF TO EAT A 1 POUND BAG OF NATURAL TORTILLA CHIPS RIGHT AWAY.



SO DO YOU FIND YURSELF ASKING... IF SHE'S SO MISERABLE WHY DOES SHE STAY IN SUCH A CULTURAL DESERT?? SHE'S AN ARTIST SHE COULD LIVE IN PARIS FOR GOD SAKE!!



SO INSTEAD OF FRUITLESS FANTASIES I GO DIRECTLY TO LONG ISLAND AND END UP AT MY COUSIN IRENE'S HOUSE...



THEY IGNORE ME... THEY'RE TOO USED TO OUT-ARGUEING EACH OTHER!



SO I HAVE A CHILI DOG THAT TASTES ALL WRONG BUT FOR TOTALLY DIFFERENT REASONS. IT TASTES TOO JEWISH!



FOOD + EMOTIONS... I FONDLY THINK OF PAST NURTURING... MY GRANDMA FANNY'S HOUSE



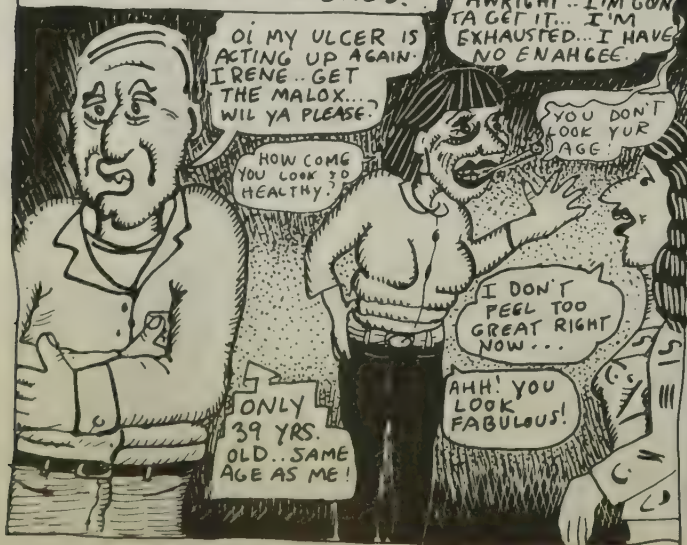
I CRINGE WHEN I RECALL OTHER TIMES...



FOOD IS SO POWERFUL... ITS ALMOST PSYCHEDELIC... A KALEIDOSCOPE OF EATING + FEELING



BACK TO COUSIN IRENE'S.



SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER:





YOU'D THINK IT WOULD ALL BE ANTICLIMACTIC... AFTERALL, I'VE BEEN CALLING MYSELF "THE 40 YR. OLD HOUSEWIFE" FOR YEARS!!

WELL I'M REALLY 37 1/2 BUT I'M SAYING I'M A 40 YR OLD HOUSEWIFE SO IT WON'T BE SUCH A SHOCK WHEN IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS!

OH I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE 40... YOU DON'T LOOK THAT OLD!!

WELL WORKING OUT HELPS!

I HOPE I LOOK THAT GOOD WHEN I'M OLD!

22 YR. OLD IN AEROBICS CLASS

ON THE ACTUAL DAY OF MY 40th BIRTHDAY I WAS IN A CHATEAU ON AN ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN...

WE KILLED THIS COCHON FOR YOUR BON ANIVERSAIR MADAM!!

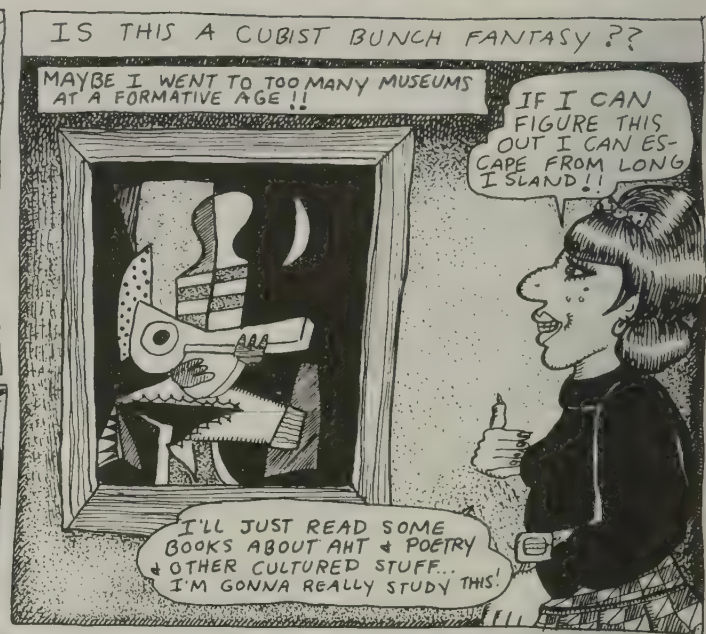
YOU ARE THE MOST BEYUTEFUL GUEST IN OUR PETIT VILLAGE. MADAM CRUMB... WE ARE HONORED TO HAVE YOU!

I'M OVERWHELMED I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY

WELL LET'S EAT + DRINK

GEE AT HOME IN CALIFAWNYER I'M AN OLD HAG AWREDDY... I HAFTO LEARN FRENCH!!

* BET YOU CAN GET A LOT OF SYMPATHY UP FOR ME.



AND YET CERTAIN PERSISTANT REALITIES HAVE A WAY OF INTRUDING.

WHY DO THEY ALL HAVE RED GERANIUMS?

RING
RING

I MUST'VE DIED!
& WENT TO HEAVEN!

A WARM DAY IN
PARIS... NOTHING
I HAFTO DO!



I WEIGH 125 POUNDS C'N YOU BELIEVE IT?
I'M IN THE INNAH CIRCLE OF WEIGHT
WATCHERS!! I WEAH A SIZE 6 DRESS... MY
OLD CLOTHES ARE HANGING OFF MY BODY
AWREDDY!! AND I'M USING THAT RETIN-A-CREAM
& MY SKIN LOOKS SO TAHRIFFIC!! EVERYBODY
SEZ I LOOK GAWGEOUS & YOUTHFUL... THEY
CAN'T BELIEVE IT... I'M TELLIN' YOU!



SHE CAN'T VIN THIS SUMMER EVEN THO SHE'D
LOVE TO... THIS IS THE BEST SUMMER I'VE
HAD SIN' 1959....

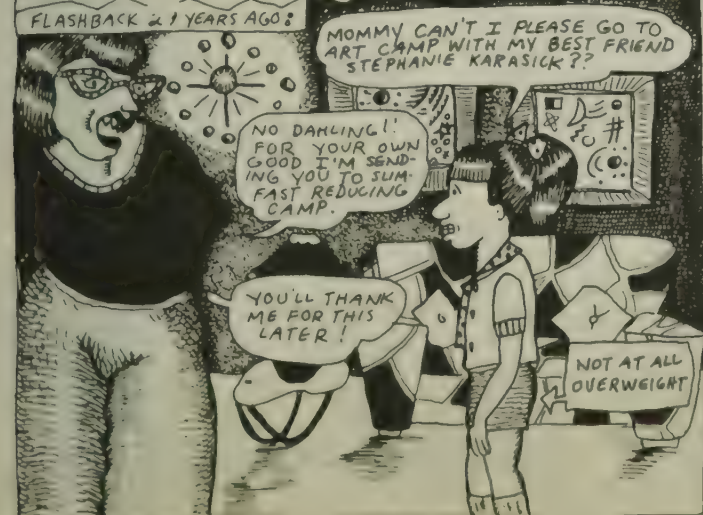
FLASHBACK 2 1 YEARS AGO:

MOMMY CAN'T I PLEASE GO TO
ART CAMP WITH MY BEST FRIEND
STEPHANIE KARASICK??

NO DAWLING!
FOR YOUR OWN
GOOD I'M SEND-
ING YOU TO SUM-
MER REDUCING
CAMP.

YOU'LL THANK
ME FOR THIS
LATER!

NOT AT ALL
OVERWEIGHT



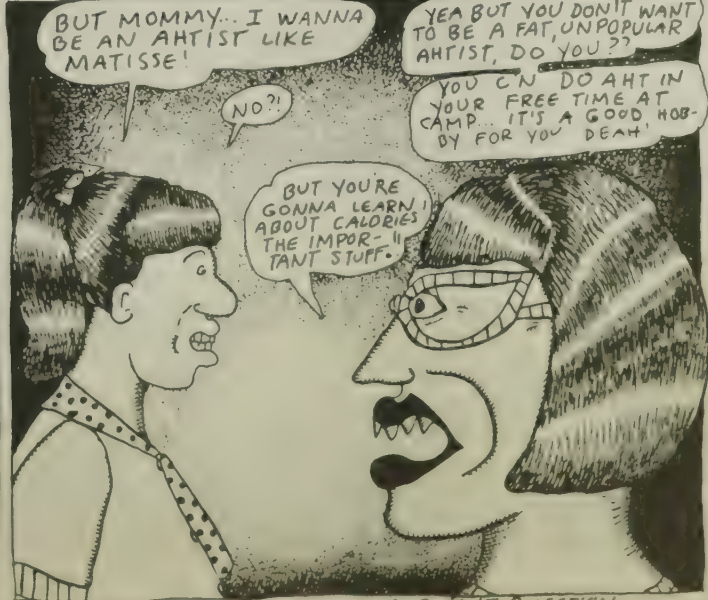
BUT MOMMY... I WANNA
BE AN AHTIST LIKE
MATISSE!

YEA BUT YOU DONIT WANT
TO BE A FAT, UNPOPULAR
AHTIST, DO YOU??

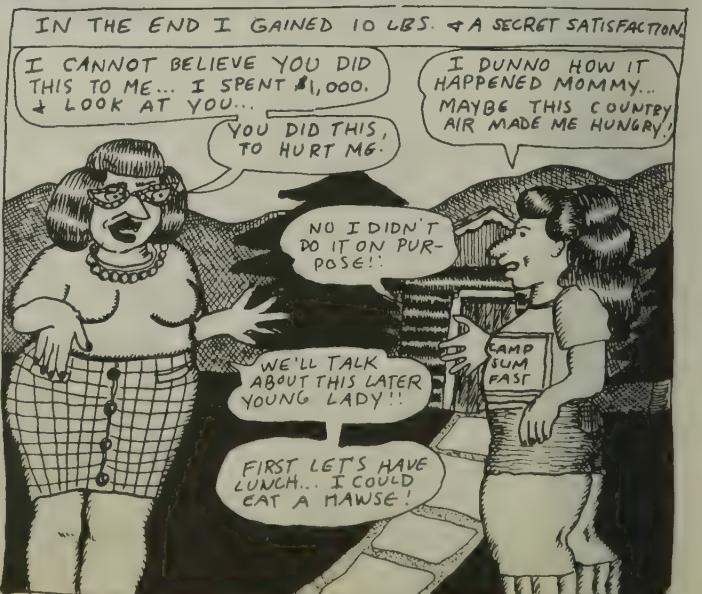
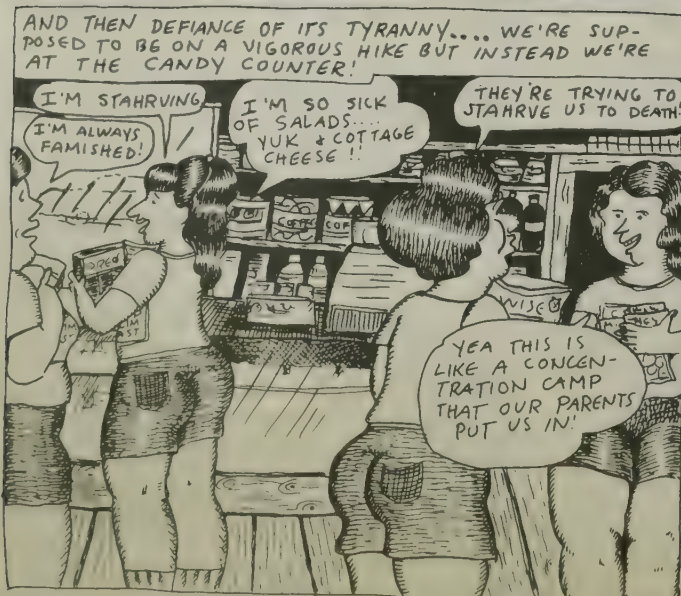
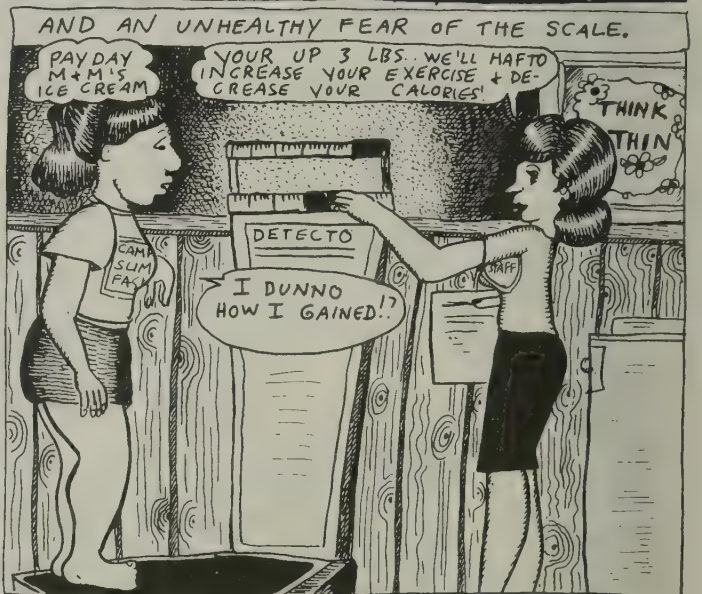
NO?!

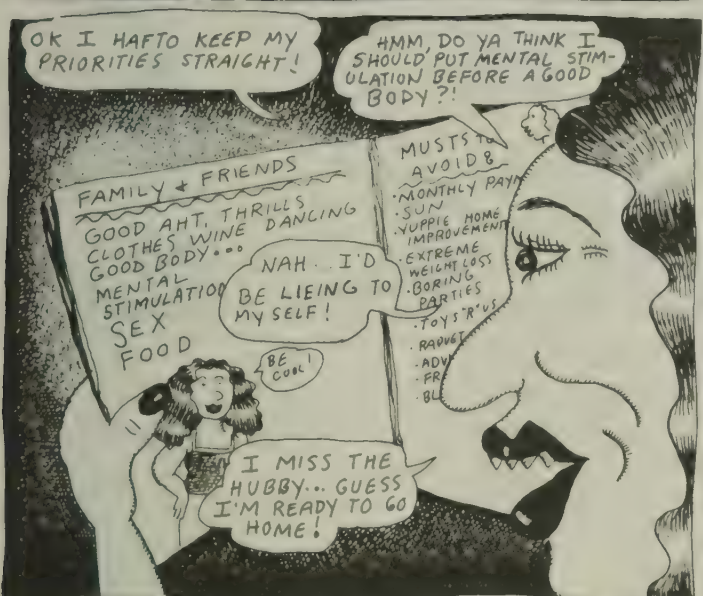
YOU C'N DO AHT IN
YOUR FREE TIME AT
CAMP... IT'S A GOOD HOBBY
FOR YOU DEAH!

BUT YOU'RE
GONNA LEARN
ABOUT CALORIES
THE IMPOR-
TANT STUFF.



*MY MOTHER NEVER CALLS ME BY MY NAME... INSTEAD ITS THIS LONG DRAWN OUT "A" SOUND WITH A SLIGHT QUESTION.





* YEA.. SO HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU HEARD ME SAY THIS BEFORE... WELL I'M STILL NEUROTIC + A "BAD" GIRL TOO!!

Just Think... I
could've ended up
looking like
Marlo Thomas →
instead of Danny!

if only I'd had a

NOSE JOB

© 1989 by Aline Kominsky-Crumb



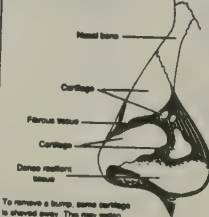
I DREAMT ABOUT THIS SONG LAST NITE... IT CAME INSIDE A MAD MAGAZINE ... REMEMBER IT???

She had a nose job, she had a nose job, now her nose turns up instead of hangin' down... She had a nose job, she had a nose job, and now she's the prettiest girl in town! She had a nose job, she had a nose job, and now she's the prettiest girl in town! She had a nose job, she had a nose job, and now she's the prettiest girl in town!

Rhino plasty

Reshaping the Nose

In nose surgery, the incision is usually made in the bridge to avoid an external scar. Bone is then filed to give access to the cartilage and cartilage that determines the shape of the nose.



To remove a bump, some cartilage is shaved away. This may soften the nose so that bones must be broken and need to narrow it. To soften the tip for reshaping, cartilage at the end can be removed. To build up a nose bone or cartilage can be moved from elsewhere in the body.

Source: "Nose Surgery for Men," Heston and Heston, Heston House

The surgery typically takes an hour to an hour and a half. Afterward, the nostrils are usually packed with gauze to support the nasal passages as they heal.

The nose is also fitted with an external splint or cast that is removed after about a week. Swelling and discoloration of the tissues around the eyes and nose typically persist for weeks. It may be six to nine months before the finished product can be fully assessed.

The procedure: Once accepted for surgery, the patient's face will be photographed from many different angles, assessing the size and shape of the nose in relation to the rest of the face. The doctor and patient then arrive at a probable surgical plan.

GROWING UP WITH COSMETIC SURGERY ALL AROUND ME... AT 40 I CAN'T HELP DREAMING ABOUT SURGICAL POSSIBILITIES.

OTHER WOMEN HAND ME THEIR PLASTIC SURGEON'S CARD WITH-OUT ME ASKING...

YEARS OF AEROBICS HAVEN'T DONE MUCH FOR THESE SADDLE BAGS!

JUST A LITTLE LIPO-SUCTION COULD SUCK THAT UGLY SCHMALTZ RIGHT OUTA THERE!

HOW PERFECT DO I HAVE TO BE??

BUT I COULD GO FOR THAT SLEAK, STREAMLINED MODEL!

I'M PROBABLY TOO OLD FOR THIS DRESS ANYWAY... IF I WAS SENSIBLE I WOULD PACK IT AWAY FOR THE SOF... IT'LL BE A COLLECTOR'S ITEM ONE DAY!

TOO BAD I'M NOT THE BAGGY PANTS TYPE!

SKIN ITITE STRETCH ITALIAN KNIT.

MUST HAVE FLAWLESS BOD TO LOOK GOOD IN THIS GARMENT

I MIGHT BE KINDER + GENTLER IF I WASN'T LUGGING AROUND THIS EXCESS BAGGAGE!



ONE TIME MY BUTT KNOCKED OVER A PEWTER CANDELABRA IN A FANCY STORE + I HAD TO PAY FOR IT. (WHOLESALE OF COURSE!)



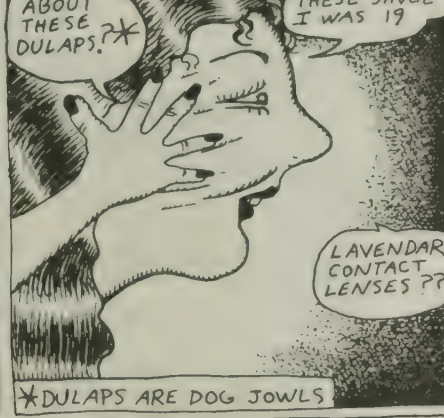
BUT ENUFF... I REALLY SHOULD BE WORRYING ABOUT MY FACE...



MAYBE AN EYELID JOB?!



HOW ABOUT THESE DULAPS?*



*DULAPS ARE DOG JOWLS

BUT SERIOUSLY.. I'M NOT (PROBABLY) READY TO DO ANY O' THIS 'CAUSE I REMBER... LONG ISLAND 1962...



ANY GIRL WITH A SMALL NOSE, NO ZITS + STRAIGHT HAIR WAS AUTOMATICALLY POPULAR...



SHE LATER MOVED TO HOLLYWOOD. STARRED IN MOD SQUAD + MARRIED QUINCY JONES.

BUT THAT YEAR AFTER CHRISTMAS, ALONG WITH THE MIAMI TANS...



ME 'N MY PALS DEVELOPED A 'BIG NOSE PRIDE' PLUS WE GOT TO WHERE WE COULD TELL WHICH DR DIDE EACH NOSE!



THEN ONE DAY AFTER SUMMER 63... I WAS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY...

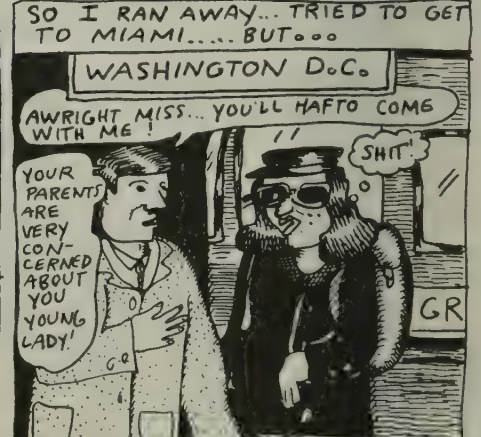
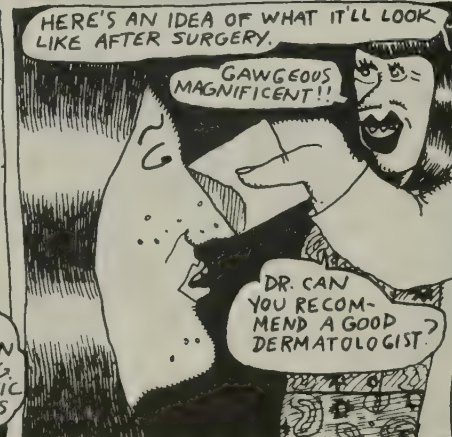
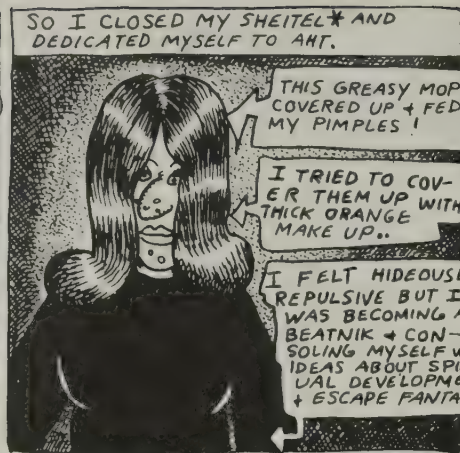


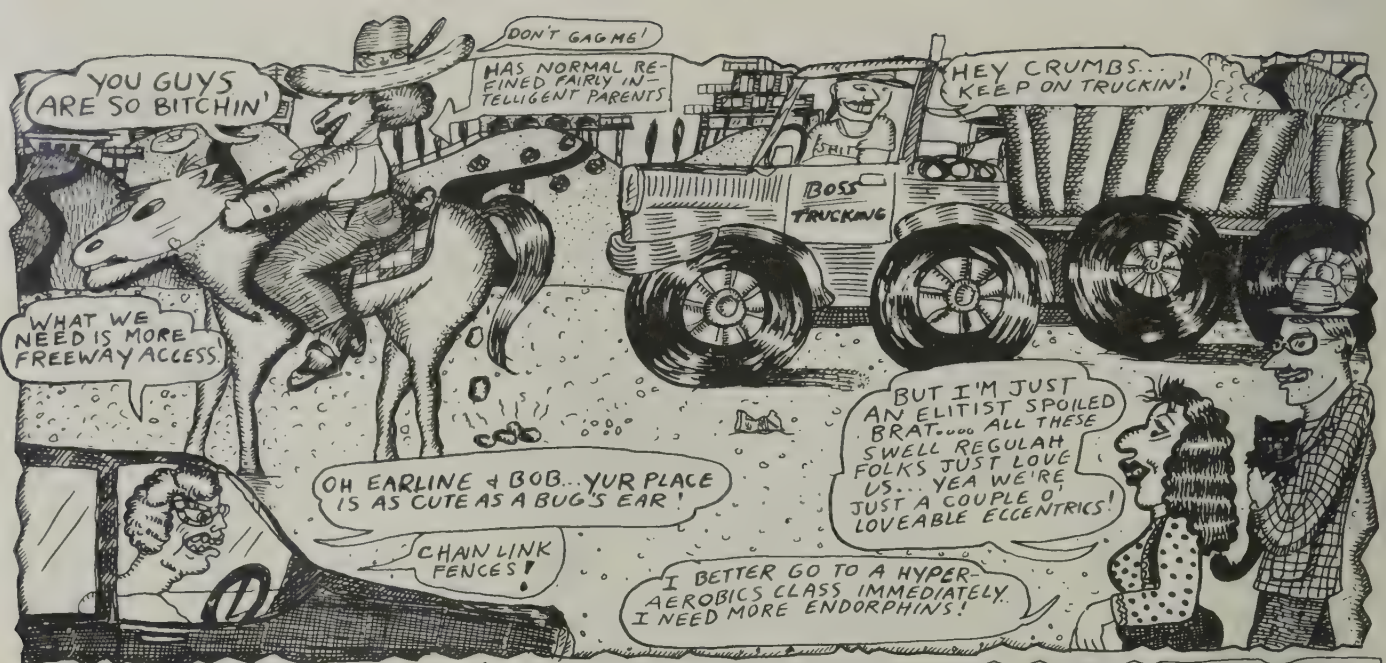
IT'S LIKE SHE HAD A HEAD TRANSPLANT... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN LIKE HER ANYMORE?!



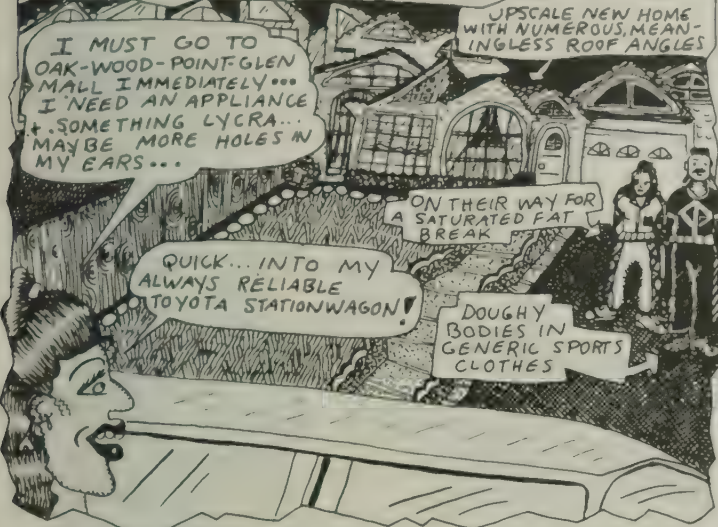
SEVERAL MONTHS LATER: I DISCOVERED MARIJUANA + THE "VILLAGE".







STILL RANTING!!... THIS UNSTABLE SUBURBAN ATMOSPHERE CAUSES IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR (ESPECIALLY IN AN UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE SOUL LIKE ME)...



MAYBE I HAVE LOW BLOOD SUGAR?!!*



I'M MOMENTARILY SATIATED... AFTER ALL I WAS RAISED TO RESPOND POSITIVELY TO THE AMERICAN WAY!



* Many yuppie women I know blame all types of rotten behavior on this condition!



JUST TAKE A LOOK AT OUR FOOTWEAR!! SHOES REALLY MEAN A LOT TO ME.. I CAN'T TAKE IT... AWRIGHT.. SO EVERYBODY ISN'T ABLE TO BUY THEIR FOOTSY WEAR IN EUROPE BUT STILL!



AND WHAT AM I PASSING ON TO MY YOUNG CHILD, SOPHIE??

SHE'S LOADED WITH NATURAL ABILITY IN MUSIC + OF COURSE IN ART... BUT LOOK!!

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES... TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES... ♪♪

SOF... WHERE'D THAT SONG COME FROM?

OH I HEARD IT ON SAT. MORNING TV AT MANDY'S... THEN WE WENT TO WATCH RACHAEL GET BAPTIZED IN THE JACUZZI AT THE NEW CHURCH!

RAD RAD YUCK!

CN I HAVE SOME FRUIT WRINKLES?

* ITS AN INSIDIOUSLY CATCHY TUNE... I CAN'T GET RID OF IT!

PLUS THERE ARE PLENTY OF THINGS, TOTALLY AMERICAN THINGS THAT I'M TOTALLY HOOKED ON??

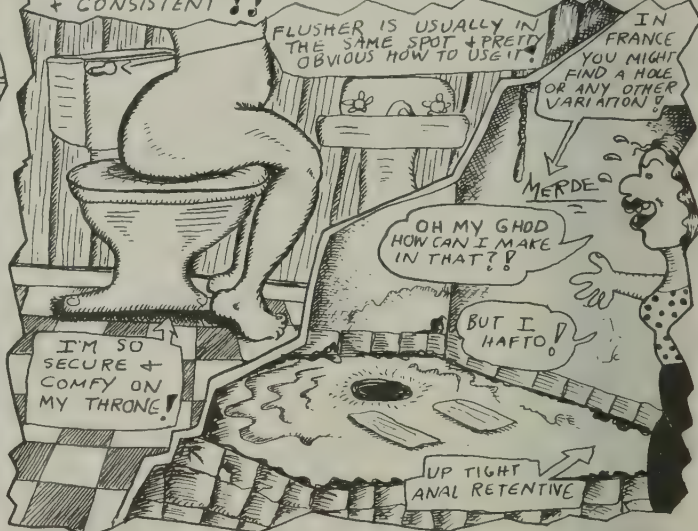


BON JOUR SAVA?? OUI, OUI!

CHEAP LONG DISTANCE PHONE RATES!

MEXICAN FOOD

AND THE BATHROOMS HERE ARE SO LOVELY, CLEAN + CONSISTENT!!



ALSO I HAFTO ASK MYSELF IF MY ALIENATION FROM MY OWN CULTURE ISN'T THE MAIN SOURCE OF MY ARTISTIC INSPIRATION??

SO WHAT'S WRANGING WITH PAINTING LOVELY PICTURES THAT PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIKE?

WOW! I CAN LIVE RIGHT NEAR MATISSE'S VILLAGE!

COULD I POSSIBLY STAND LIVING IN A PLACE I FEEL COMFORTABLE IN??

I DUNNO... I NEVER KNOW WHAT TO DO... THAT'S THE SWELL PART OF BEING A TRUE NEUROTIC! I NEVER HAVE THE PERFECT PUNCH LINE...



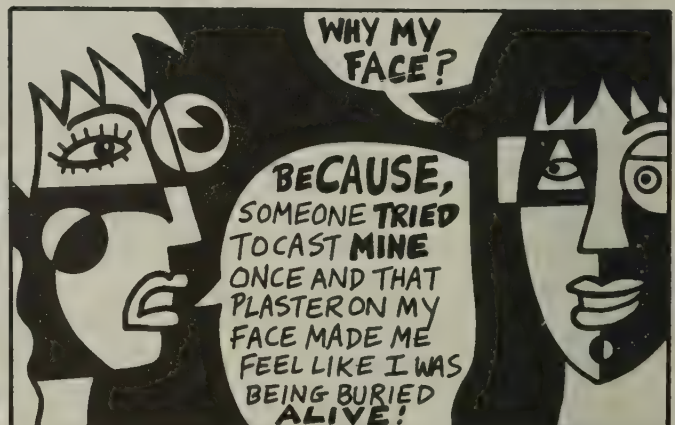
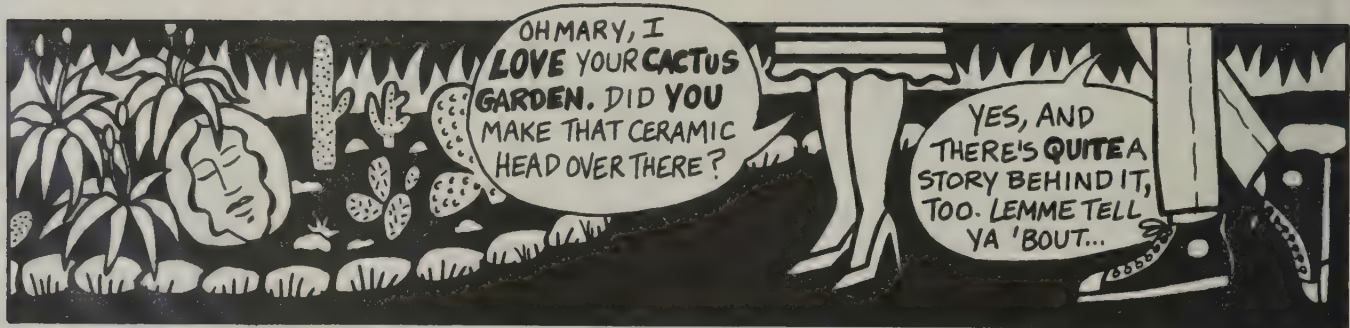


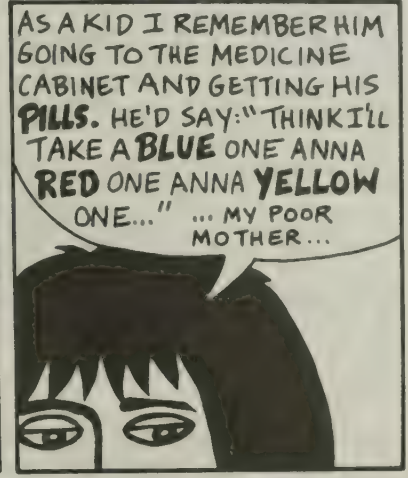
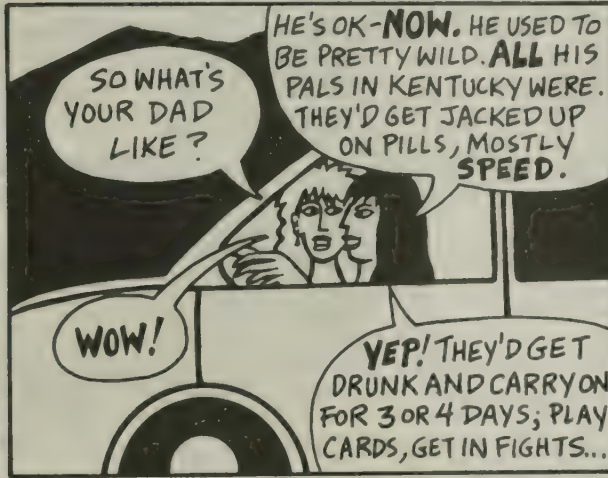
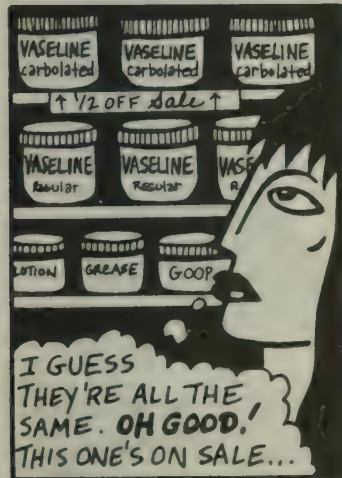
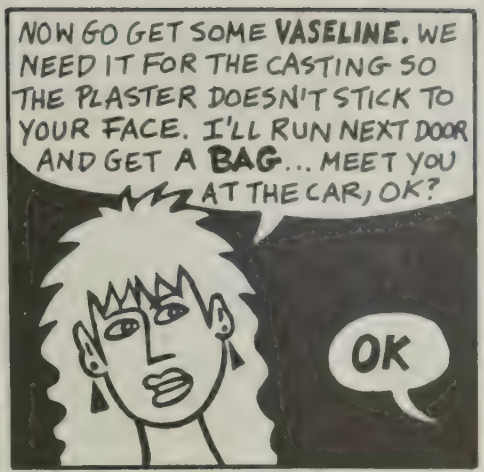
MARY FLEENER

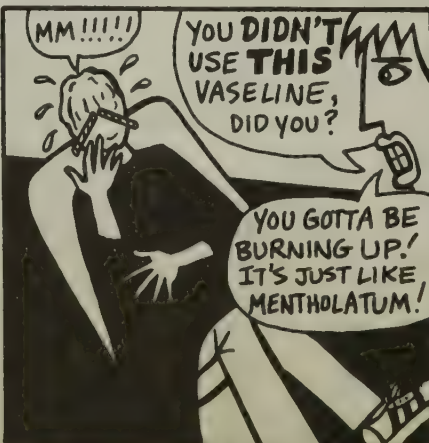
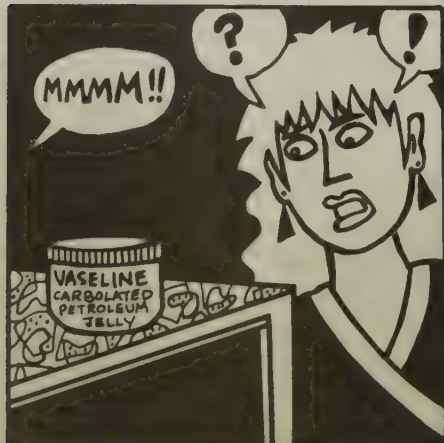
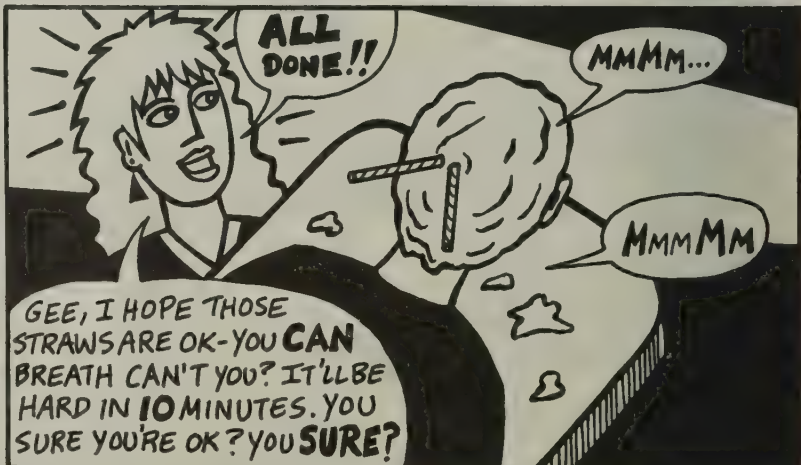
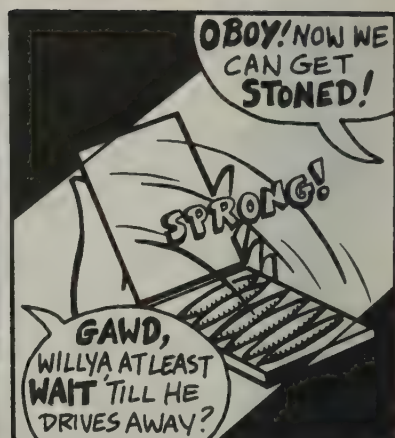
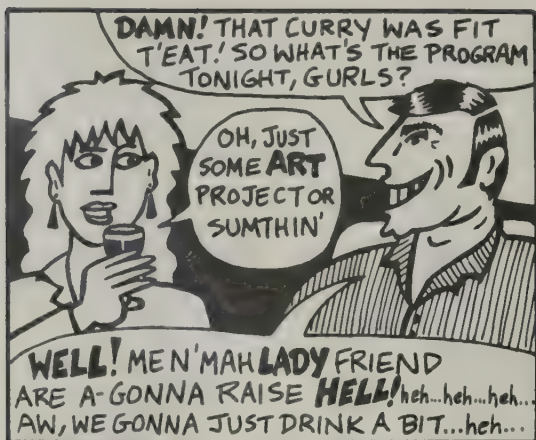
Los Angeles is where I was born, September 14, 1951, and I spent most of my childhood in suburban sprawl, mainly West Covina, California. My mother was an artist and as soon as I realized all the paintings in the house were hers, I was motivated to try and do the same. By the fourth grade, I had decided school had nothing to offer me and I was quite content to draw pictures during lessons. This, along with my natural sarcastic sense of humor, did not endear me to my teachers. Fortunately, our family moved to Vancouver, Canada. My art talents were encouraged in

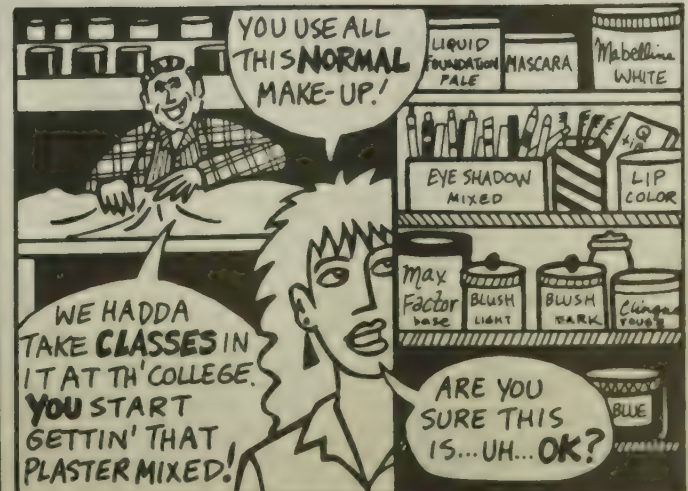
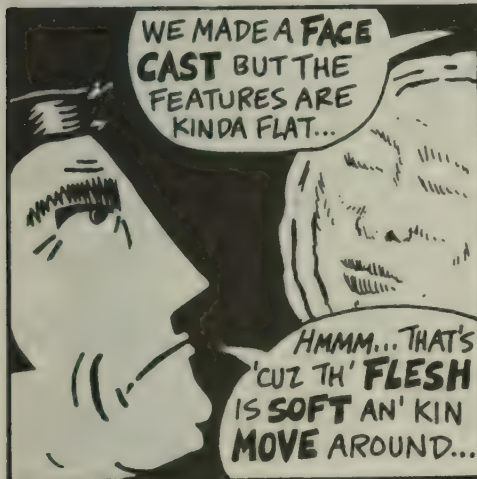
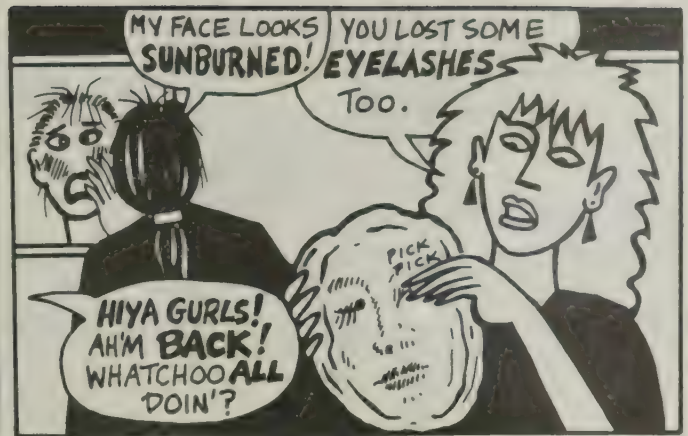
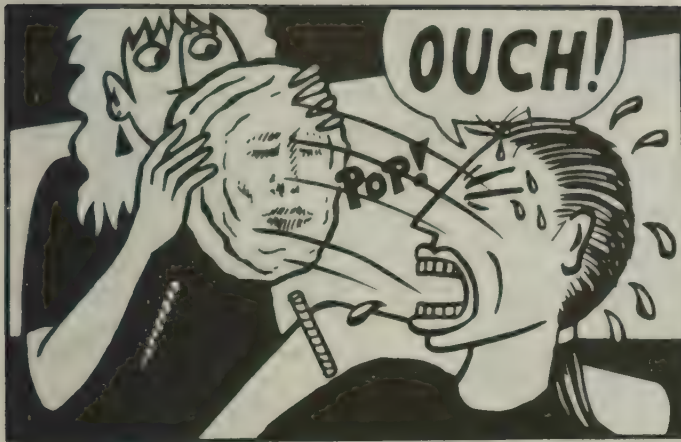
school and I received a far better education. We moved back to California by the time I was in high school, and I was totally involved in the art curriculum and fully expected to attend art college, but my parents were against it. In fact, when I won the 1969 National Union Carbide High School Art Contest in New York, my teachers were more impressed than they were, so I went to a local junior college that was okay. I took LSD practically every day for two years and kept a B-plus average. I was a printmaking major at a university, but by senior year was bored and burnt out on art so I dropped out and became a rock musician. I got a job in a music store, got a bass guitar, and two years later was working in bars. This got real old and was a hard life-style. I met my husband (a guitar player, surfer, computer programmer) in 1977. We lived in Redondo Beach and I got a job in an art store which got me *back* into the art scene and from 1978 to 1981 I was doing shows and selling my stuff. All this time, since 1969, I had secretly harbored a desire to do underground comics. In 1984, a friend of mine sent me an article that Matt Groening wrote about the "New Comics" and something in me snapped. From this article I obtained the address of *Weirdo* and it went from there. Comics are an exhilarating form of expression even though many long and lonely hours are spent at the drawing board. It is time well spent. My work has been in *Weirdo*, *Rip Off Comics*, *Snarf*, *Prime Cuts*, *Drawn & Quarterly*, *Wimmen's Comix*, *Tits 'n' Clits*, *L.A. Weekly* and the *Village Voice*. My two solo books are *Hoodoo* (adaptations of Zora Neale Hurston stories) and *Slutburger Stories* (true tales about my life). I've done illustration work for *Entertainment Weekly* and for a James Brown CD from Polygram records.

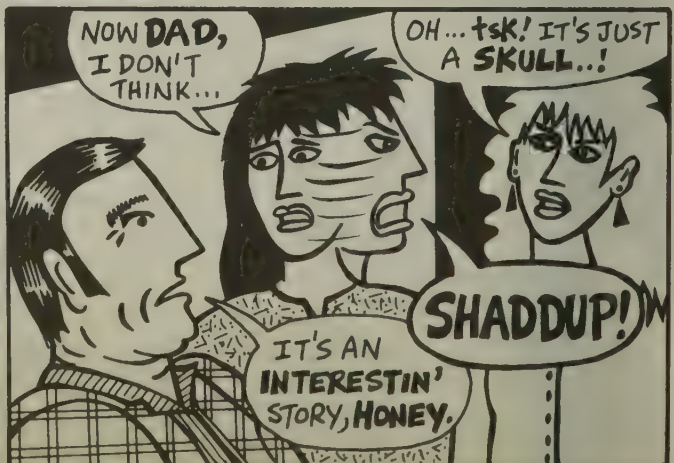
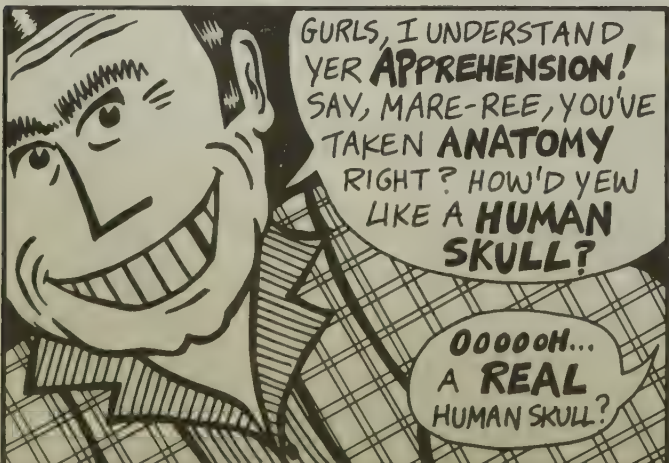
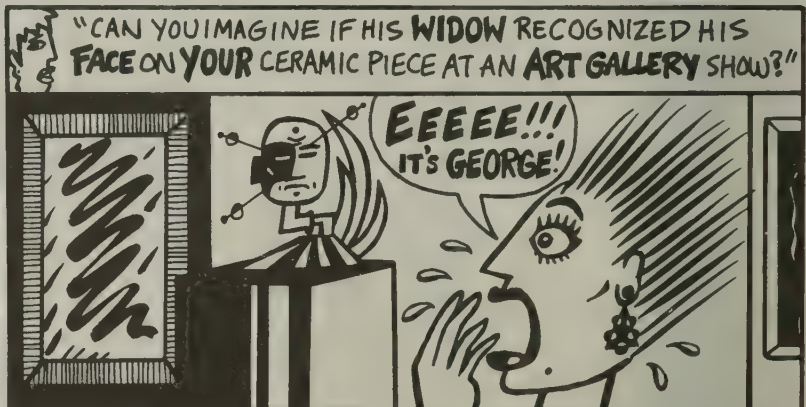
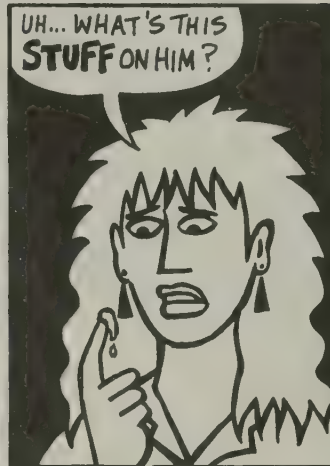
My hobbies are: (still) playing bass, gardening, water gardens (ponds, koi, goldfish) and surfing (body boarding). I have three cats and one dog.



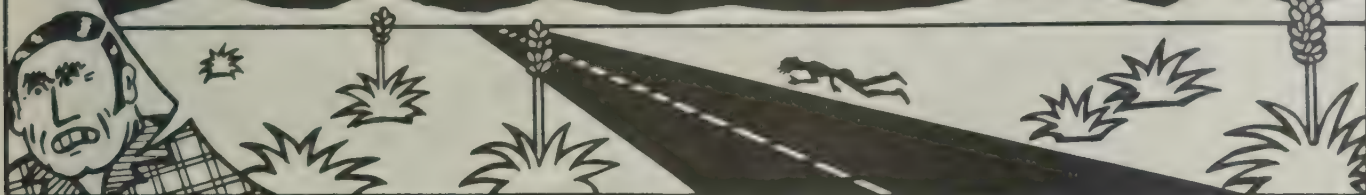








"THEY FOUND THIS YOUNG **GIRL** IN THE DESERT, **BADLY** DECOMPOSED, AN' SENT THE **HAID** DOWN TO L.A. FOR DENTAL I.D. **NATURALLY**, IT WUZ A **CLOSED CASKET** CEREMONY AN' SHE WUZ BURIED, AN' **THAT WUZ THAT.**"

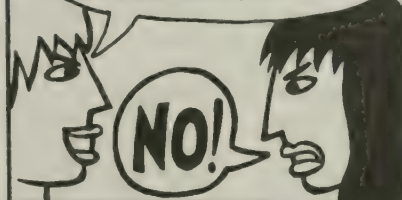


"**THEN**, SIX MONTHS LATER, AH GIT TH' **HAID BACK** IN THE **DAMN MAIL!** NOW WHAT AM I GONNA **DO?** TELL HER MAMA AND DADDY **AND** THE PASTOR, THAT WE BURIED HER WITHOUT NO **HAID?!** SO I KEPT IT AN' **MY MOUTH SHUT.**"



"... I CLEANED IT WITH SOME **ACID** AND... IT'S YER'S IF YOU WANT IT, **MARE-REE**"

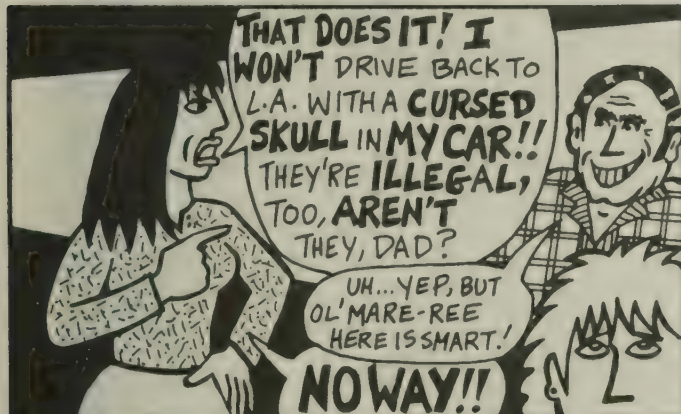
OH, IT'LL LOOK **GREAT** ON MY DRAWING TABLE. I'LL PUT A **CANDLE** ON IT. A **BLACK CANDLE!**



THAT DOES IT! I WON'T DRIVE BACK TO L.A. WITH A **CURSED SKULL** IN MY CAR!! THEY'RE **ILLEGAL**, TOO, **AREN'T** THEY, DAD?

UH... YEP, BUT OL' **MARE-REE** HERE IS SMART!

NO WAY!!



TWO MONTHS LATER

♫ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** ♫
I MADE THIS. IT'S A **COOKIE JAR.**

I WANTED A **SKULL...**

I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU THE **LID** NOW. **COOL, HUH?**



SHE NEVER DID FINISH THE REST OF THE **COOKIE JAR!**

SO!... HA! HA! THAT'S THE STORY ON HOW I GOT THIS! **HA! HA! HA! WOTTA WEEKEND! HAHHA!**



HM... I THINK I'LL GO GET SOME MORE **WINE** AND SEE HOW TH' **GUYS** ARE DOING WITH TH' **BARBEQUE.**

HEY WAIT!! LEMME TELLYA ABOUT MY **GAY GHOST STORY** IT'S **REALLY FUNNY!** IT'S **TRUE**, TOO. HEH... HEH... OH WELL.



THE END ☹

THE "Jelly"

PARTS
1+2

by MARY "36B" FLEENER ©1990

HEADLIGHTS · CHI-CHIS · GLOBES · NAY-NAYS · JUGS · KNOBS · BOOZUMS

THIS IS A **REAL** STORY ABOUT A GIRLFRIEND OF MINE WHO HAD HUGE BREASTS. WE BECAME PALS IN COLLEGE...

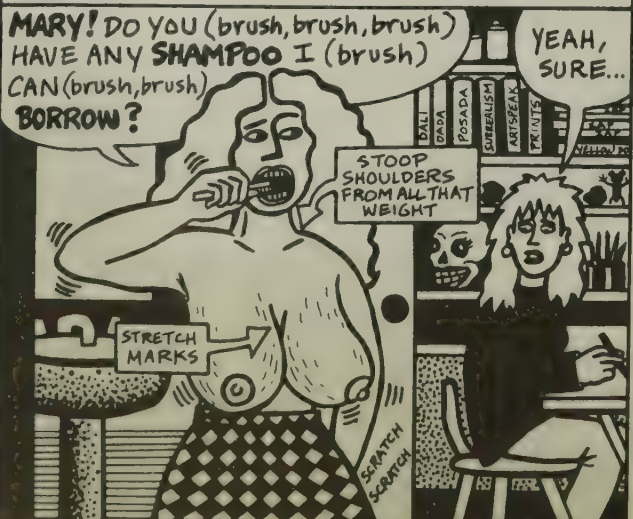
PART 1 "GETTING TO KNOW YOU"...



SOMEONE THOUGHT OF A NICKNAME THAT WAS **LOW CONSCIOUS, RUDE AND KINDA GROSS. NATURALLY, IT CAUGHT ON!**



WE BECAME ROOMMATES AND **ONCE** I SAW HER NAKED FROM THE WAIST UP. IT **WASN'T** A PRETTY SIGHT.



I **THINK** SHE WAS UNCOMFORTABLE BECAUSE, FOR "THE TIMES", HER DRESS WAS SUBDUED, EVEN A BIT CONSERVATIVE ESPECIALLY WHEN WE'D GO OUT IN PUBLIC



BUT SOMETIMES THEY **DID** LOOK, LIKE THIS ONE NIGHT WE WENT TO SEE "FELLINI'S SATYRICON" FOR THE 5th OR 6th TIME...

WE WEREN'T EVEN **IN** THE THEATRE WHEN TWO GUYS WE VAGUELY KNEW FROM SCHOOL CAME OVER AND STARTED **TALKIN' TRASH**.



AFTER THE FILM, THEY CAME OVER TO OUR APARTMENT. **MY PRESENCE WAS CERTAINLY NOT REQUIRED**



AND, AS ALWAYS, SHE'D HAVE A BRIEF FLING AND GET DUMPED AFTER A WEEK OR SO. SHE NEVER REFUSED A **"SUITOR"**.



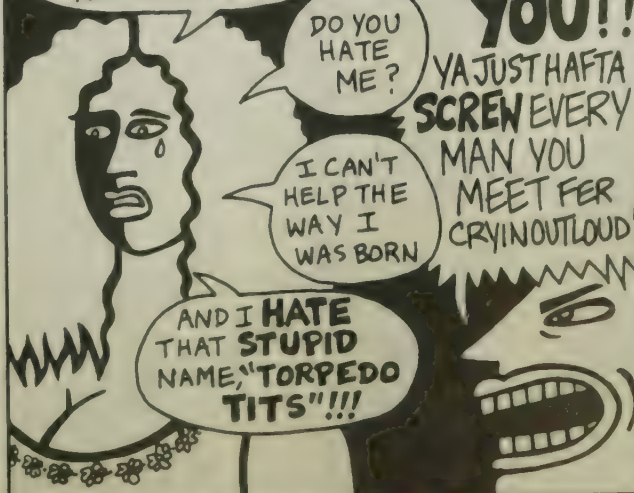
I REMEMBER ONE DAY I MET THIS CUTIE WHILE BICYCLING. HE SEEMED LIKE SUCH A **NICE BOY**...



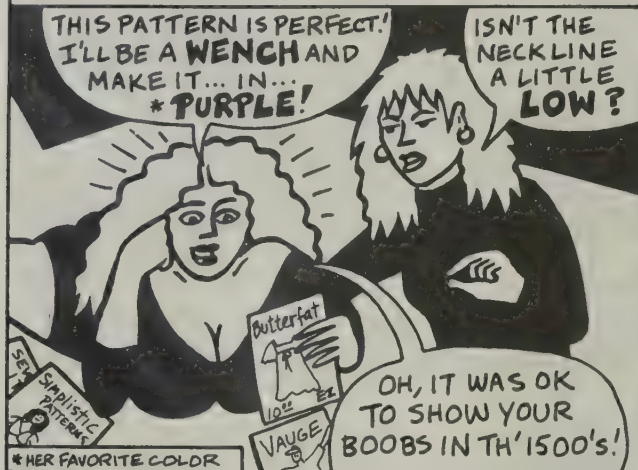
WELL, ALL IT TOOK WAS **ONE LOOK** WHEN I INTRODUCED HIM TO MY ROOMMATE. SUDDENLY, HE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD ANYMORE.



I DUNNO WHY I SLEPT WITH HIM. I FEEL SO **CHEAP**. WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP ME?



JUST TO CONVINCE YOU READERS HOW **BAD** IT WAS... WE DECIDED TO GO TO A *Renaissance Faire* AND MADE DRESSES JUST FOR **THEE** OCCASION.



I HAD TO USE MY MOTHER'S SEWING MACHINE AND SINCE SHE LIVED ACROSS TOWN, WE MADE PLANS TO MEET AND LEAVE FROM MY PARENTS' HOUSE.



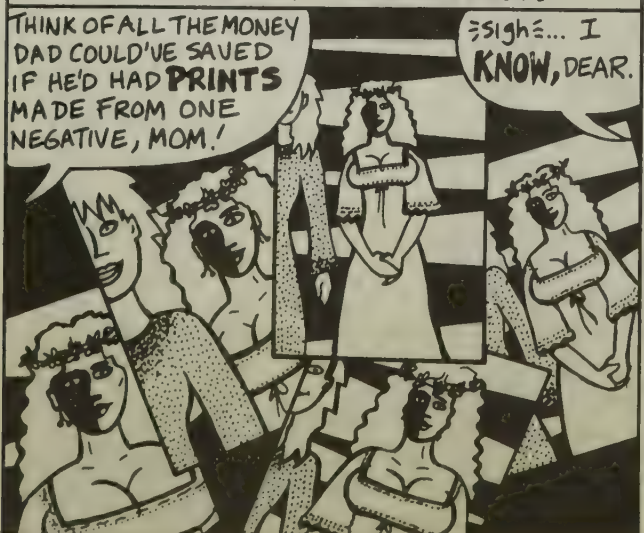
IT WAS **WEIRD** SEEING YOUR DAD ACT LIKE A SLOBBERING **SEX FIEND!**



AT *Thee Faire*, IT WAS **HIDEOUSLY HOT**, EVERYTHING WAS **OVERPRICED** AND I **HATED EVERY MINUTE OF IT**. THE PURPLE DRESS, HOWEVER, WAS A **BIG HIT**.



A WEEK LATER I SAW THE PHOTOS. THEY WERE **AMAZINGLY... CONSISTENT**.



THERE WAS LOTS OF GOOD **LSD** GOING AROUND THAT YEAR, SO OUR LI'L GANG GOT TOGETHER **MANY WEEKENDS** FOR ALL-NITE PARTYING AND ONE NIGHT **THE VIBES GOT HEAVY...**

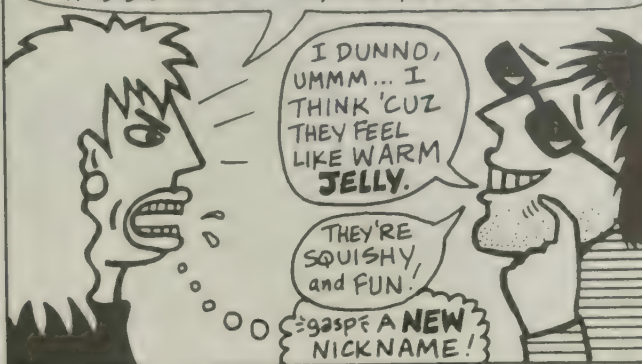


WHEN WE ALL BEDDED DOWN, STILL BUZZED BUT DETERMINED TO GET SOME REST, ONE OF THE GUYS GOT **FRISKY...**



IN THE MORNING (ABOUT **NOON**, ACTUALLY) I TALKED TO THE GUY WHO WAS GRABBING HER ALL NIGHT

HOW COULD YOU BEHAVE LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF EVERYONE, NOT TO MENTION YOUR GIRLFRIEND, I MEAN, HOW **LOW LIFE** CAN YA GET? WHAT'S THIS BIG DEAL WITH YOU GUYS AND **BOOBS!?!?**



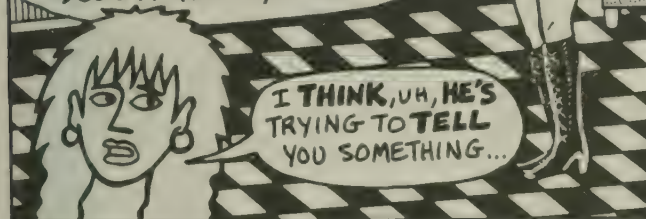
STRANGELY ENOUGH, ANOTHER GROUP OF FRIENDS STARTED CALLING HER "THE JELLY" AND THE NAME STUCK.

AS A ROOMMATE "**THE JELLY**" WAS OFTEN BURDENSOME. **ALL** THE GUYS **SHE** LIKED WEREN'T INTERESTED (AS I OFTEN FOUND OUT)... LIKE THIS ONE WINNER FROM BERKELEY.

JASON WROTE ME AGAIN! LISSEN TO THIS POEM:

Sigh: "I am the child of man.
my love is a man, yet you
are me.
Why can't we all love?
Maybe you are the man.
I need his love tonight."

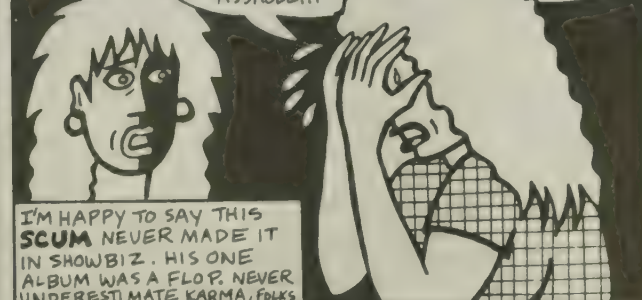
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT MEANS?
DOES HE REALLY LIKE ME?



BOY! DID SHE HAVE PROBLEMS. I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL LUCKY TO HAVE **NOT** INHERITED MY MOTHER'S **D-CUPS**.

... AND THEN HE **PUSHED ME DOWN ON THE FLOOR AND ATTACKED! HE RAPED ME!!!** SO THIS IS THE TYPICAL ROCK-STAR-SINGER BEHAVIOUR? **ALL** I DID WAS DRINK A BEER WITH HIM! I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS...

WHAT AN ASSHOLE...



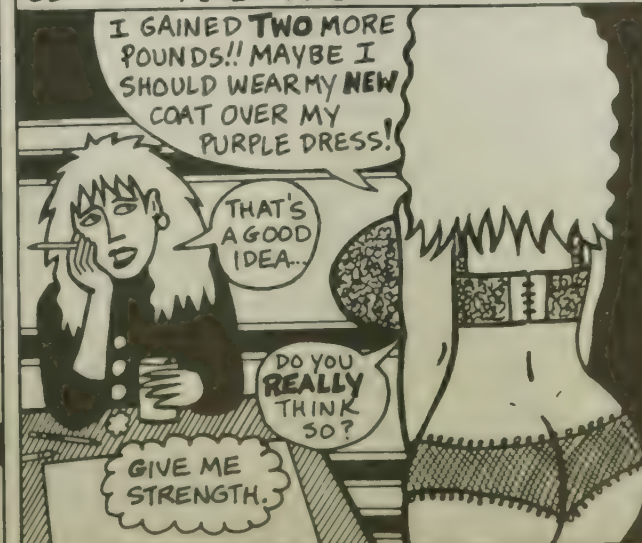
JUST ABOUT A MONTH BEFORE WE GOT SEPARATE PLACES, MY ROOMMATE AND I WENT OUT FOR THE VERY LAST TIME.

PART 2

"THE PARTY"

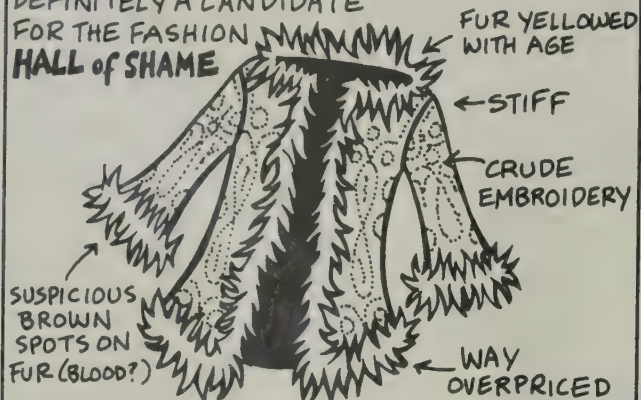


"**THE JELLY**" WAS REALLY STARTING TO GET ON MY **NERVES!**



HER **NEW COAT** WAS ONE OF THOSE **STINKY-AFGHANI-INSIDE-OUT-SHEEP-SKIN** THINGS. REMEMBER THOSE?

DEFINITELY A CANDIDATE FOR THE FASHION **HALL OF SHAME**



AND TO THINK SOME POOR MOUNTAIN SHEEP DIED... FOR **THIS?**

I WANT SOME JACK DANIEL'S W' APRICOT BRANDY!

NO! YOU GET DRUNK TOO FAST... AND IN THAT DRESS...

I WANT JACK DANIEL'S, I WANT BRANDY!

FINE, BUT, YOU'RE NOT DRIVING! WE'LL TAKE MY CAR!

WE GET TO THE PARTY, LUCK OUT AND FIND A PARKING PLACE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET

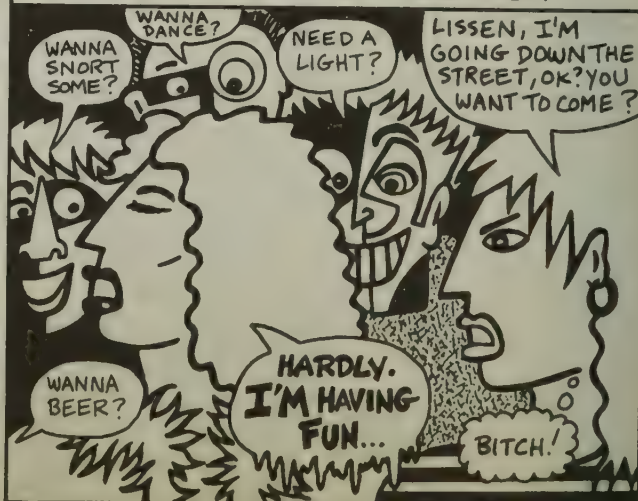
I HOPE THESE PEOPLE HAVE **GOOD** HOMEOWNER'S INSURANCE!



IT WAS **FESTIVE!** PEOPLE WERE PASSING OUT HANDFULS OF **PILLS, DRINKING, SMOKIN' W' SNORTIN'** and **PROPOSING MARRIAGE!**



I DECIDED TO CHECK OUT ANOTHER PARTY AND LEFT "THE JELLY". SHE'D ALREADY MADE SOME "FRIENDS".



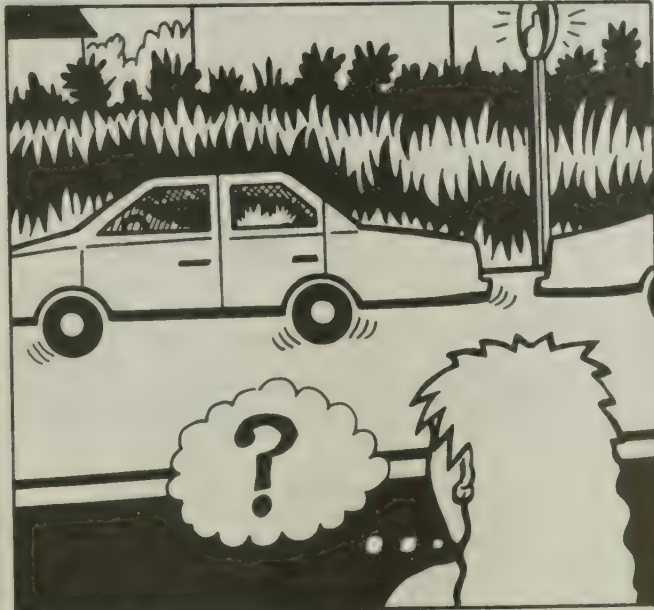
THE OTHER PARTY WAS **WORSE** AND EVEN **MORE PATHETIC**... WHEN I RETURNED THERE WAS NO "**JELLY**" AND NO **BOOZE**!

SHE DRANK ALL **THIS**!? *♪ dance so good ♪*
I HOPE SHE ENJOYS HER *yeow ♪*
HANGOVER TOMORROW...

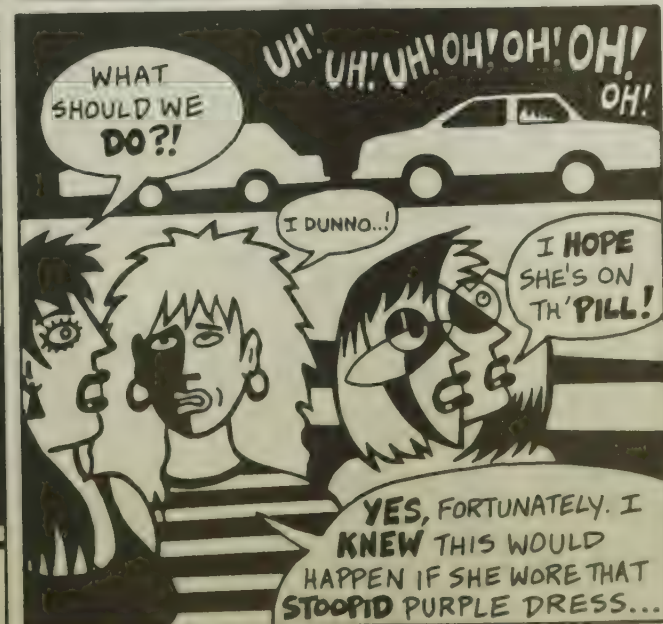


WELL, WELL, WELL... I WONDERED IF YOU **MANIACS** WOULD BE HERE! WHAT'S UP?

WE SAW **VER DOG** IN **VER CAR**!



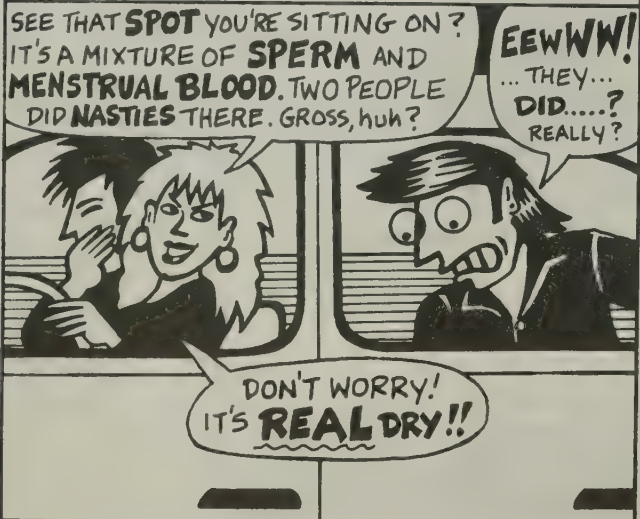
THE "**POODLE**" WAS NONE OTHER THAN "**THE JELLY**" **FUCKING** SOME GUY! THEY HAD THE **FUR COAT** OVER THEM. IT DIDN'T HIDE MUCH.



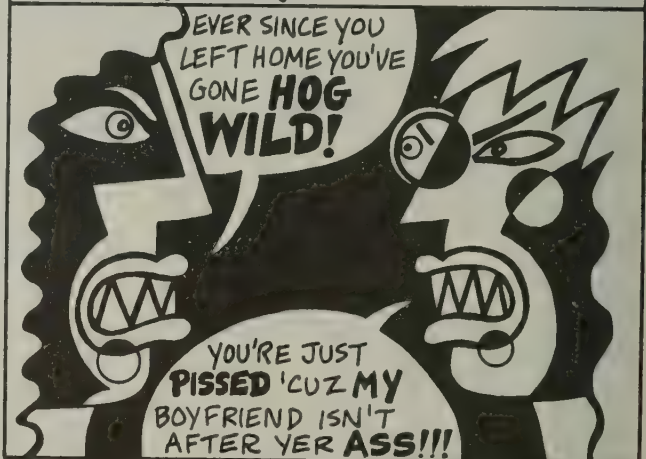
ONE-HALF HOUR LATER "THE JELLY" CAME STAGGERING IN



NOTHING COULD REMOVE THE **SPOT** AND IT STAYED THERE FOR THE LIFE OF THE CAR



WE PARTED ON BITTER TERMS. I GOT A BOYFRIEND AND SINCE I WAS HAPPY AND SHE WASN'T, ALL OF A SUDDEN **I'M** THE *Whore of Babylon!*



YEARS LATER, WHEN I MOVED TO A SMALL BEACH TOWN, FAR AWAY FROM THE **LOS ANGELES MADNESS** I WAS REMINDED ONE DAY THAT THE **PAST** HAS A WAY OF **KICKING** YOU IN THE **BUTT** (WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT)



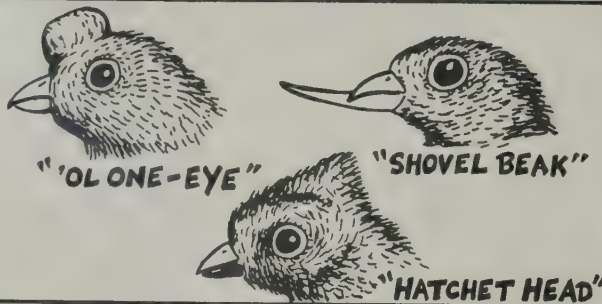
THE END ?

SLUG FEET!

by MARY FLEENER ©1989



AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF OBSERVATION, WE NAME THE BIRDS ACCORDING TO THEIR **DEFORMITIES**.
 *PESTICIDE USE? THE WATER? THE AIR?



*ENCINITAS HAS **LOTS** OF GREEN HOUSES & FLOWER FIELDS

ONE THING I **DIDN'T** PLAN ON ATTRACTING WERE **BIRDS** THAT **EAT** OTHER BIRDS!



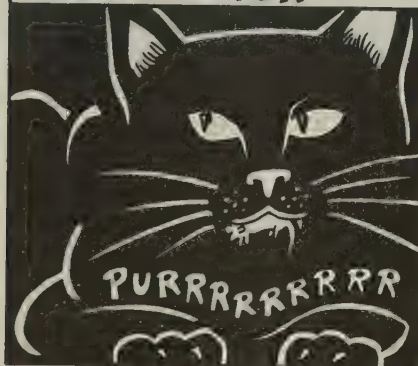
ABOUT THIS TIME I BEGIN TO SEE **SLIMY SLUG TRACKS** EVERY MORNING IN THE KITCHEN AREA.



ALSO **MICE!** THE BIRDSEED IS NOW **EVERYWHERE**, SO THE RODENTS JOIN IN THE **FEAST** AND **MOVE RIGHT IN!**



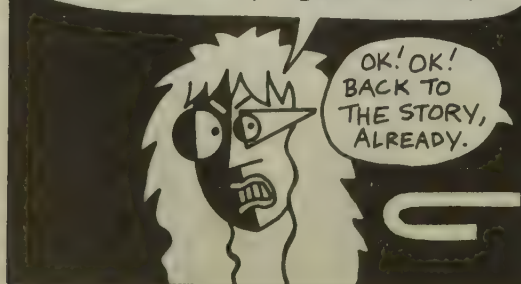
THE CAT IS AN EFFICIENT **NIGHT STALKER**.



THE **NEXT** NIGHT, I GOT UP TO CHECK ON KITTY'S **KILL** WHEN I DISCOVER **THREE GIANT** SLUGS CRUISING AROUND THE KITCHEN FLOOR. I INSTANTLY KILL A **FOURTH** ONE.

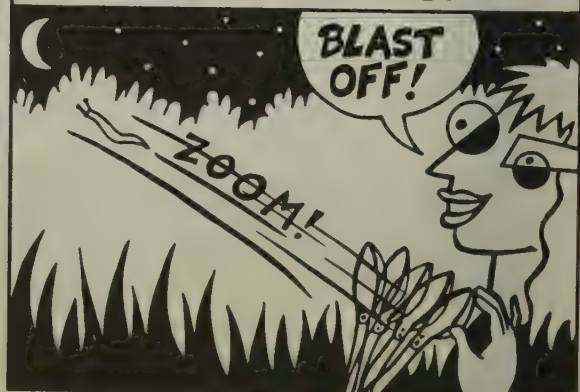


AND THAT **SLUG MUCUS** IS ALMOST **IMPOSSIBLE** TO GET OFF YOUR SKIN!! I **EVEN** USED THAT GRITTY CLEANSER AND IT WAS **STILL SLIMY!** **DIS-GUSTIN'!**



NIGHT
AFTER NIGHT
WE FOUND THEM

THIS SUDDEN INVASION DIDN'T **JIVE** WITH MY **ECOLOGICAL** CONCERNS.



I **ACTUALLY** SPEND SEVERAL DAYS (shudder) **CLEANING** THE KITCHEN

THEY'VE BEEN HERE FOR **WEEKS!** WHAT ARE THEY **EATING?** SEEDS? NAAAH...



BEER
HOOTEN
LAGER
BREW
SKY
ALE
SUDS
HOPS

AMAZING!! HOW COULD HE (OR SHE!) CLIMB UP **12 BEER CANS** WITHOUT KNOCKIN' 'EM DOWN?

I GUESS THEY **DO** LIKE BREW.

BEER CANS INTENDED FOR RECYCLING ALL TOO OFTEN END UP AS THESE "SCULPTURES" or "TOWERS"

THEN! ONE NIGHT, I WAKE UP TO GET SOME WATER

CLICK!

HI, KITTY... CATCH ANY MORE...? **GASP!!**

EEEEUUUW!

TWO GIANT SLUGS WERE EATING THE CARCASS OF A FRESHLY KILLED MOUSE!!

I THOUGHT SLUGS ONLY ATE **GREEN STUFF!** LOOK AT 'EM **PEEL** THAT **FLESH... NOISY EATERS, TOO!** I YAM **DISGUSTED.**

SLURP SLURP SLUUUURP!

SLURP SLURP SLURP SLURP SLURP

DID YOU KNOW?

INSIDE A **SLUG'S** MOUTH, THE "TONGUE" or **RADULA** IS COVERED WITH ROWS OF **TINY SHARP TEETH** - IT MOVES **BACK AND FORTH** LIKE A **LITTLE FILE!**

FROM: "SNAILS" A LERNER NATURAL SCIENCE BOOK

IN THE MORNING I WENT OUTSIDE TO FURTHER **EXAMINE** THE **REMAINS.**

THIS CARCASS IS SUPPORTING A LARGE **VARIETY** OF CRITTERS!

THE BIRD FEEDER GETS **TOSSED** AFTER I FIND A SPARROW **TRAPPED** INSIDE BECAUSE I LEFT THE LID OFF.

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET FOR BEIN' SUCH A **GREEDY LI'L F'CKER!** OK NOW... RELAX... ...sheesh...

PEEP!

PEEP!

PEEP!

THE BIRD GOT OUT & WAS O.K.

EVEN THE **BIRDBATH** FAILS TO PROVIDE THE *Ambiance* I SEEK...

HEY MARY-COME LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE BIRDBATH WE'VE **NEVER** SEEN BEFORE!

OH REALLY?

ETERNALLY SMART-ASS HUBBY

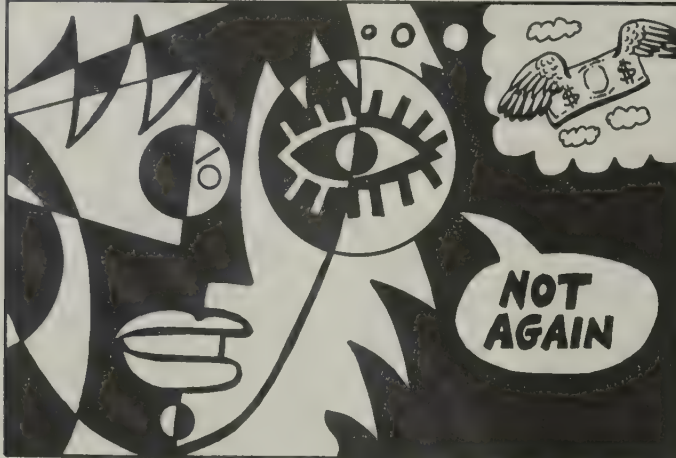
GET OUTTA THERE YA DUMB CAT!!!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

AND YOU-SHUT UP!!

EPILOG...

EVERYTIME THE CAT DRANK FROM THE BATH HE KNOCKED THE "BOWL" OFF THE **PEDESTAL**, SO I HAD TO MOVE IT TO SOME **OTHER** PLACE.



EVEN SO, I **WASN'T** SURPRISED TO FIND IT **TOPPLED OVER** THE **NEXT** DAY. WHEN I LIFTED IT, **WAS I** SURPRISED TO FIND A **FAMILY OF POSSUMS** UNDERNEATH!



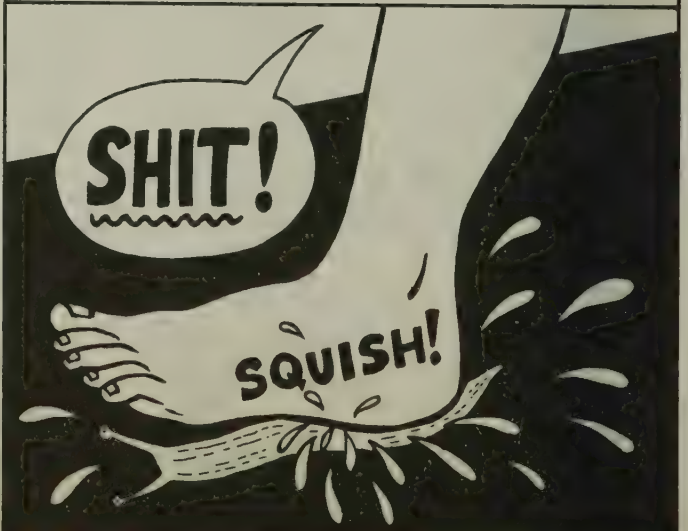
AS SHE LUMBERED OFF WITH HER **KITS**, I SAW THE SMALL STILL FIGURE IN THE GRASSES. AFTER CALLING SOME **WILDLIFE** PEOPLE I REALIZED IT WAS **HOPELESS**.



THE **MOTHER** CIRCLED THE YARD FOR **HOURS** AND WHEN SHE FINALLY LEFT I KNEW I HAD TO HAVE A LITTLE **FUNERAL**.



AND I'M **STILL** PAYING FOR MY **MISTAKE!**



SO, DID I **UPSET** THE **BALANCE** OF **NATURE** OR **WOT?** THIS LI'L *Comedy of Errors* DEMONSTRATES WHAT **MAY** HAPPEN WHEN SUDDEN **CHANGES** ARE INTRODUCED INTO AN ENVIRONMENT- LIKE MY BACK YARD.





LESLIE STERNBERGH

I was born in 1960—the year of the rat. Growing up ten miles from Three Mile Island, mutation was inevitable. I have a lot of really red hair and more thoughts in my head than the legal speed limit allows. I left York, Pa., on my twenty-first birthday, shooting into the festering swill-pit of New York City like a constipated turd from a clenched sphincter. I never looked back

When I was four, I discovered my grandpa Don's *Playboy* magazines. I was a Little Annie Fanny Fan. A lot of my first published stuff was soft-core for *Screw* and other nifty por-

notronic venues. I did the DC Comics Workshop in '82. It disinclined me toward mainstream comics, even as I found gnarlier places to publish.

At the 1983 San Diego Comics Convention, I met Dori Seda. She urged me to do something for *Wimmen's Comix*, which officially kicked off my underground comix career. Playing a hunch regarding my pre-Raphaelite appearance, I art-modelled to survive. It worked so well that since then I've modelled for some fashion layouts, and suffered from bouts of high self-esteem. I stopped sitting still for money when I met and married Adam Alexander: inventor, mathematician, life-long Manhattanite.

Now I live in New York City with Adam and Gotto and a trillion weird cultural artifacts. I will live here forever. I'm currently cartoon editor for *Stop* magazine, and work with the Psychedelic Solution Gallery.

JOYCE BRABNER

I started out in comics by appearing as a character in my husband Harvey J. Pekar's autobiographical series, *American Splendor*. A recent article announced that most of our personality has "set" by age 11. At that age I was busy organizing, dressing, and undressing all the little "Girls, Girls, Girls!" I played with. Not surprisingly, I was later active in the women's health rights movement, directing a women's counseling center, while supplementing my income working both as a costumer, and with people in prison.

In comics, my work as editor and co-author of nonfiction "comics-as-journalism" keeps me in trouble. The first book in my on-going series *Real War Stories* (Eclipse) was pulled into court by the U.S. Department of Defense. That \$2.00 threat to national security can now be read legally in public high schools—the boys lost. I published *Brought to Light* (Eclipse) in partnership with the Christic Institute, and am working on *Not Someone I Knew*, a comic book about date rape, which will be published later this year.

NOT AN OBSESSION; NOT A COMPULSION; A DESIRE, PERHAPS CULTURALLY INCULCATED, CONSUMERISTIC IN A CONSUMING SOCIETY, TO ATTAIN THE **PLATONIC IDEAL WARDROBE** IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WILL IMPART MYSTICAL POWERS!! (IE, THE POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS, TO GET A BETTER JOB, TO BE MISTAKEN FOR AN ACTRESS FROM "ALL MY CHILDREN") WITH THIS IN MIND I ETERNALLY SEEK THAT ULTIMATE ACCESSORY -- THE SECOND THING WE CRUISE BELOW THE NECK--**GREAT SHOES.**



YES! ANOTHER TRUE TALE

KILLER SHOES

1986 BY LESLIE "FILLING IN THE BOXES IN MY CHECKERED PAST" STERNBERGH (WITH APOLOGIES TO CINDERELLA...)



I HAD SEEN THEM, ON EIGHTH STREET A YEAR AGO FOR \$108⁰⁰ AND NOW, HERE THEY WERE FOR ^{GRASP} FIFTEENBUCKS-

8 'MOOD SHOES' INDEED- THESE BABIES ARE IRIDESCENT LENTICULATED PLASTIC SPIKES- SHOES LIKE THESE BEG ANYONE TO REFUTE THEIR GREATNESS- PFAH!!

LOOK- MOOD SHOES!

HAHA

... IS IT- IT'S - HOLY SHIT, A PERFECT FIT!! THE UNIVERSE LOVES ME! IT'S MY LUCKY DAY!!

LUMPEN ASSHOULETTES

SECRETARIAL HEEL-SKEW

ON A ROLL, I ALSO PICKED UP SOME NIFTY TEN-DOLLAR TRANSPARENT LUCITE WEDGIES...

WHY NOT? I'M CELEBRATIN' NOW! WHOOPEE!

CAN I HAVE THE OTHER ONE OF THESE, TOO?

RUBBER TUBING BRACELET

DING! DING! SHOP-ALERT! OKAY! STOP! YA CAN'T TOP THESE!!

THE VOICE OF REASON

I WENT OUT AND TRIED ON EXPENSIVE IRIDESCENT OUTFITS, KNOWING I WOULDN'T BUY THEM, ALL TO MATCH THOSE AMAZING SHOES. I WAS HIGH-ON SHOE ENERGY!!

THOSE SHOES... THOSE SHOES... LOOK AT 'EM... THEY'RE CHANGING COLORS...

EET LOOKS NISE ON-

YEAH, LIKE, UH, JOAN CRAWFORD

SAY, WHERE JOO GET THOS' CHOOZ?

OH, LEMME TELLYA ALL ABOUT IT-

LOOKS LIKE TWO MIDGETS HIDING ON THOSE SHOULDERS- 1986 FASHION DIDDOS

WHEN I ARRIVED HOME...

LOOK! I PRIED UP THE SOLES OF THESE PLASTIC SHOES AN' PUT CIGARETTE BUTTS IN 'EM!!

CRAZY HUBBO

GREAT! AN' YOU LIKE THESE, TOO!

OH, YEAH- THEY'RE GREAT!

HEE HEE HEE

"GOTTO"

TERMINAL CLUTTER

YES, I'D FOUND SHOES TO DIE FOR. SHOES OF MY DREAMS, I WAS AFLOAT ON SPIKE-HEELED WINGS OF FOOTWEAR FULFILLMENT...

ADAM'S RATTYOL' LOAFERS

THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO THE SAINT* FOR A PARTY. THAT SHOE ENERGY WAS WITH ME.

*FORMERLY THE FILLMORE EAST, HIPPIE-TYPES...

WHILE THERE, WEARING THOSE MAGICAL ITEMS, RIDING HIGH ON THE CREST OF MY OWN FASHION WAVELET, I WAS INTRODUCED TO PETER MAX, THEN TIM LEARY!!!

LESLIE DOES COMIX!

COMIX? COMIX?!

BEAUTIFUL!

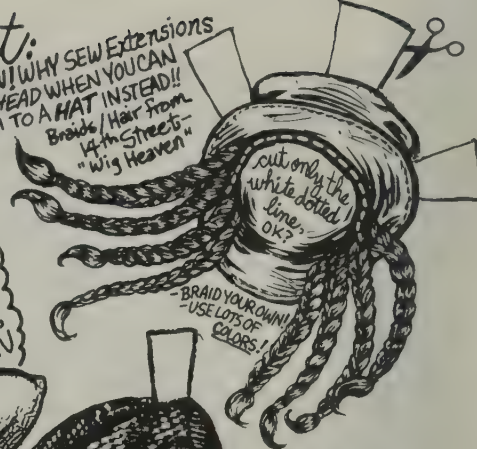
WITH THE RIGHT SHOES, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!!

The Avenue Girls Present:

"REHASHION" with FASHION

with *Carmina Piranha*

HAIR NOW! WHY SEW EXTENSIONS TO YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU CAN SEW 'EM TO A HAT INSTEAD!!
Braids / Hair from 14th Street - "Wig Heaven"



DON'T CUT UP THIS MAGAZINE - JUST XEROX ME ON CARDSTOCK. THE CLOTHES ON PAPER!

THOSE OF US WHO SPEND OUR DAYS IN THE TURGID URBAN NON-RENEWAL ZONES OF DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN ARE ALL-TOO-AWARE OF THE FRIGHTENING FACT THAT THERE SEEMS TO BE NOTHING NEW - YOU KNOW, REALLY NEW - UNDER THE CULTURE-SHOCKED SUN. SO LET'S CELEBRATE ANYWAY...! NOSTALGIA HAS CAUGHT UP WITH ITSELF. REMEMBER LOOKING FORWARD TO THE 90'S? GO AHEAD AND PRETEND YOU STILL DO. IT'S OKAY...



You'll stand out from the crowd in this Adorably Adulterated Adolfo Suit~ and those skirt-blazer sleeve-pockets! Ties deep! The midriff-skirt-top is cool, too - HOW did I ever wear this any other way?!? Get, sewing, ladies!!

"Fun 'n' Alas"

FOR THE SURREALISTS

GO AHEAD! TRY IT! SEE ALL OF THE 225 LOOKS POSSIBLE (AND THAT'S NOT COUNTING THE HYDRANT!)

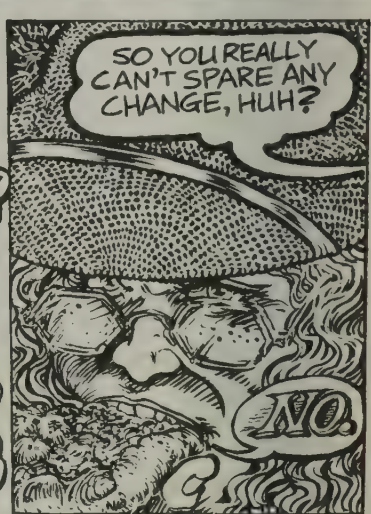
VEE-HA!

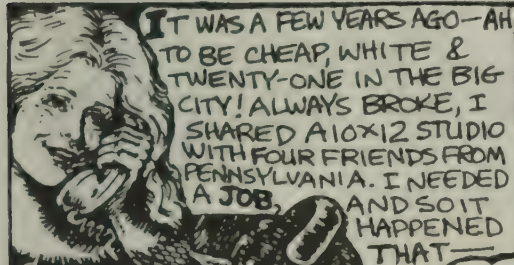
LOOK! THERE'S LOTS MORE!

git Along, Gal
In these Nifty, thrifty & COWBOY BOOTS \$25 up at Metropolis Apparel Co.

WORDS 'N' PICTURES ©1990 BY LESLIE ("L.S. ALEXANDER") STERNBERGH - "YEAH, SO?"

PLATFORM SHOES
are GREAT for
self-defense AND
seemz in CROWDS!
THESE little cuties
are from MUDMONEY





"I WAS A BROADWAY B-GIRL (FOR A DAY)"



I WAS OFF TO A KIND OF SLOW START...

HI THERE! I'M DOING A SURVEY FOR BUSINESS WEEK MAGAZINE! SO WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE DRINK?

GET LOST.

I DECIDED TO TRY IT WITHOUT MY GLASSES

SOMEHOW TOO, I FAILED TO MASTER THE FROSTED GLASS "CHASER" TRICK--

UHP--OH WELL... WHY WASTE CHAMPAGNE.

C'MON, RED! I'M A REGULAR HERE! YA GOTTA DRINK WHAT I BUY YA!

WHY INDEED...

EVERYONE KEPT ASKING ME TO DANCE TOPLESS. I REFUSED.

COME ON IN! STEP RIGHT UP. PARTY GIRLS!! PARTY GIRLS INSIDE!

BUY ME A DRINK?

BUY ME A DRINK?

BUY ME A DRINK?

ARF!

YOW!

SHAKE IT, BABY!!

YOU DANCE?

YOU DANCIN'?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

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YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

YOU GONNA DANCE?

I WAS MISTAKEN FOR SOMEONE BY TWO STRANGE MEN.

SHEET! YOU AINT BUTCH'S OL' LADY! LOOKADAT!!

MAH GOD!!! BABE, YOU GOT A TWIN! HOOO-EEE!

GEE...

SOME JAPANESE BUSINESSMEN WANTED SEX....

UH... SO SORRY--

私心中?

YES! I WAS THE ONLY ONE THERE WEARING BLACK TIGHTS!

SOME GUYS JUST NEEDED TO TALK.

...SO AFTER I GET HER EENTO THE COUNTRY, SHE RON OFF..! NOW SHE'S PRAIGNAN?..!

GEE... THAT'S ROUGH... YA GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF, THOUGH-SAY, WILL YOU BUY ME ANOTHER?

THAT NIGHT I GOT PAWED BY MEN
FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD...



'AT'S RIGHT LUV-OI'M
FM LAUND'N!!

GEE, UH,
THAT'S JUST,
...DUCKY...
NOW WILL YA
MOVE YER
HAND?

FINALLY, JOHN ARRIVED
AS CLOSING TIME DRAGGED
NEAR. BOY, WAS I MESSED UP!



DEAR GOD--
THEY'RE
PLAYING A
SONG OFF
ONE O' MY
SPARKS
RECORDS!!

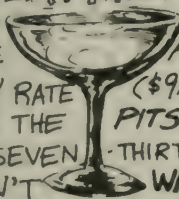
I STAGGERED HOME HAPPY...



BOY AM I NICE
CROCKED! BUT
LOOK AT DISH
CASH! WOW!

PUT THAT
AWAY! WE'RE
IN TIMES SQUARE!

BUT THE NEXT DAY--WHAT
A HANGOVER! THAT STUFF
MUST'VE BEEN
IMPORTED FROM
HELL--
MAYBE
AT ANY RATE
IT WAS THE
UP AT SEVEN
COULDN'T
STRAIGHT 'TIL WELL AFTER
NOON...



OR
ARKANSAS
(\$9.00 A GLASS)
PITS. I WOKE
THIRTY-AND
WALK

SO, THAT'S IT. YEAH, I
WENT BACK-ONCE. THE NEXT
DAY. HAD TO--I'D GOTTEN
SO DRUNK I LEFT MY GLASSES
THERE. NAH, NEVER AGAIN...
HUH? WHADAYA MEAN, NOT
SO SLEAZY? WHAT'S THE
SLEAZIEST YOU EVER DID--
MASTURBATE WITH A
MANHOLE COVER? NO, OF
COURSE I MADE IT UP.
NO, THE TEXTURED KIND.



BESIDES-- I
NEEDED SOME
GOOD STORY
MATERIAL! I
HAVE A REP-
UTATION TO
BUILD!!!

THERE IS
NO END



TURN OFF
THAT LIGHT!!!

THAT'S
THE
SUN!!

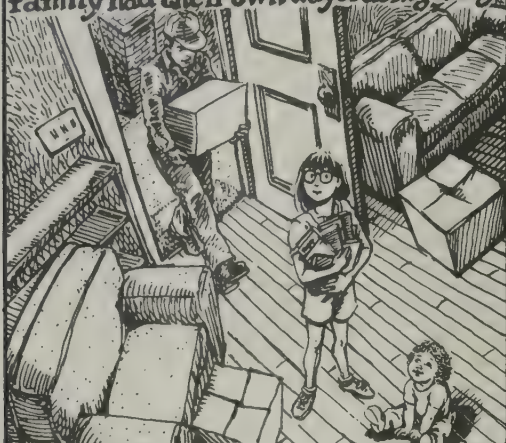
GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

STORY: JOYCE BRABNER

©1987

ART: LESLIE STERNBERGH

Our family moved around a lot. My parents never wanted to live around other people. They said our family had their own way of doing things.



We had to play by ourselves and were encouraged to make up our own games.



But, when you're the oldest, kid sisters have limited entertainment value.



When I was 10, I had to live in my first Real Suburban Neighborhood, where there were lots of kids, and some of them were even my age. I had great expectations.



I hadn't much experience playing kid games with other kids, unless you count school gym.

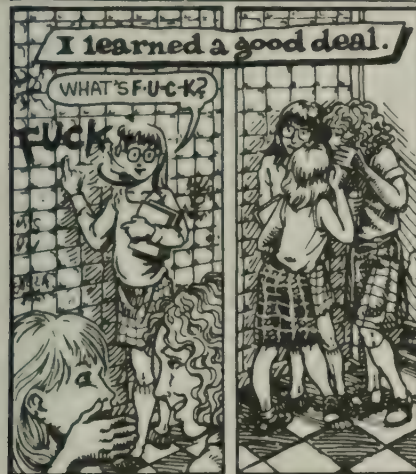


I had read a lot of books and sometimes watched movies that showed kids playing. This was before social realism made it big in kids literature. No Judy Blume. My first attempts to make friends my own age were a little shaky.





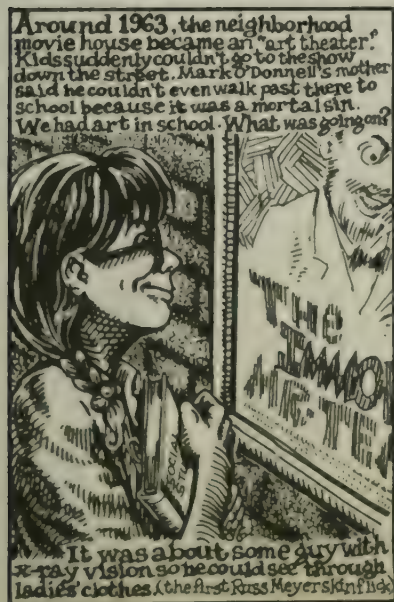
KEEP LOOKING FOR A SECRET PANEL. THERE'S GOT TO BE A MYSTERY AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE.



★Reality Ellis was big on women urinating.



MOM'S JUST SNAP DOWN, SO SHE CAN FEED THE BABY.



A STRIPPER IS WHEN SHE'S GOT ALL THESE BALLOONS ON HER LIKE GRAPES, AND SHE DANCES AROUND AND THE MEN POP THEM WITH THEIR CIGARS, AND SHOWS SHE'S JUST WEARING A BIKINI - !!

♪ AN ITSY BITSY, TEENY WEENY, YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI... ♪



This suggested interesting possibilities. Laura's mom had put a lot of old clothes upstairs in their garage, for playing dress-up. I was getting real tired of "Fashion Model" and "Wedding."



Susan Berman took real dance classes every Wednesday. We had to call her "Miss Susan" during practice.



Iris sold tickets when her brother found out, he told lots of his friends. She had to make more



There were costumes to make, and acts to rehearse.



"AFTER YOU CHANGE, YOU CAN BE THE NUDE FROM SCOTLAND. GET KNEE SOCKS FROM HOME."



We looked beyond ourselves for inspiration.



Barbara was to be our star attraction.



This was because when we were "practicing" - we practiced taking our clothes off a LOT, dancing around naked every day - we noticed a surprising difference.



Barbara's breasts were just starting to stick out and she had 3 or 4 dark little pubic hairs.

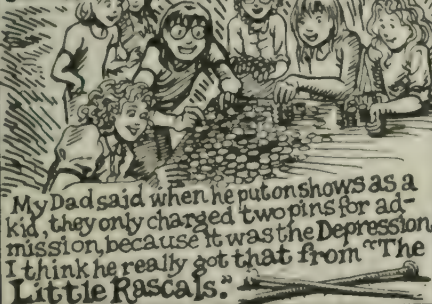


Our show was a big success. We even had commercials. Laura's father delivered for Hood Dairy, so we wore his old milkman hats and wrote a song.

JOH, YOU GOTTA DRINK HOOD, HOOD, HOOD, BECAUSE IT IS
SO GOOD, GOOD, GOOD *



We were held over. We collected most of the allowances on the block.



Laura's brother Steve finally told on us, and we got raided. Angry mothers, led by Mrs. O'Donnell, crossed down the street to fill my front porch.



When it was all over, it was difficult for my mother to explain to me what I had done wrong.



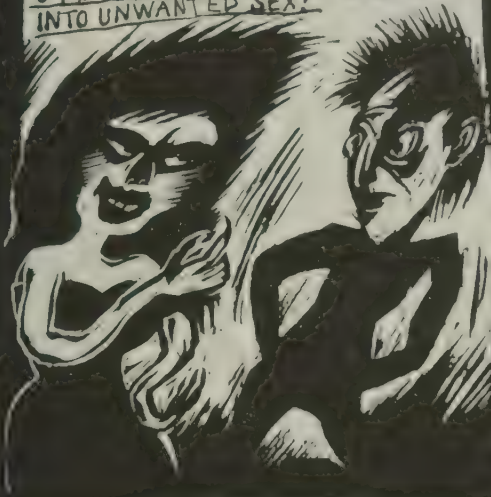


CAREL MOISEIWITSCH

I was born and trained in the U.K. and currently live in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, where it hardly ever snows or freezes and there are more black leather jackets than mounties. I'm rarely bored or cold in spite of all rumors to the contrary concerning Canadian life, and the only snowshoes I've seen so far are in a museum.

"MORE GUYS THAN GALS ARE FORCED INTO SEX!"⁷¹ STUDY REVEALS

57% OF MEN SAID THEY WERE ENTICED
INTO UNWANTED SEX!



WOMEN MADE SEXUAL ADVANCES THAT
WERE DIFFICULT TO REFUSE.



THEY TOOK OFF MEN'S
CLOTHES.....



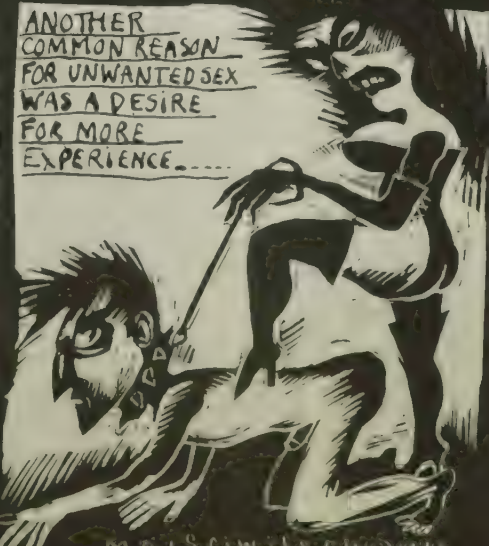
MEN REPORTED THEIR PARTNERS
WOULDN'T LET GO OF THEIR HANDS,



THEY WERE HELD DOWN.....



ANOTHER
COMMON REASON
FOR UNWANTED SEX
WAS A DESIRE
FOR MORE
EXPERIENCE.....



BIBLIOGRAPHY - NATIONAL ENQUIRER # 30586-2, MAY 1997

MILITARY TROOPS



TAMMY FAYE "LORD HELP ME
BAKKER AND HER KEEP THE MALE EGO
HOPPIN' SHOPPIN' DEMONS INTACT"



WONDER CATAVERA AFTER ROSADA
WOMAN REVOLUCIONARIA

LITTLE FIGHT IN MEXICO



HAD A LITTLE FIGHT IN MEXICO.
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE GIRLS THE BOYS
WOULDN'T GO

COME TO THE PLACE WHERE THE BLOOD
WAS SHED.
THE GIRLS TURNED BACK BUT THE BOYS
WENT AHEAD.



WHEN THOSE BOYS AND GIRLS DO MEET
THEY DO HUG AND KISS SO SWEET.

YOU HAD BETTER GET UP YOU ARE MIGHTY
IN THE WAY.
CHOOSE YOU A PARTNER AND COME ALONG
AND PLAY!

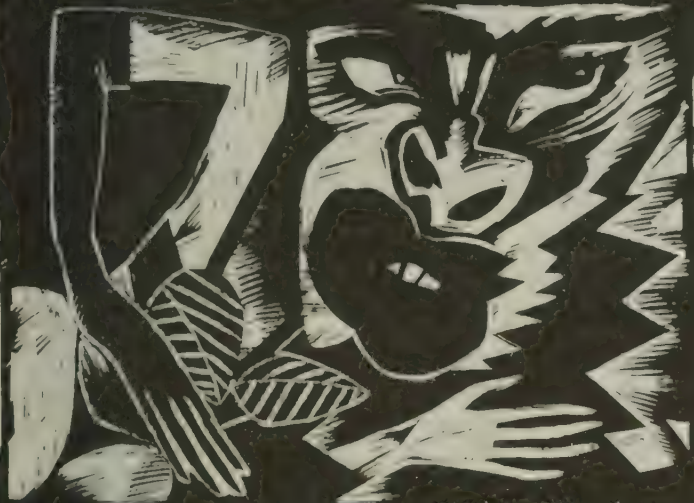
© 2015 F+W PUBLISHING

MEAN WOMAN BLUES

I GOT A WOMAN
 MEAN AS SHE CAN BE
 SOMETIMES I THINK
 SHE'S ALMOST
 MEAN AS ME



A BLACK CAT UP AND DIED OF FRIGHT.
 'CAUSE SHE CROSSED HIS PATH LAST NIGHT.



SHE KISS SO HARD SHE BRUISE MY LIPS.
 HURTS SO GOOD MY HEART JUST FLIPS



THE STRANGEST GAT I EVER HAD
 NEVER HAPPY 'LESS SHE'S MAD.



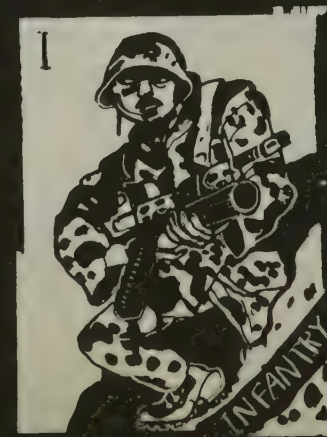
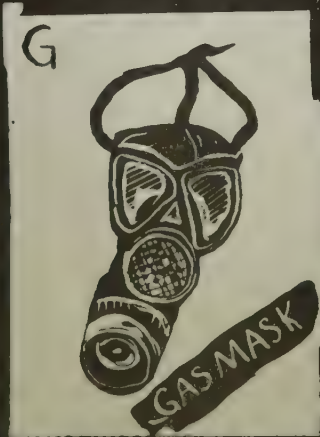
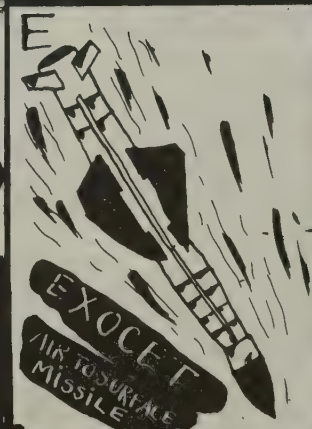
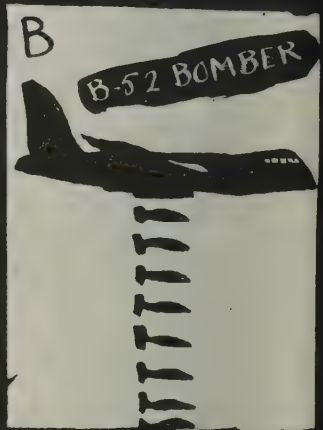
SHE MAKES LOVE WITHOUT A SMILE
 OH, HOT DOG, THAT DRIVES ME WILD.

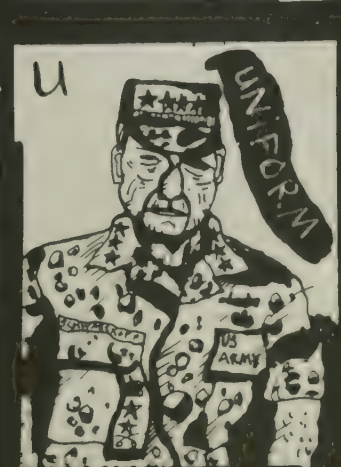
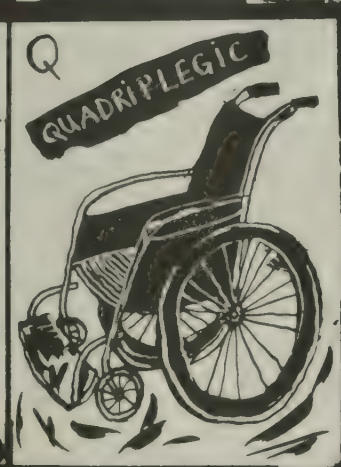
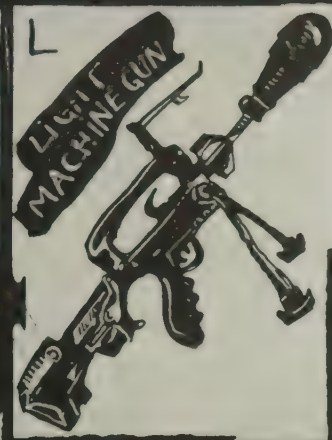
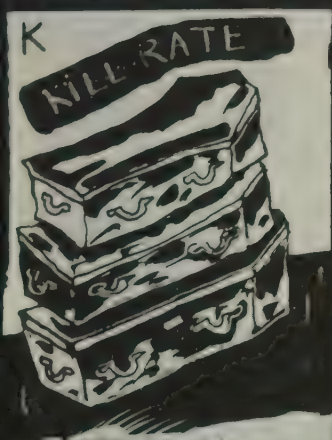


I GOT A WOMAN MEAN AS SHE CAN BE
 SOMETIMES I THINK SHE'S ALMOST MEAN AS ME.

PRIAPIC ALPHABET

W.D. SEIWISCH
FEBRUARY 1991









FEMME FATALE

MOISEWITSCH

HIGH ON PMS



MOISEWITSCH

I AM VICIOUS
I AM THE NIGHTMARE OF THE
CABBAGE PATCH
I AM A KEWPIE DOLL WITH
SUDDENLY WIDE AWAKE EYES
AND FANGS AND CLAWS.

I AM THE LIVING DEAD—
SURPRISE,
I WILL SUCK YOUR BRAINS!
CAN YOU DIG THAT, FRED?





BEASTLEY WOMAN



CAR.WOMAN

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

"WE
HOLD

THAT THESE TRUTHS ARE SELF-EVIDENT

THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL



THAT THEY ARE ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR WITH CERTAIN UNALIENABLE RIGHTS



THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS



THAT TO SECURE THESE RIGHTS GOVERNMENTS ARE INSTITUTED AMONG MEN



DERIVING THEIR JUST POWER FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED



THAT WHENEVER ANY FORM OF GOVERNMENT BECOMES DESTRUCTIVE OF THESE ENDS



IT IS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO ALTER OR ABOLISH IT.

AND TO INSTITUTE NEW GOVERNMENT, HAVING IT'S FOUNDATION ON SUCH PRINCIPLES AND ORGANISING IT'S POWER IN SUCH FORM AS TO THEM SEEM MOST LIKELY TO EFFECT THEIR SAFETY AND HAPPINESS."

THOMAS
JEFFERSON.



CARYN LESCHEN

I wasn't born yesterday, you know. I was born in 1954, the year Matisse died—and I like to think there is some significance to this. Matisse died in Nice, France; I was born in Queens, New York—but I *am* writing this in a French-speaking bar in Montreal. Zut alors!

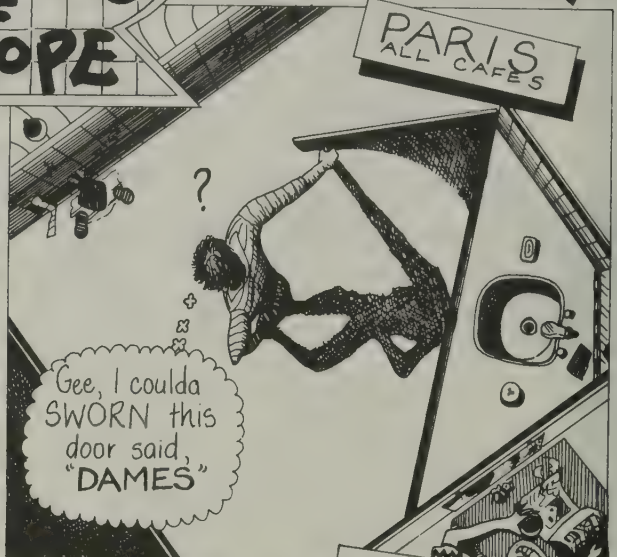
As a gentler alternative to being "it" in "tag," I spent a lot of time drawing in front of the TV as a child. I drew the inevitable girls in beehive hairdos and strapless, wasp-waisted gowns; I illustrated Beatles' songs and invented my own ads for Maidenform bras. Later I majored in art at

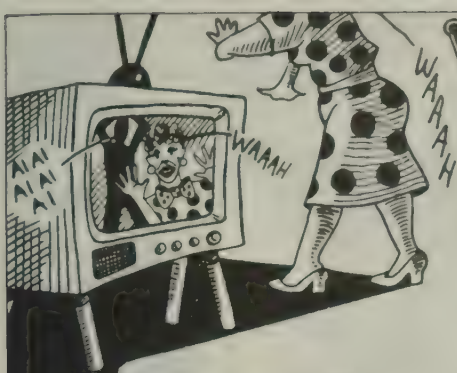
Queens College. I lived in the East Village for a while, and then, after spending the first twenty-four years of my life in New York collecting material for my comix, I moved to San Francisco to collect some more.

Aside from television and Matisse, my comix influences include *Mad Magazine*, *Archie* comics, *National Lampoon* from the early seventies and ten years of waitressing. In 1987 I graduated from the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland, where I learned to draw hands faster. Since 1983 my work has appeared in *Wimmen's Comix*; I am in *StripAIDS USA* and a few other comic publications. I am also a book and magazine illustrator. I like to make big pastels and little watercolors, both of which are usually somewhat "cartoony"—i.e. intimate group portraits of people hanging out together in a bar or someone's house or outside somewhere having fun.

I don't like to see a big distinction being made between "fine art" and "illustration" and "comics." I make it my political business to blur these lines; my comix are the most "fine art" thing I do. I think of them as cheap little self-made movies where I can control everything. For a while I painted animation cels part-time, but all those dancing fruits and vegetables really tired me out.

Though I am no longer a waitress, I continue to increase my exposure to situation comedy—as well as my cool earring collection—by working in a neighborhood artsy-craftsy gift shop. I live with my husband, Jake, a magazine editor who tries to keep me from using too many unnecessary, annoying adjectives. I still draw in the dining room while watching TV.





When I was a little girl, I thought I was Betty Cooper, and my mother was Lucille Ball.



But Gloria Stavers, editor of *16 Magazine*, was always saying

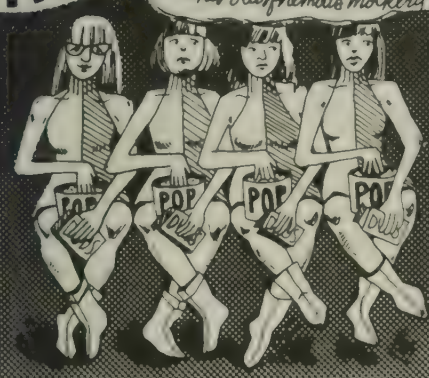
Dear Miss Stavers,
I'm ugly. What should I do?
- Ugly
Dear Ugly,
Be Yourself!
- G.S.
WIN DATE WITH A WINNER

Be Yourself

©1986 Caryn Leschen

To facilitate this, all us girls went to see "Masque of the Red Death" starring Jane Asher, Paul McCartney's girlfriend.

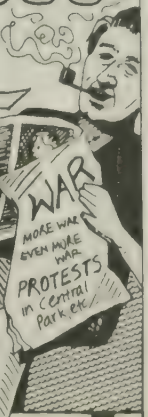
Who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery?



Then came Jean Shrimpton, who was more accessible, as she appeared on all the commercials during the Monkees. I perfected my English accent and cherished my long, straight hair.

This required years of setting my hair in a Campbell's soup can.

Say, can you directly contact London on that setup?



who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery?



"Myself", however, sang and played the guitar, so I became Joni Mitchell.

and go round and round and round...

OH SHE SOUNDS JUST LIKE MY NIECE BARBARA

OMIGOD! I can't handle it.

Aside from playing at Bell Park Jewish Center sisterhood meetings, one of Joni's pastimes, apparently, was rescuing fellow college students from bad acid trips.

RELAX, sweetie, don't be freaked out about sleeping with my boy! friend - it's OK...



One day, I went to see a wild-
woman poetess, who crawled
around the stage on all fours,
in a ripped T-shirt with rags
tied around her jeans...

Under Patti Smith's an-
drogyne gaze, I crawled
around the floor of
my Chelsea apartment.

one,
please

I crawled to the
movies and saw
"Annie Hall"...

Hurrah! Self-
deprecating in-
tellectual con-
fusion was fin-
ally in vogue,
and, well, gee,
um, oh yeah...

I thought
it was
jeune

See:
"Holding a Torch"
Wimmen's Comix
#8 ©1983
(Last Gasp)

In 1981, in
San Francisco,
I cut off all my
hair, and the
Dept. of Public
Works didn't
say rude things
to me any-
more.

I kind of missed it. But I did
look a little like Laurie Anderson.

can you
say "minimal"?
NO.

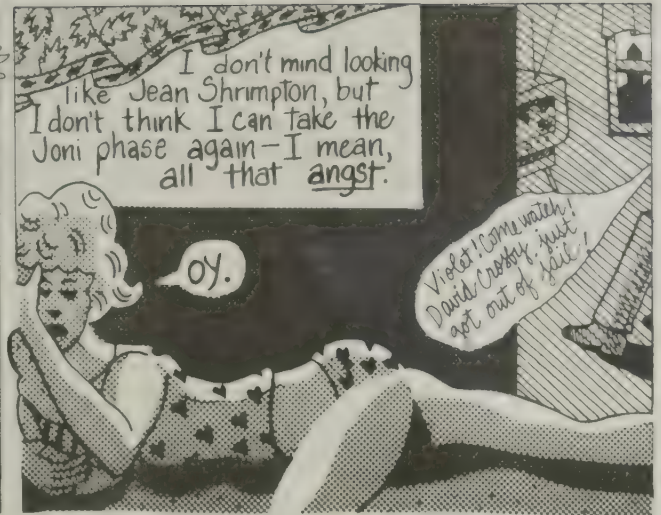
Then my apartment was burg-
larized. In order to keep watch
on all the cheap trinkets that
remained, I started wearing
them- all at once.

what's matter, they
didn't like this
necklace?
shunk it's cute

Fortunately,
Cyndi Lauper
arrived on the
scene just
in time

WE ARE THE WORLD
WE ARE THE CHILDREN!

sssh!
I can't hear
Bruce
Springsteen



DISASTROUS RELATIONSHIPS LAND

Hi, Honeeee! Today we will visit madoap "DISASTROUS RELATIONSHIPSLAND" in sunny San José-Steve-Brad, Ca.!



There are many fabulous rides and attractions here in the beautiful Santa Casanova Valley. The Tilt-a-Girl is sure to shake you up - or just TRY a little tenderness on the... OCTOPUS!



WHEW! That was tittilating! Now why don't we just sit here and wait for the phone to ring at the GIVE-HIM-SOME-SPACE needle?



TOO RELAXED ??? I recommend that you DRIVE YOURSELF CRAZY on the Dump'er Cars!



CONFUSED? Probably a good time for some BONE-CHILLING REGRESSION on one of the comfy couches here at the HAUNTER'S HOUSE!
(chrrr)

In the Original House of Mirrors, you can meet someone just like you! In fact, exactly like you! Maybe even a bit too much... like you.



Yikes! It's my PARENTS!

Golf! When are we going shopping??

yes, dear.

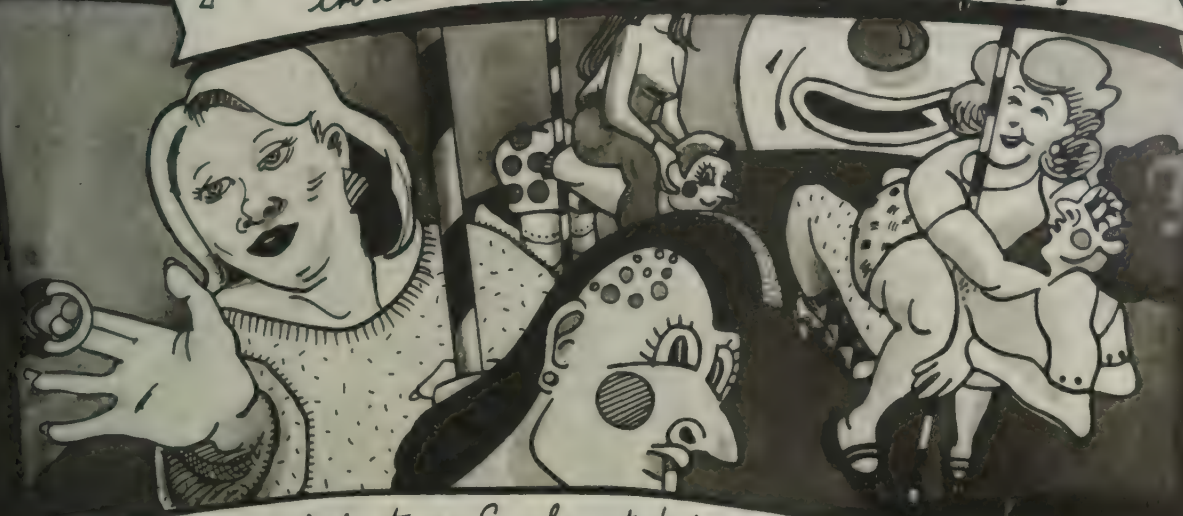
You HATE Billy Joel? Asparagus?? David Letterman?

yuk. ick. blech.

spandex bicycle shorts?

oh god those are the worst.

On the merry-go-round, grab as many rings as you can - and throw them in that clown's face!



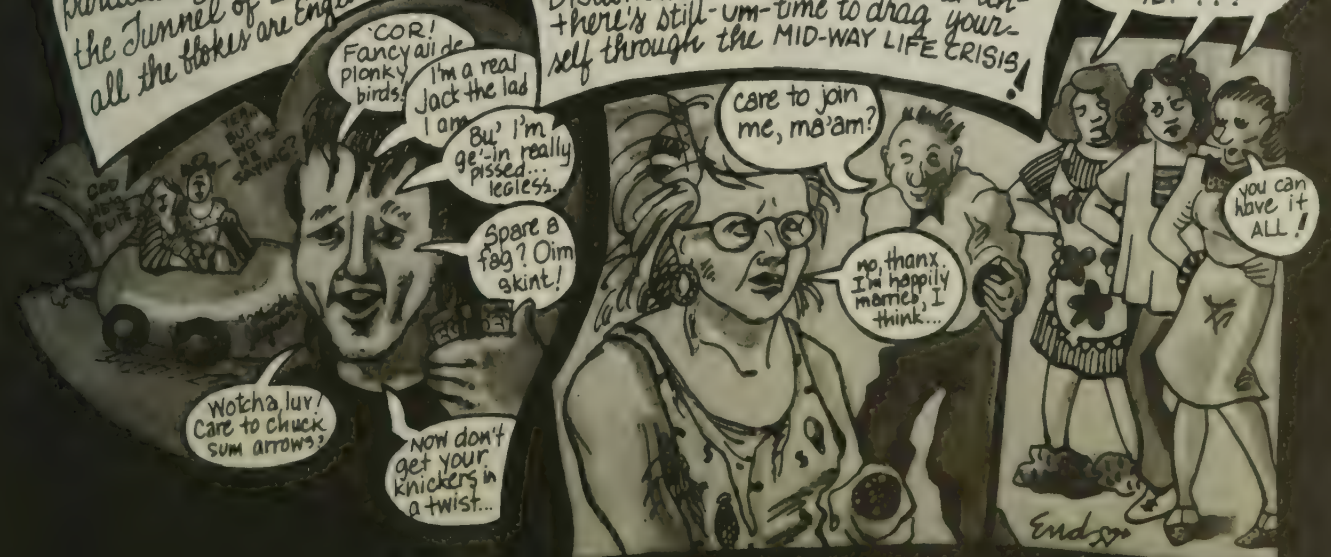
Boy, this place sure is in-tense. So why not take a little stroll down International Way? "Get Over" all your Disastrous relationships with a nice SWISS GUY RIDE~ and enjoy a fine birds-and-bee-eye view of a whole Ledge of nation's worth of dating possibilities!



One attraction I found particularly... attractive... was the Tunnel of Luv, where all the flocks are English!

Yeah-um-there's nothing quite LIKE Disastrous Whateverland. And-uh- there's still-um-time to drag yourself through the MID-WAY LIFE CRISIS!

HAPPILY MARRIED? AND YOU DON'T HAVE ANY KIDS YET ???



Wotcha, luv! Care to chuck sum arrows?

'COR! Fancy all de I'm a real Jack the lad I am

But I'm ge'-in really pissed... leotess..

Spare a fag? Oim skint!

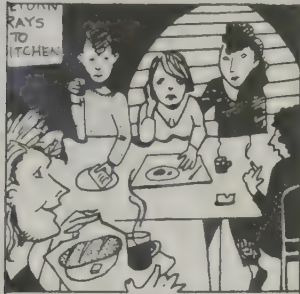
NOW don't get your knickers in a twist...

Care to join me, ma'am?

No, thanx. I'm happily married, I think...

you can have it ALL!

End



HI, THERE, WANNA GO SIGHTSEE ?



BUT NOBODY WANTED TO HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME.



SO I TOOK TO THE STREETS
OF GAY PAREE,
ALONE.



BUT FIRST, WHAT'S THIS -
BEHIND THE LOO DOOR ?
TWO FOOTPRINTS.
AN' A HOLE IN THE FLOOR ?



SO I WENT OFF TO FIND
THE COMIC-BOOK STORE,
AND A PHONE.



WITH AN ARMOLOAD OF TINTIN
AND GLARE BRÉTÉCHER
I CONSULTED MY MAP
FOR THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.



AND BEHIND ME A VOICE SAID,
"I'M CLAUDE DUBUFFET,
I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND"



HE TOOK ME TO A SQUAT
AT A SLEAZY ADDRESS



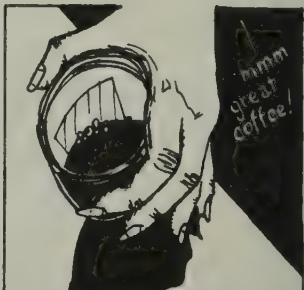
"BON MATIN" SAID A WOMAN
WITH ONE BARE BREAST



A JUNKIE SNORED ON THE FLOOR -
WHAT A MESS !!



NEEDLES ON THE DININGROOM TABLE,
DRIED BLOOD



I DRANK SOME ESPRESSO
THAT TASTED LIKE MUD,
FROM A JAR.



THERE WAS ALSO AN EXTRA-LARGE
TUPPERWARE DISH



"HOW NICE" I SAID, JOKINGLY,
"TUNA FISH ?"



NO, A HUNDRED HASHISH HOCKEYPUCKS.
WE'LL USE THESE PAPERS,
THAT PIPE SUCKS."



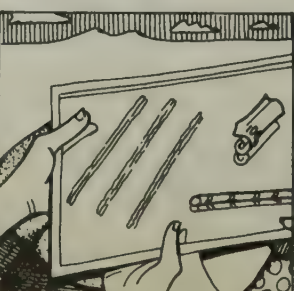
OH, OKAY.



THEY TOLD ME SOME FRIENDS
ROBBED AN ARMoured VAN,



TOOK A MILLION FRANCS
TO THE YUCATAN;



DID COCAINE IN
SUCH MASS QUANTITY,
IN A WEEK THEY WIRED ACROSS THE SEA



FOR MONEY
TO GET BACK TO GAY PAREE.



SO BACK TO THE STREETS
AT HALF-PAST FOUR



I LEFT POOR CLAUDE
ON THE CRACKED-HOUSE FLOOR



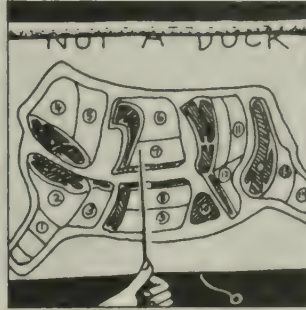
WENT TO A BISTRO AND
ORDERED CANARD



"MONSIEUR !" I CRIED,
"THIS TASTES LIKE LARD !"



THIS CREATURE NEVER LAID ANY EGGS,
IN FACT -



I'M SURE IT WALKED ON
FOUR LEGS !



IN PARIS MEN PISS JUST
WHEREVER THEY STAND



I ESCAPED TO A CLUB
TO SEE A BAND



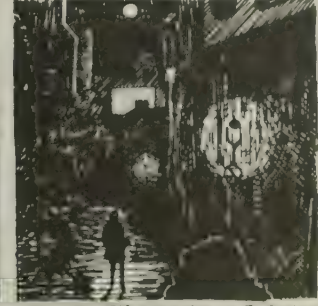
A PERSPIRING DANCER TOOK MY HAND
FOR A KISS.



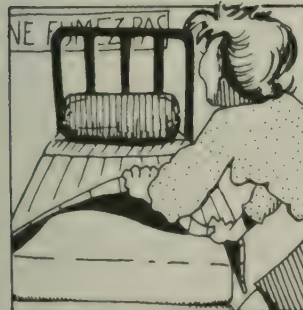
BUT I WAS WRONG, I KNOW THAT NOW.
HE WIPED MY CLEAN HAND
'CROSS HIS SWEATY BROW.



'T WAS MORE THAN MY STOMACH
WOULD ALLOW -
IT WAS GROSS.



WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH, I THOUGHT
FOR ONE DAY,
I WENT BACK TO THE STUDENT FOYER



MADE THE BED



BRUSHED MY TEETH AND
COMBED MY HAIR



WHEN I RETURNED
A YOUNG GERMAN BOY
WAS SLEEPING THERE.



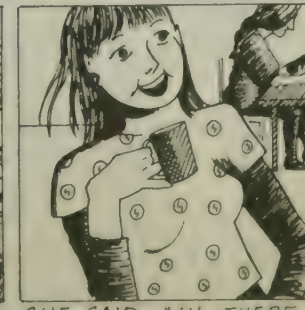
"GET OUT OF MY BED!" I SAID,
IN ENGLISH.



NEXT MORNING OVER CUPS OF TEA



A FRESH, YOUNG AMERICAN
SAT DOWN NEXT TO ME.



SHE SAID, "HI, THERE,
WANNA GO SIGHTSEE?"



I SAID, "YOU'RE KIDDING".

(END)

Violent in

THE MAGIC LEMON

(a girly car story.)

Carlyn
Lischew ©1988



ong, long ago (last October) and far, far away (in Paris)-before I started painting animation cells for Fruity Marshmallow Krunchies-I met a lovely Australian girl named Shari Lee- and her French car.



Shari and her boyfriend had just broken up, and her Citroën 2cv had just broken down, right in front of the Salade des Fruits Hotel.

So we drove this silly car all over Europe & on the way to Paris he tells me he's gotten my best girlfriend pregnant. She's gay! How...80's Now he's gone back to Melbourne.

your card in the 'Life's Path' position is 'The Fool'



We had alot in common.

We both wore red lip-stick and purple eyepencil. We even had the same birthday- the next Friday, uh, the thirteenth.

...so why don't we blow this chic crepe-stand and go to Barcelona to celebrate our birthdays?

Brilliant! Except I don't have enough money to take the train.



So we stood outside the hotel & tried to sell the Citroën, which is 'lemon' in French.

C'est une BELLE voiture! Et pour VOUS... 100 francs!

Zis car... does eet come weeth zee girl?



*it's a beautiful car! And for you...17 bucks!

Shari, are you sure it won't...wait! Omgod, it's started!

Don't turn it off! I'll get our things!!



Soon we were off to Barcelona! Soon we were off to Barcelona!



DAMN! There it goes again! My foot isn't even on the accelerator. This car is DRIVING ITSELF.

Good. Will you open this bottle of Petit Cru, then? My hands are all sticky from the pain chocolat!

Ahhh! The French pays du vin. I can smell the grapes ripening on the vine!

Shari that's because you spilled wine all over the front seat.



A

fter dining on exotic whelk and pencilfish, the Birthday Girls took in one of Barcelona's Magic Bars.

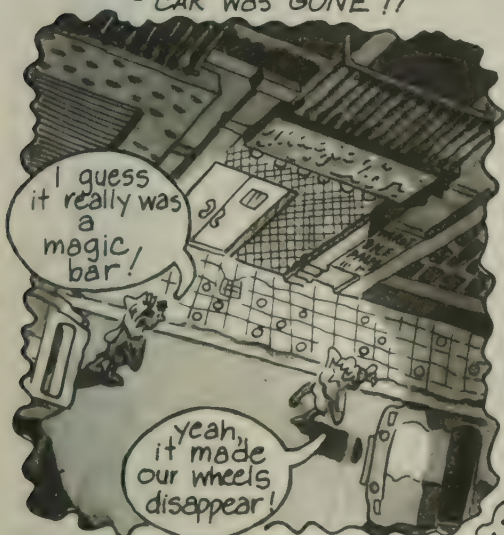
We figured any idiot could tell it was our birthdays.

Gregorio's friend, Manolo, entertained us with a wierd guttural noise he'd mastered with the back of his throat.



It was clearly time to take off in the Magic Lemon - but the CAR WAS GONE !!

There was, however, still some magic left.



Hello, ladies! I am Pablo, a gorgeous Spanish cop that speaks perfect English. I will find your car for you.



Oh no! All that's left is this lousy tape deck!



oh, you can have it but it's terrible. When are you going to Madrid?

Tomorrow morning. Would you care to join me?

The next day at dawn, I boarded my bus for Italy.



Violet, stop daydreaming! That lemon's not gonna PAINT ITSELF.

oh really?





DORI SEDA

Dori Seda was born June 6, 1951, in Elk Grove, Illinois. She earned a B.A. in art from Illinois State University in 1975 and moved to the San Francisco Bay Area in 1977. Her artistic efforts consisted of paintings and ceramics until 1980 when K. Lambert persuaded her to collaborate on a comic book story he had written. The result, "Bloods in Space," appeared in *Weirdo* #2. Encouraged by the reception it received, Dori began writing and drawing stories for *Weirdo*, *Wimmen's Comix*, and other publications, growing quickly in skill and renown. *Lonely Nights*, a comic book

consisting entirely of her work, was published in 1986. A heavy smoker, she suffered from emphysema, a condition she never admitted to having. She died abruptly of heart and respiratory failure on February 26, 1988, after the onset of a severe case of flu. For an "alternate world" treatment of her life and personality, see "Dori Bangs" by Bruce Sterling (reprinted in *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, St. Martin's Press, 1990). She also appears in the Les Blank film, *Gap-toothed Women*.

The following dialogue is an excerpt of a conversation between Krystine Kryttre and Don Donahue, October 1990.

KRYTTRE: Wasn't it amazing to watch Dori construct her stories out of things that happened? She'd call me up on the phone and say, "Oh, oh! Biff made brains last night!" and a week later it's a script for a story. Even the most mundane things about her dog or about shirts for you. . . .

DONAHUE: That dog! He followed her home one night and she kept him. Her apartment was way too small for a dog that size.

KRYTTRE: They were very close, weren't they?

DONAHUE: Everybody was close to Tona in that apartment.

KRYTTRE: I never met Tona but I know his smell . . . the worst smell in the world. Nothing lives, breathes or crawls that has a smell quite like it. It wasn't a dog smell, it was musky, scrotty, stagnating, fermenting, feral. . . .

DONAHUE: That smell remains on every item that was ever in Dori's apartment for any length of time. I have Dori's vacuum cleaner that I never use because as the motor heats up all the dog smell comes out and fills the room . . . likewise her electric mixer.

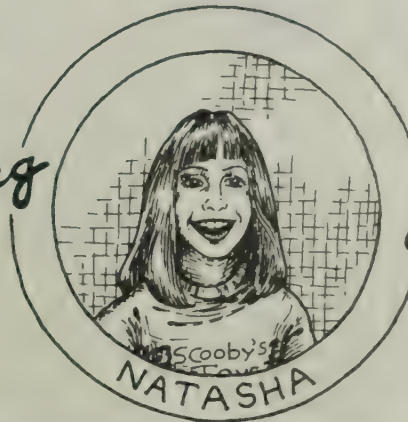
KRYTTRE: Every time we'd go out it would be a major theatrical event. You couldn't go somewhere with Dori and not have everyone there looking at you. Whenever she would walk into a room, the party would start and things would get goofy.

DONAHUE: That bunny suit night was nerve-racking for me because I thought I was going to have to fight somebody to defend her honor. The bunny suit had something like suspenders instead of a bra and her tits kept falling out. . . . Dori went to live with you for a month when she thought I had scabies.

KRYTTRE: Yes, she got all set up in my room, she had her little table and her kitties. I'd go to work in the morning and she'd still be asleep, and I'd get home at five and she'd be drawing and probably well into her third beer by then. . . . She'd be all happy and excited and go, "Krystine! Krystine! You're home, you're home! Look what I drew today!" She did a lot of work when she was staying with me. We'd sit down and draw together all day and talk about stuff. We'd both be in our little personal drawing trances but we'd be linked to each other too. If it wasn't for Dori I don't know what I'd be doing now. She gave me a really solid, positive encouragement. Dori was *absolutely* committed to being an underground cartoonist. Doing anything else simply wasn't worth her time.

Let's Eat Brains

*a True
Story
Featuring*



and



WHY DO YOU DRAW
NATASHA SO
BEAUTIFUL, AND
ME SO FUNNY
LOOKING?!!

© 1987
DORI
SEDA

IT WAS AN ESPECIALLY
IRRITATING EVENING IN THE
SHARED KITCHEN AT THE
WAREHOUSE.

YA KNOW, DORI, I'VE
NOTICED THAT IN YOUR
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
STORIES, YOU DRAW
YOURSELF PRETTIER
THAN YOU REALLY
ARE.

I MEAN, YOU ARE
PRETTY, BUT NOT
THIS PRETTY...
MAYBE YOU
LOOKED LIKE THIS
IN 1969...

BIFF, I
THOUGHT
WE CALLED
A TRUCE.



I THINK YOU DON'T LIKE
WHAT YOU SEE IN THE
MIRROR, SO WHEN YOU
DRAW YOURSELF, YOU SAY,
"THIS IS WHAT I REALLY
LOOK LIKE!"

BIFF!!

HONEY, I
GOT THE
GROCERIES.



A CHICKEN!!-WHY
DIDN'T YOU GET
WHAT I TOLD YOU?!!

BECAUSE IT'S
TOTALLY
GROSS!!

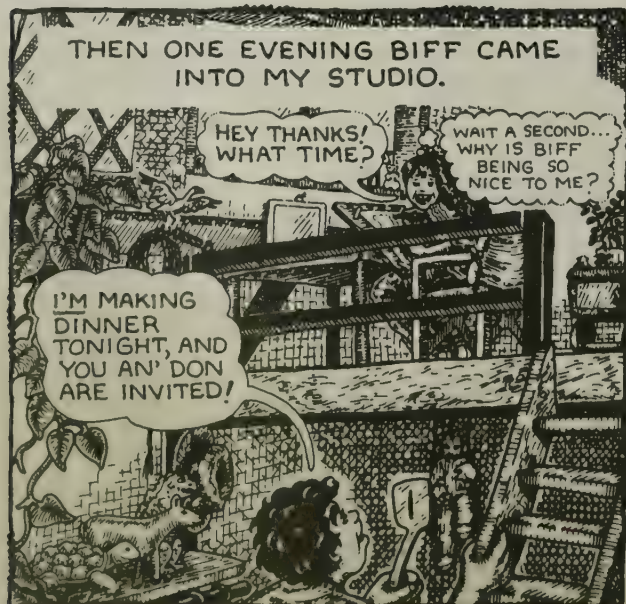
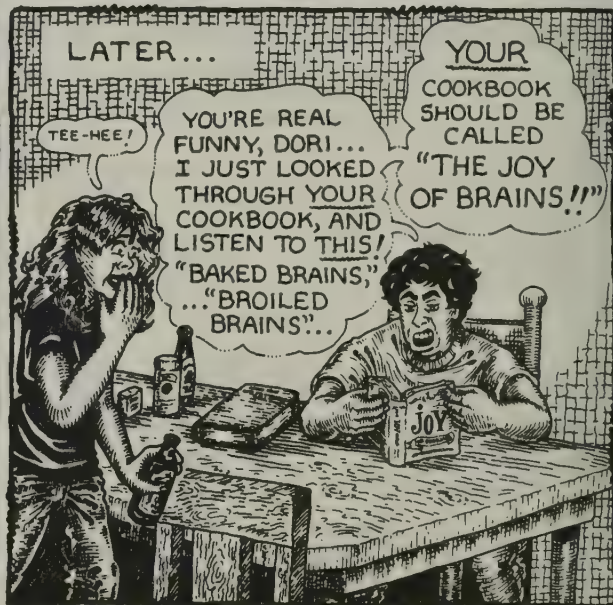
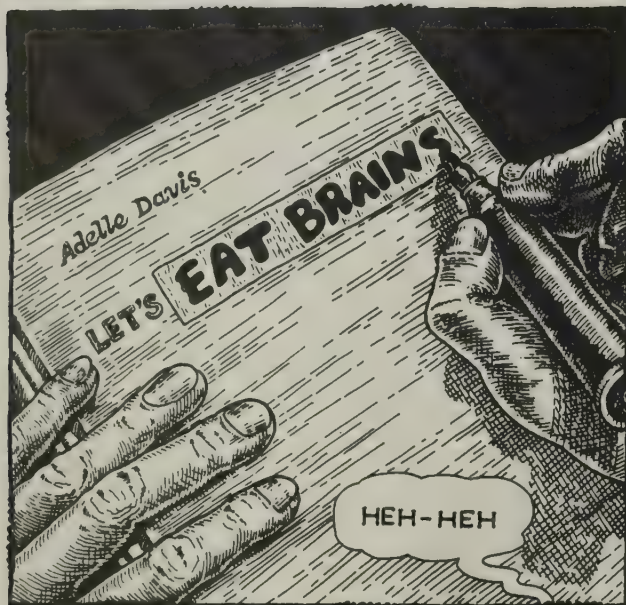
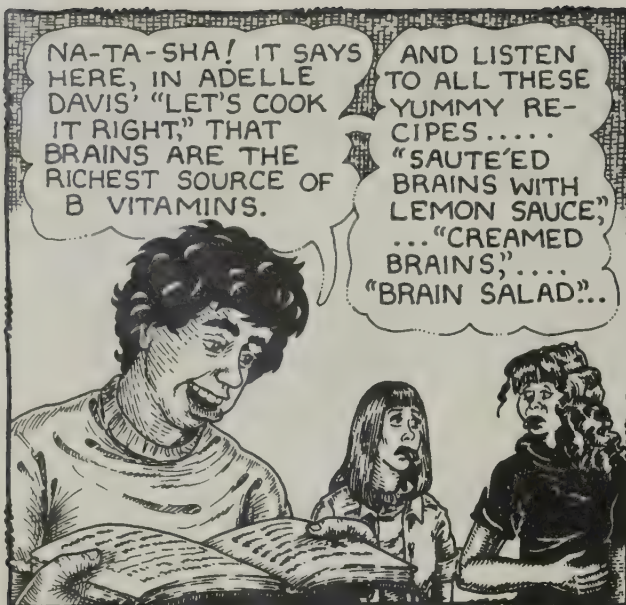


SHIT! BIFF'S MAD
AT ME AGAIN!...
BUT HE WANTED
ME TO COOK
BRAINS!!

YUCK! IF DON WANTED
BRAINS FOR DINNER,
I'D TELL HIM TO COOK
THEM HIMSELF.

HEY!- STOP
INTERFERING IN
OUR BUSINESS!!







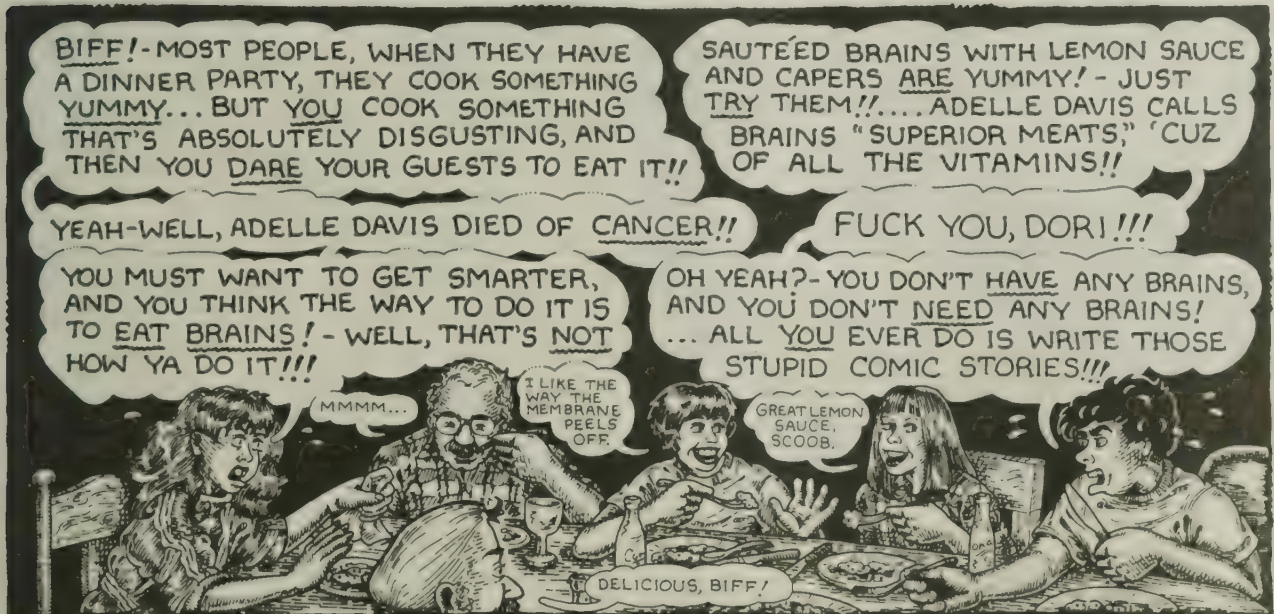
DORI!- WILL YOU COME DOWN HERE?! WE'RE HAVING A PARTY, AND THE BRAINS SMELL GREAT!!

OH H H K A A Y...



I TRIED TO BE A SPORT ABOUT IT, BUT...

I'M SORRY... I JUST CAN'T EAT THIS.



BIFF!- MOST PEOPLE, WHEN THEY HAVE A DINNER PARTY, THEY COOK SOMETHING YUMMY... BUT YOU COOK SOMETHING THAT'S ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING, AND THEN YOU DARE YOUR GUESTS TO EAT IT!!

SAUTÉED BRAINS WITH LEMON SAUCE AND CAPERS ARE YUMMY! - JUST TRY THEM!!... ADELLE DAVIS CALLS BRAINS "SUPERIOR MEATS," 'CUZ OF ALL THE VITAMINS!!

YEAH-WELL, ADELLE DAVIS DIED OF CANCER!!

FUCK YOU, DORI!!!

YOU MUST WANT TO GET SMARTER, AND YOU THINK THE WAY TO DO IT IS TO EAT BRAINS! - WELL, THAT'S NOT HOW YA DO IT!!!

OH YEAH?- YOU DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS, AND YOU DON'T NEED ANY BRAINS! ... ALL YOU EVER DO IS WRITE THOSE STUPID COMIC STORIES!!!

MMMM...

I LIKE THE WAY THE MEMBRANE PEELS OFF.

GREAT LEMON SAUCE. SCOOB.

DELICIOUS, BIFF!

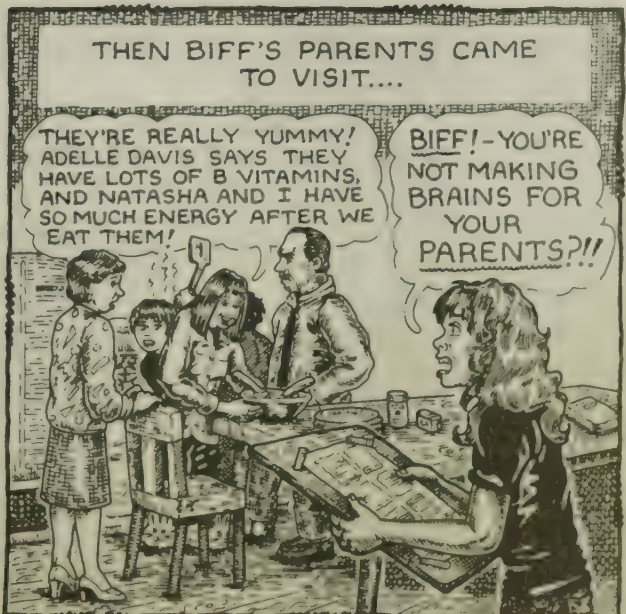


BIFF'S DINNER PARTIES BECAME A WEEKLY EVENT AT THE WAREHOUSE, BUT I WAS NEVER INVITED AGAIN.

I REALLY LIKE IT WHEN BIFF DOES THE COOKING, BUT I WISH HE'D LEARN HOW TO MAKE SOMETHING ELSE.

DINNER'S READY FOR EVERYBODY BUT DORI!!

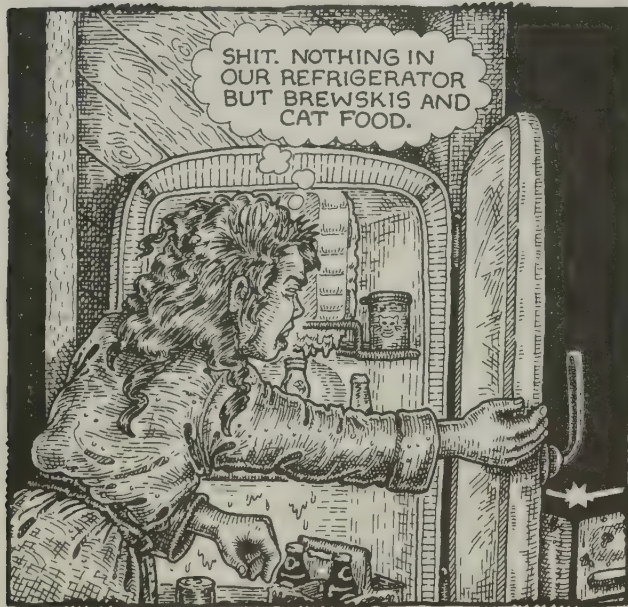
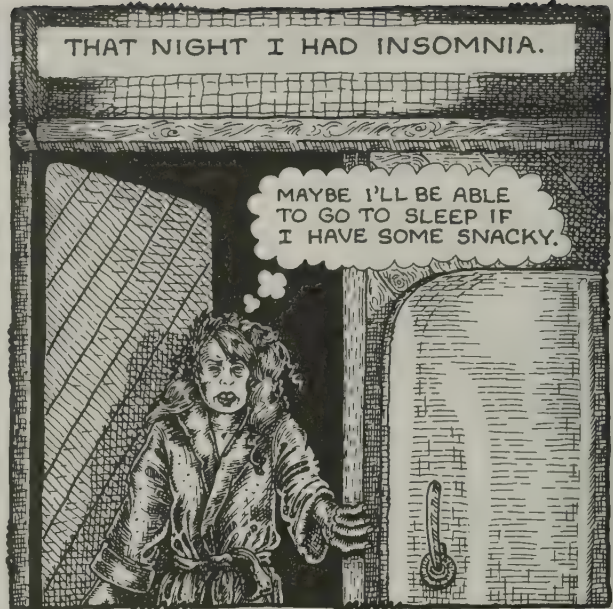
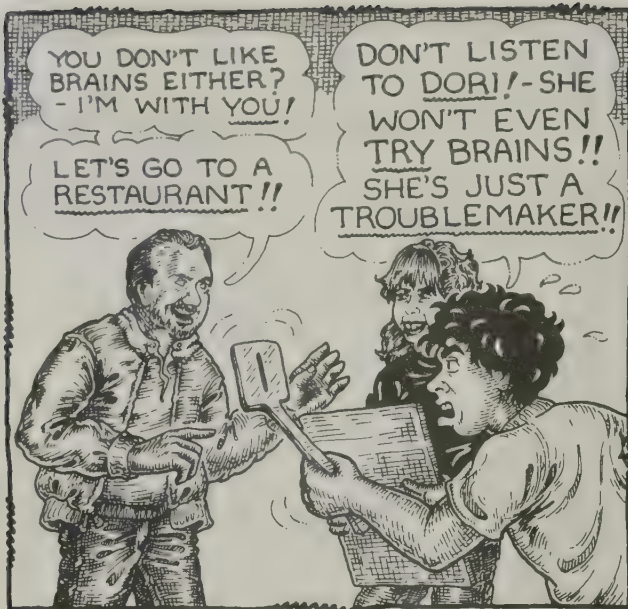
CHICKEN MARINATED IN WINE AND PARSLEY (SOMETHING NORMAL)



THEN BIFF'S PARENTS CAME TO VISIT...

THEY'RE REALLY YUMMY! ADELLE DAVIS SAYS THEY HAVE LOTS OF B VITAMINS, AND NATASHA AND I HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY AFTER WE EAT THEM!

BIFF!- YOU'RE NOT MAKING BRAINS FOR YOUR PARENTS?!!



ANOTHER DISGUSTING **TONA-TOONS** STORY...

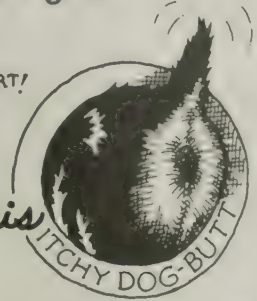
Cleanliness is next to Dogliness!!

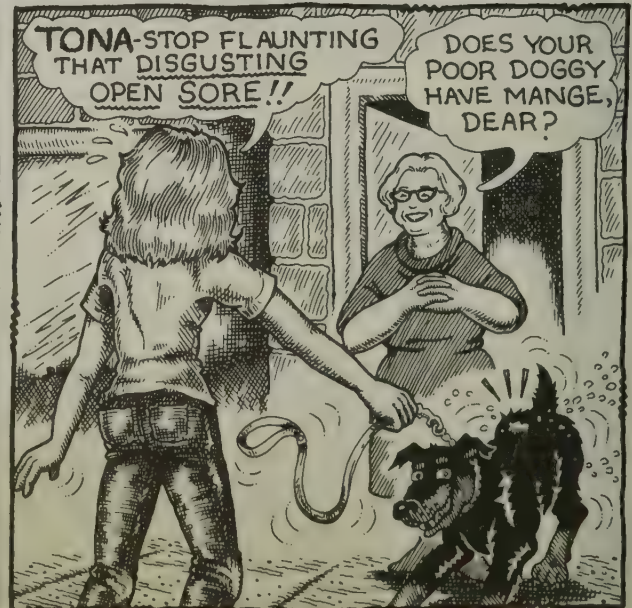
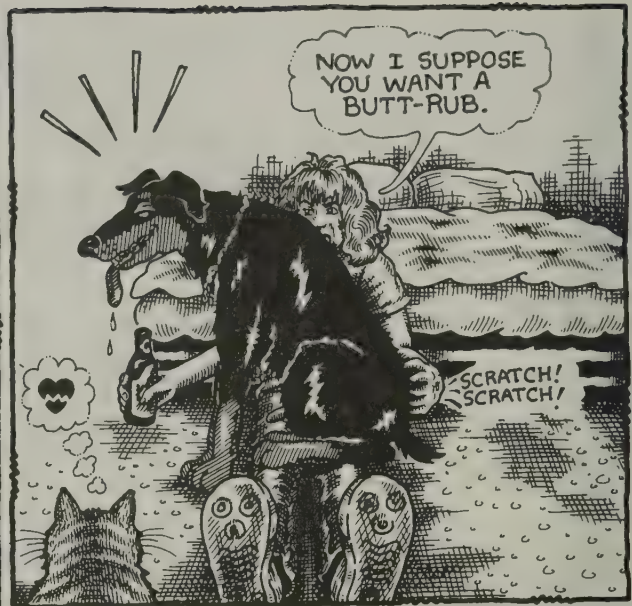
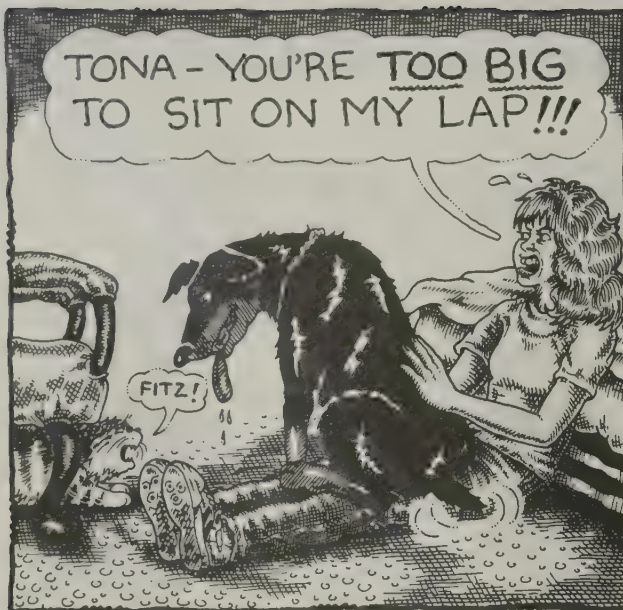
© 1986 DORI SEDA

Featuring



and his







BACK HOME AGAIN...

I BETTER GIVE YOU
A BATH BEFORE MY
NEIGHBORS REPORT
ME TO THE
S.P.C.A. FOR
"DOG ABUSE."

I NEED
A COUPLE
MORE BREWSKIS
FIRST.



...GOTTA CLEAR
EVERYTHING
OUT OF THE
BATHROOM FOR
THIS ORDEAL...

HA HA HA!

BITE!



OK, MISTER-
NOT-VERY-PLEASANT...
GET YOUR ITCHY
DOG-BUTT IN HERE!!

OH NO.

FITZ! FITZ!



GONNA WASH THOSE
ECZEMA FLAKES RIGHT
OFF OF THE DOG, AND
SEND THEM ON
THEIR WAAAY! ♪

THIS IS THE
EASY PART.

*SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "I'M
GONNA WASH THAT MAN
RIGHT OUT OF MY HAIR!"



HEY TONA! - NOW
FOR THE FUN PART!!

YIKES!!



COME ON, TONA,
IT'S NICE IN
HERE!

THIS NEVER WORKS.

IT'S QUITE A FEAT FOR A SKINNY,
DRUNK CARTOONIST TO DRAG A
SOAPY, SLIPPERY, STRUGGLING,
100 LB. DOBERMAN INTO THE
SHOWER.

COME ON,
YOU JERK!!!

SHE'S GONNA
KILL ME THIS
TIME - I KNOW IT!!

SCRATCH!

MMMM...NICE
BUTT-RUB, TONA...

GOOD-HE'S
STOPPED
FIGHTING.

AND WE'RE GONNA
RINSE ALL THE
HOT SPOTS, AND
ALL THE ECZEMA
OFF THE DOG-BUTT.

I REALLY DON'T
FUCK MY DOG,
BUT THIS IS
PROBABLY
EQUALLY AS
DISGUSTING.

NOW LET'S GET
THE WHOLE DOG
IN HERE...

REEK!

REEK!

YAAY!

OK, TONA.
ALL DONE.

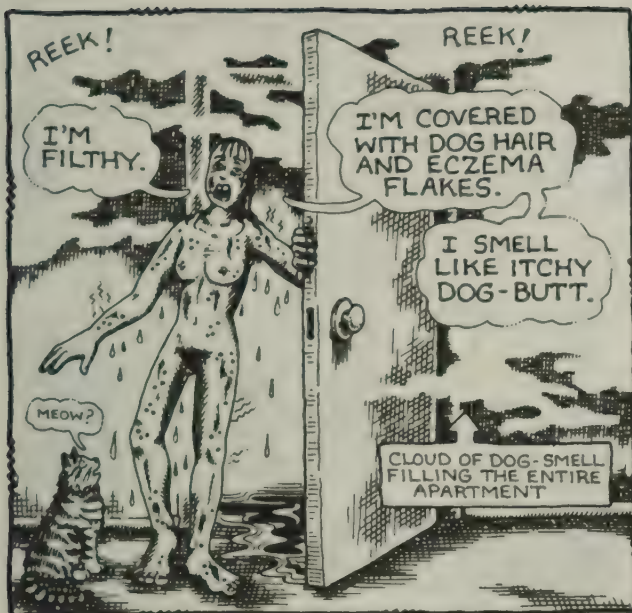
SNORT!

SCRAMBLE!

I'M CLEAN!

MY BUTT
DOESN'T ITCH!

I DON'T
STINK
ANMORE!



FASHION AS A LOSING BATTLE!

© 1986 DORI SEDA

WHEN I WAS FIRST GOING OUT WITH DON, I THOUGHT HE WAS CUTE EXCEPT....



SOMETIMES DON WOULD GET "DRESSED UP", AND WEAR A SPORT JACKET OVER HIS FLANNEL SHIRT.



IN SPITE OF OUR DIFFERING IDEAS ABOUT FASHION, WE FELL IN LOVE AND MOVED IN TOGETHER.



DON WASN'T VERY RECEPTIVE TO THE "NEW IMAGE" I HAD IN MIND FOR HIM.



I THINK THIS FLANNEL SHIRT MAKES ME LOOK SEXY!

WELL, WILL YOU JUST TRY ON THIS SWEATER.... PLEASE! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I HATE THAT SWEATSHIRT YOU ALWAYS WEAR!!



HEY, I LIKE THIS SWEATER!

WELL, LET'S BUY IT! -AND THE PANTS TOO...

HONEY, PLEASE PROMISE ME YOU'LL WEAR THESE CLOTHES WHEN WE GO OUT-OK?



DON LIKED HIS NEW SWEATER
AND PANTS A LOT.



THREE MONTHS LATER...



OUR SECOND SHOPPING TRIP
WAS LESS OF A STRUGGLE.



THEN WE WENT TO VISIT DON'S
MOTHER, WHO HATES ME.



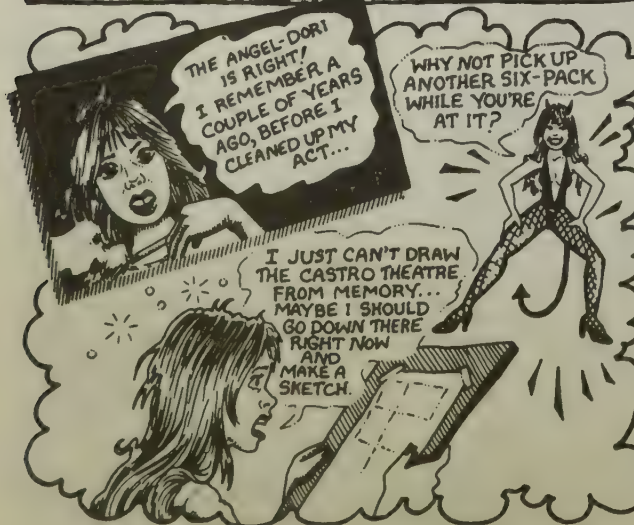
LAST WEEK WE WERE INVITED TO
ANOTHER PARTY.

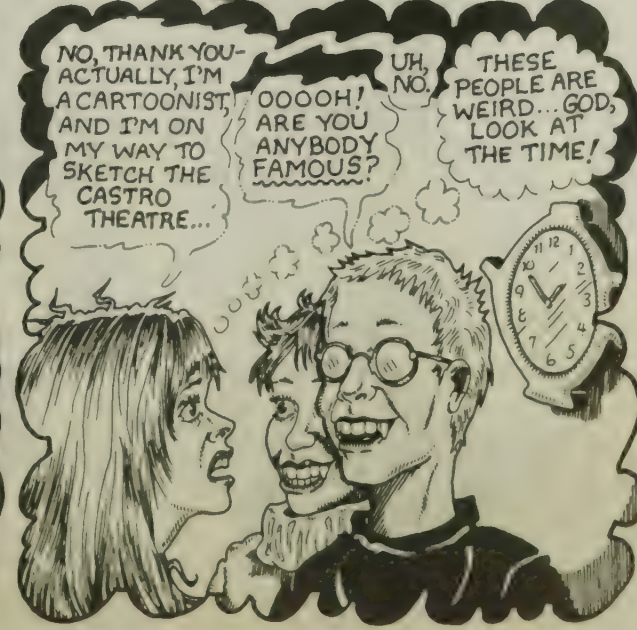
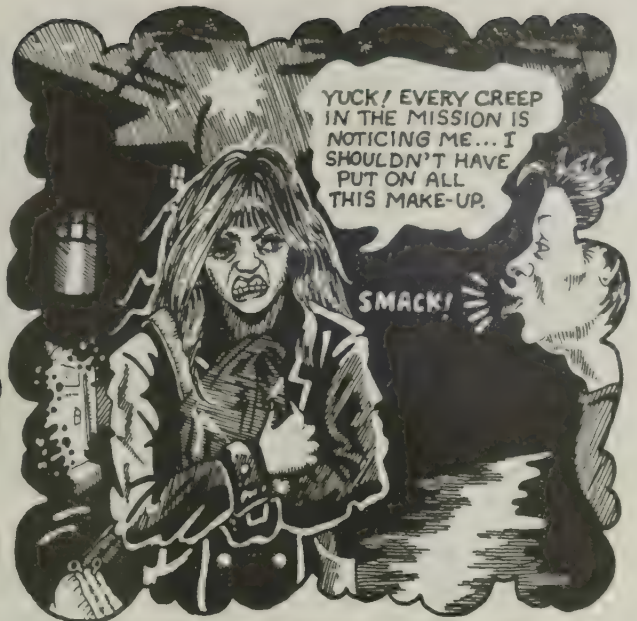


OF HUMAN BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE

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IT'S A SATURDAY NIGHT, AND EVERYBODY'S OUT PARTYING... EXCEPT DORI, THE DEVOTED ARTIST, WHO IS VIRTUOUSLY AT HER DRAWING BOARD.







I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GO HOME FOR MORE MONEY, AND GET BACK TO THE LIQUOR STORE BEFORE TWO O'CLOCK.

HEY! IF YOU DECIDE TO JOIN US, DON'T FORGET! WE'LL BE AT MUNCHKIN'S!



PUFF PUFF I JUST MADE IT!

HEY DORI! LONG TIME, NO SEE!! I'LL WAIT FOR YOU OUTSIDE!



GOOD NIGHT!

HI FRED!

HEY! WOULD YA LIKE A LITTLE "NOSE CANDY?"



...I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY, BUT I'VE GOT THIS SIX-PACK OF BEER! -HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME OVER TO MY PLACE!

'SOUNDS GOOD, SWEETHEART.



WHEN YOU GET TO BE A FAMOUS CARTOONIST, DON'T EVER FORGET THE MISSION... THAT'S WHY THE ROLLING STONES GOT SO FAMOUS- THEY NEVER FORGOT THEIR ROOTS!

OH! HOW COULD I EVER FORGET THE MISSION!

ABANDONED DRAWING BOARD

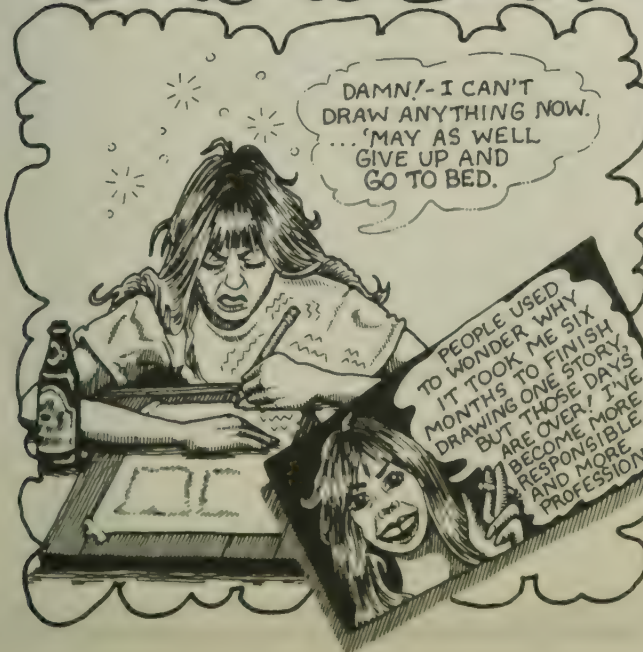
SITTING UP ALL NIGHT TALKING GARBAGE

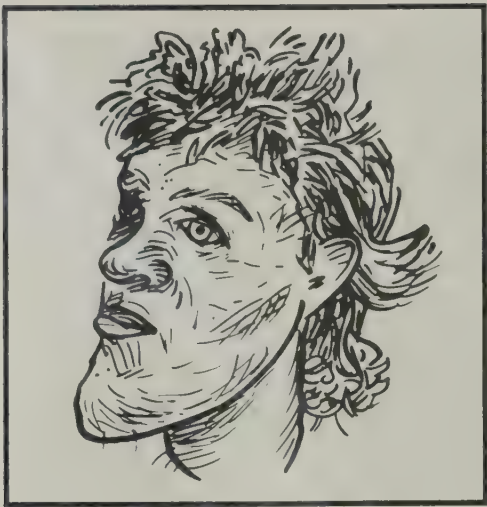


OH SHIT.

OH BABY...

CHIRP! CHIRP!





CAROL TYLER

Born, November 1951

Like most kids who grew up in the fifties, I wore corduroy pants. I liked popsicles, too. My idea of a good time was hiding under a card table with a blanket draped over it where I would dream up innocuous scenarios of triumph over my siblings. As the fourth child in a Catholic family, I didn't feel very important. It's unfortunate that this pain thing happens in families. What saved me was knowing that love was quietly functioning somehow in our house. Besides, every day was zany with my inventive family, and

we didn't plan it that way which made it even more delightful. I would say that life with the Tylers both added to and took the edge off my angst. They turned me into an artist.

In my teens, I decided not to invest much time or energy into the hair/nails/makeup thing. I figured that if I established **hag** as my fashion statement early on, it wouldn't be such a shock to then someday look in the mirror at, say, age forty and see a bag lady. Now that I'm thirty-nine, I wish I had at least used moisturizer! I suppose Lady Clairol products could help hide the gray, but I've never been able to figure out my specific blonde type. At least I've finally managed to make some beauty decisions that work for me (better late than never): The armpit hair stays. The legs will be shaved during shorts season only. And the boob locks are not as disgusting to me as they were in 1967. The baby didn't mind the hairy coconuts while nursing. But in high school it seemed to be the primary reason why I could never become an exotic dancer.

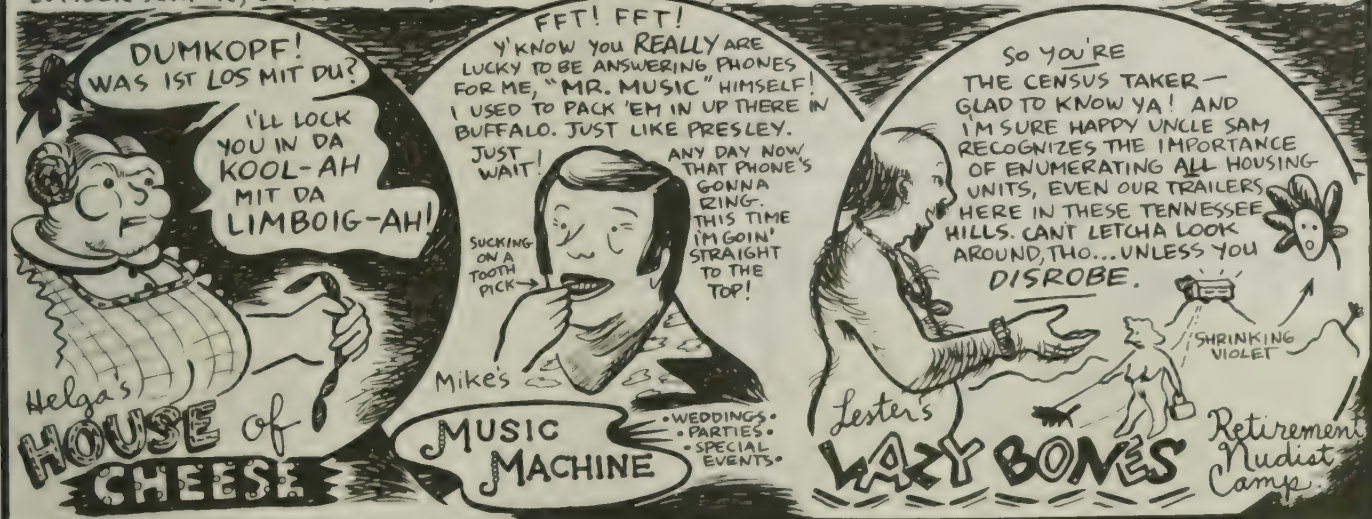
Back in the seventies this psychic told me I was an old soul with some kind of "finishing" destiny in this lifetime. This probably explains my recent compulsion to buy a decent filing cabinet. Anyway, as a youngster I was very devout. But then came Vatican II in 1964 and everything went haywire. I quit the church. In search of spiritual resolve after a twenty-five year absence, I attended mass just a few months ago. What a disappointment. Too many people smiling and no Latin buzz words! Where was the enigmatic tree I used to hang my spiritual bouquets upon? I'm so confused about this faith business and yet this psychic told me my destiny was "finishing." . . . Maybe she said "*ishing*." . . . I don't know. The music was blaring pretty loud that night at the toga party.

Carol & Tyler's "DeTOUR of DUTY"

April
1989



MY RESUME: CLERK, MAP TECHNICIAN FOR ZONING DEPT.; DOMESTIC ENGINEER; DRYWALLER, ARCHIVIST; TOFU PRESSER FOR A GURU WHO DRINKS HIS OWN PISS; SPEEDY FLORAL DELIVERY TO FUNERAL PARLORS; LUMBER SORTER; BARTENDRESS; MEDICAL ILLUSTRATOR; POPCORN GIRL AT THE SHOW; MODEL; STEVE DORE;



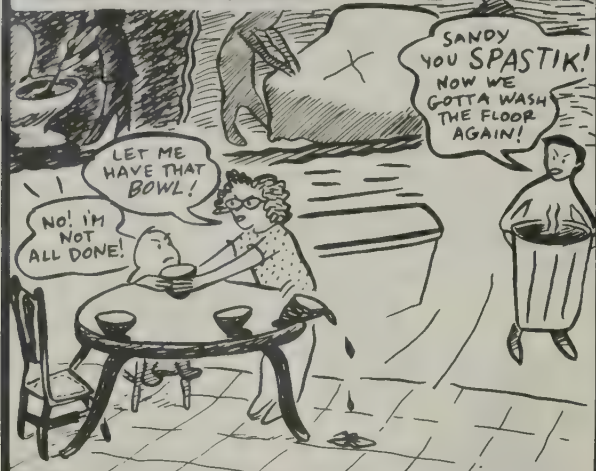
LIKE A LOT OF GIRLS, MY FIRST JOB WAS BABYSITTING.



THE LANSKO'S HAD 6 KIDS WHO WERE BRATS. BUT IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT.



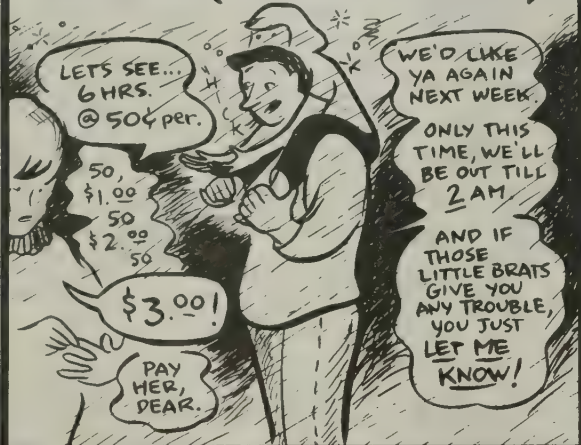
THEIR MOM LEFT A LONG LIST OF CHORES FOR THEM TO DO AND I HAD TO ENFORCE IT... THEN PUT THEM TO BED.



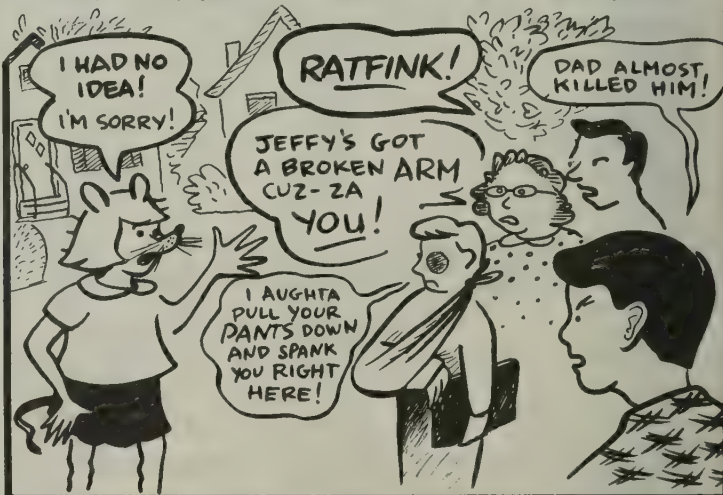
AT MIDNIGHT THE LANSKO'S WOULD RETURN FROM 6 HRS. OF SITTING IN THE TAVERN. I HAD TO REPORT EVERY ACTIVITY.



AFTER TAKING ME HOME ON HIS SHOULDERS, MR. LANSKO WOULD THEN RETURN AND BEAT THE CRAP OUT OF WHOEVER DIDN'T FINISH THEIR CHORES (WAKING THEM FROM SLEEP!)



ONE MONDAY I ACCIDENTLY TOOK THE WRONG BUS AND RAN INTO THE BROOD. I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES.



BUT MOM HAD TOLD ME TO DO WHAT MRS. LANSKO SAID 'CAUSE SHE WAS MY BOSS. I WAS MISERABLE. HOW ELSE WAS I GONNA PAY FOR MY RECORDS?



I TOOK THE PROBLEM UP WITH MY REAL BOSS. HER SOLUTION WAS SIMPLE:





ITS CHICAGO, NOVEMBER, 1967—
JUST ANOTHER TUESDAY NIGHT
OR SO WE THOUGHT...

FOR THE TIMES CERTAINLY WERE
'A CHANGIN'.' FOR US, THAT NIGHT
IT GOT UNDER FULL SWING WITH:

the RETURN of Mrs. KITE

1987-88
Carol
Tyler

WILL, DEAR— DID I EVER SHOW YOU THIS? ITS WATERFORD.

SURE, DOLL... ITS BEAUTIFUL. JUST LIKE YOU.

NOW... CAN WE GET TO THE BANK BEFORE IT CLOSSES?

THIS'L BE MY LAST SAVINGS BOND, YOU KNOW.

DON'T WORRY, BABE. WHEN WE GET BACK TO MIAMI, I'LL GET A JOB.

PAT PAT

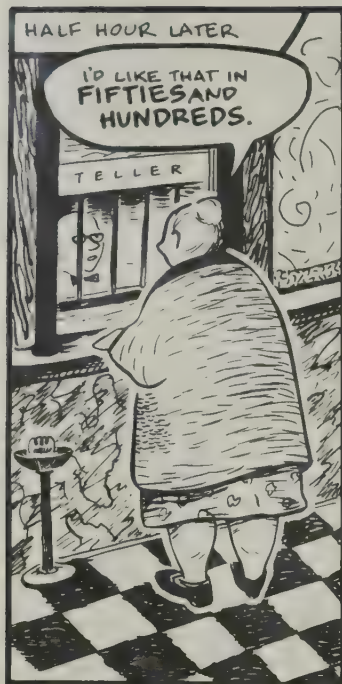
THE PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WITH JEWS. I'M SURE I CAN FIND SOME "FINE HOTEL" WORK.

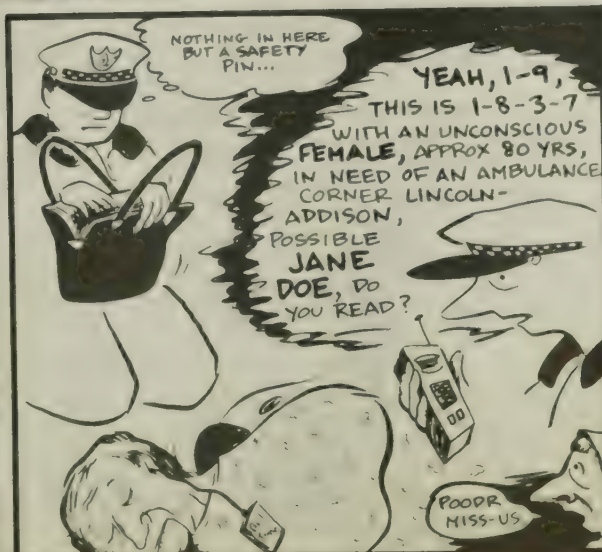
WELL I WISH YOU WOULD— WE'VE GONE THRU AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY THESE PAST FEW MONTHS

YOU REGRETTIN' IT?

UH (SIGH) I'M NOT SURE —

C'MON, STELLA! ITS ALL GONNA CHANGE I PROMISE YOU.





MEANWHILE, OUT
AT FOX LAKE...

THE WORLD'S
GONE MAD!

IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND
TO PLAY

IT SAYS HERE THAT IN 1947, 20 YEARS
AGO, THE TAFT-HARTLEY ACT WAS PASSED
OVER TRUMAN'S VETO IN JUNE, AND THAT IT
WAS SO CONTROVERSIAL, IT WAS NICK-
NAMED THE "Slave Labor" LAW.

GAHD! WHO CARES?! THAT WAS
SO LONG AGO... DO YOU REMEMBER
IT, MOM?



GODDAMN FREE LOVE
CHILDREN— TAKING
PILLS TO GET HIGH!
THEY SHOULD BE
SHOT!

I'M GOING
UPSTAIRS!

@#!☆?;

MOM, CAN
I WATCH TV?

SURE SON— AND
GET THE WEATHER



HE'S GETTING MORE
LIKE HIS MOTHER
EVERY DAY.

YEAH: OLD
and CRANKY

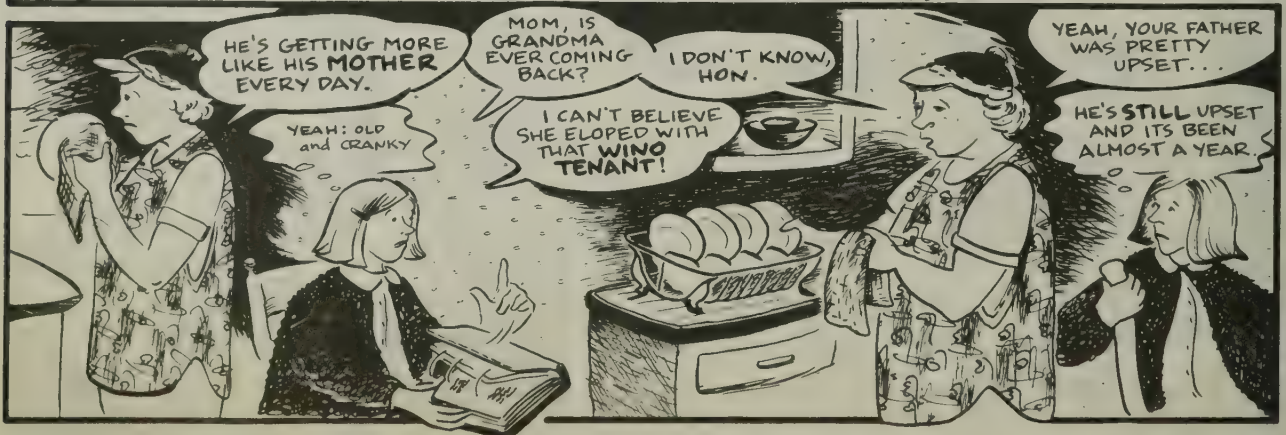
MOM, IS
GRANDMA
EVER COMING
BACK?

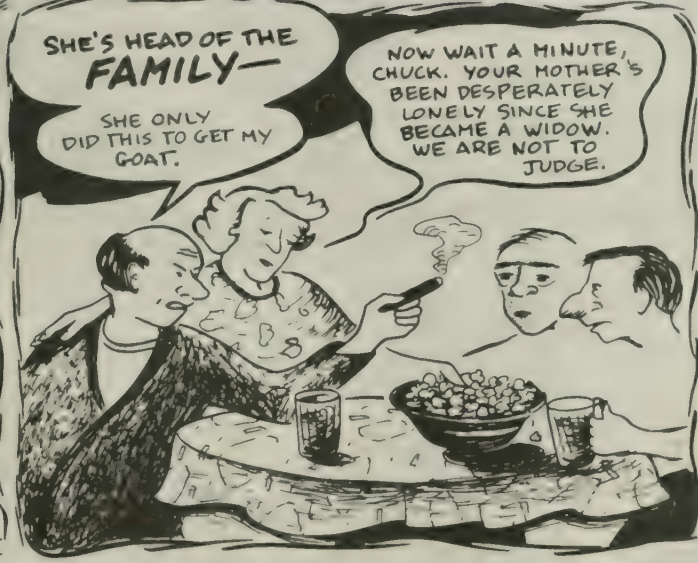
I DON'T KNOW,
HON.

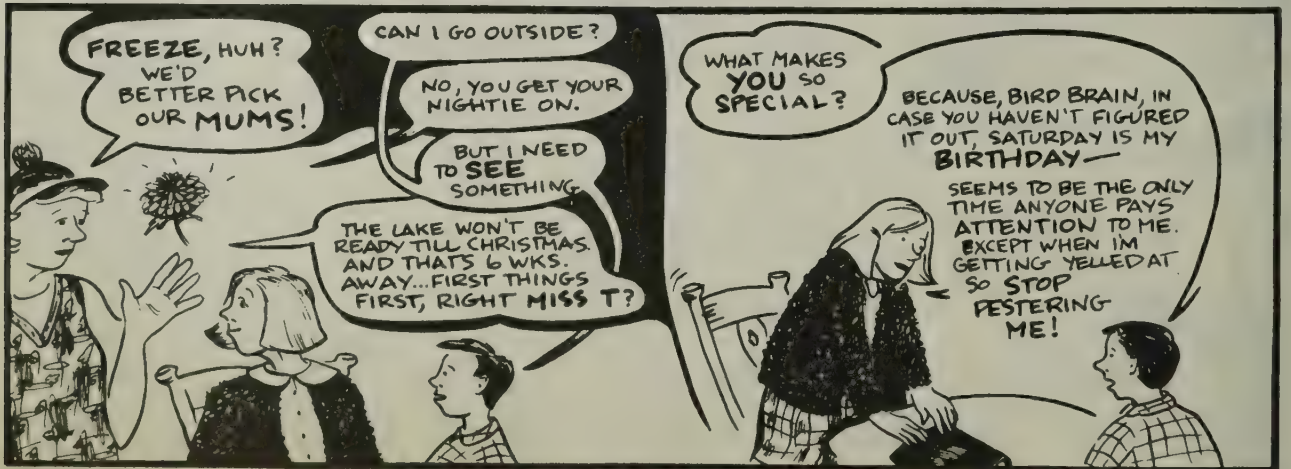
I CAN'T BELIEVE
SHE ELOPED WITH
THAT WINO
TENANT!

YEAH, YOUR FATHER
WAS PRETTY
UPSET...

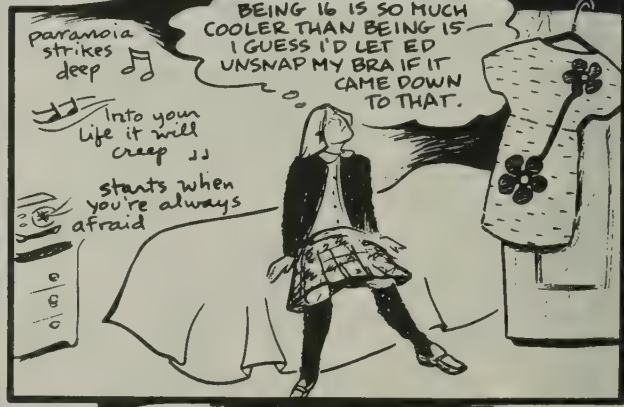
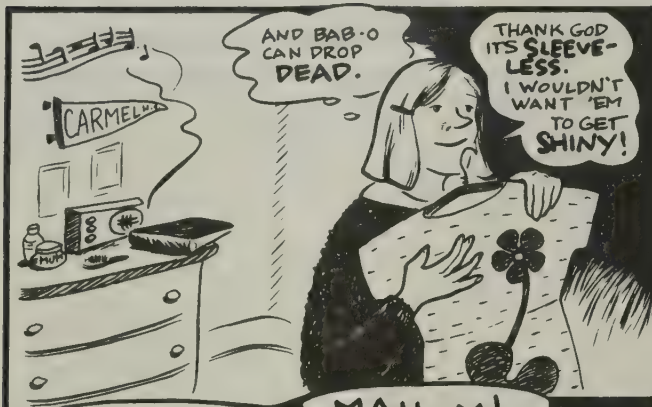
HE'S STILL UPSET
AND ITS BEEN
ALMOST A YEAR.

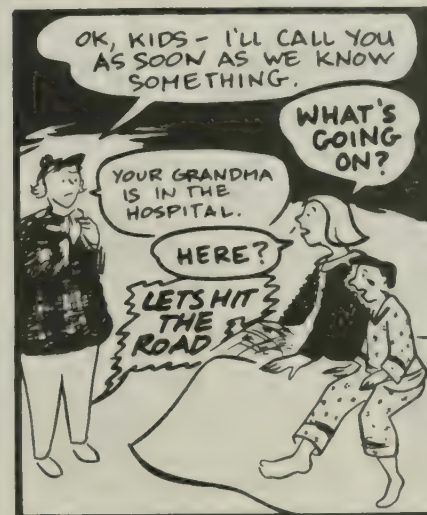
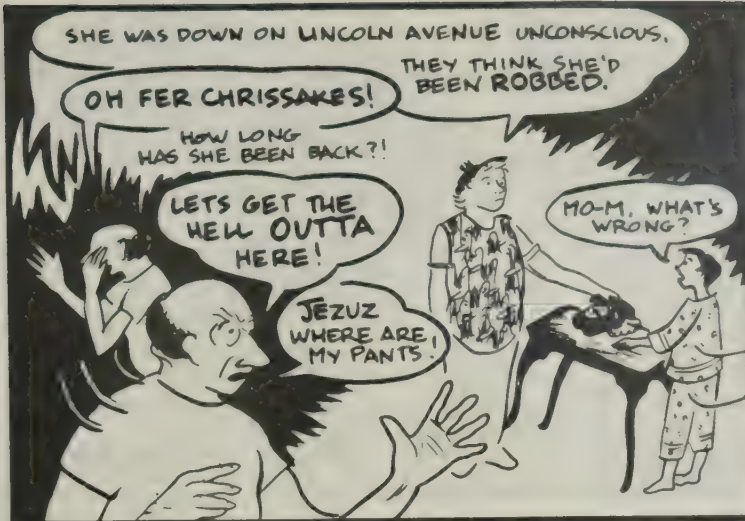




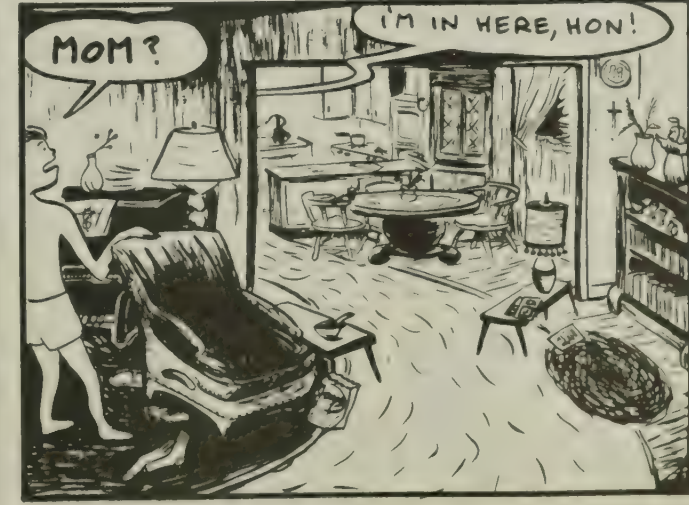
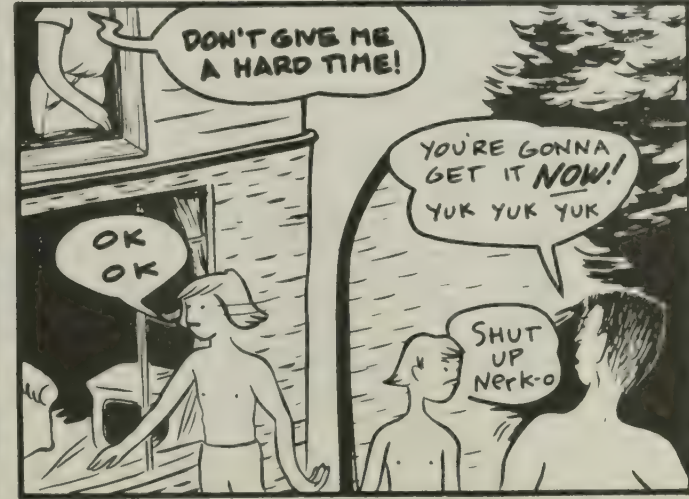
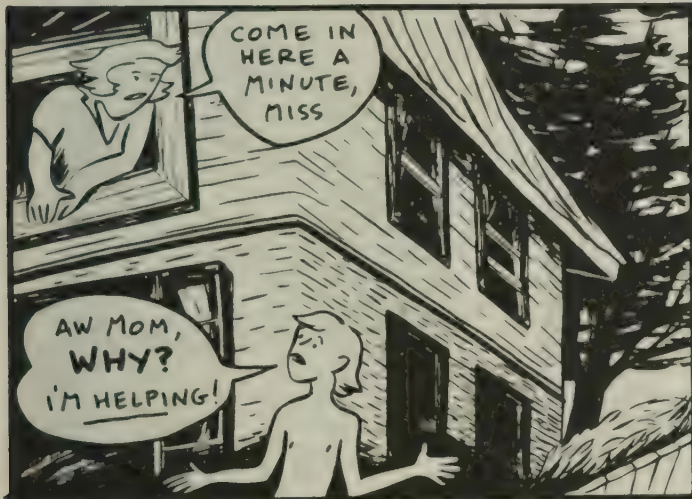


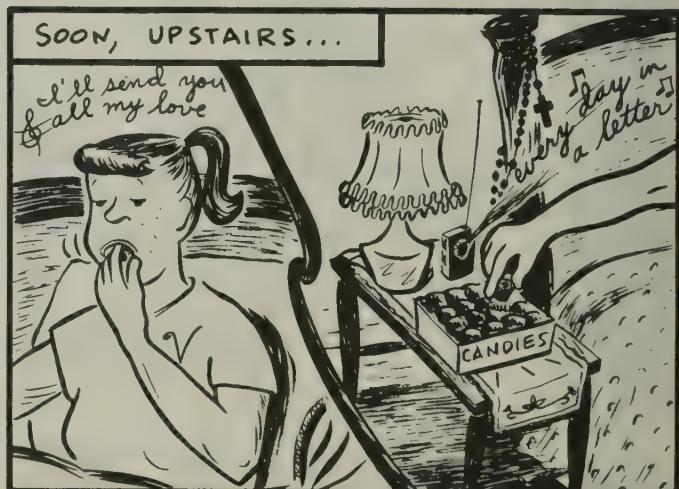
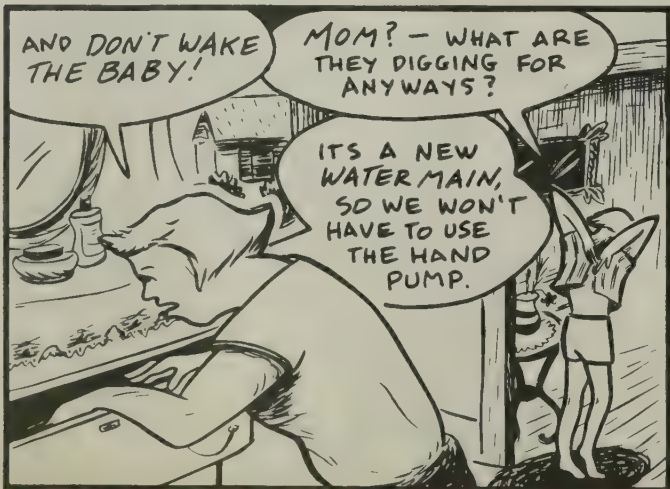
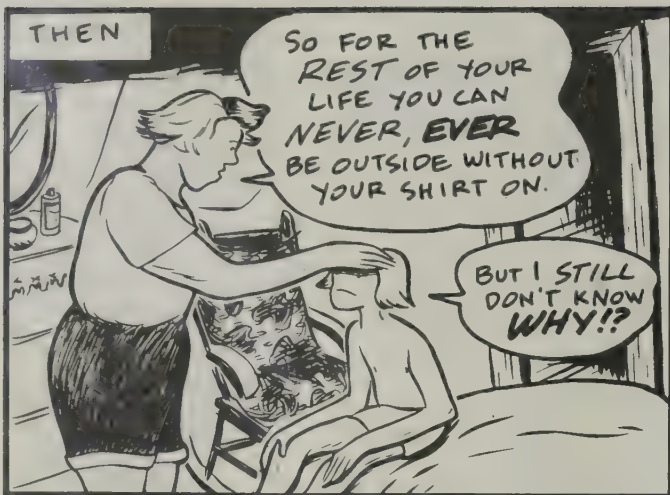


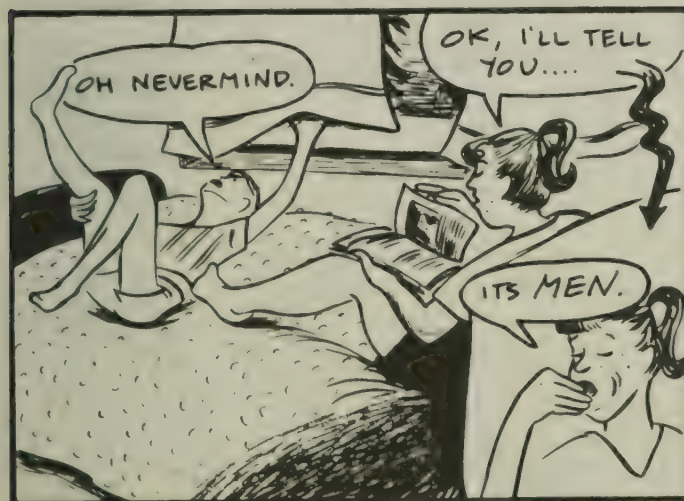
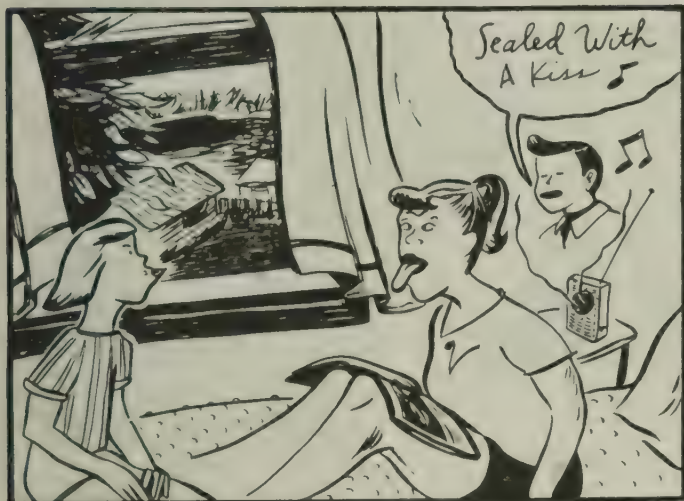


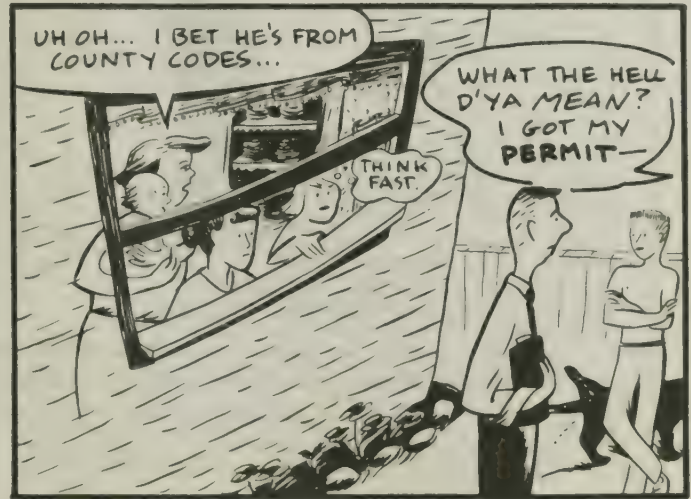
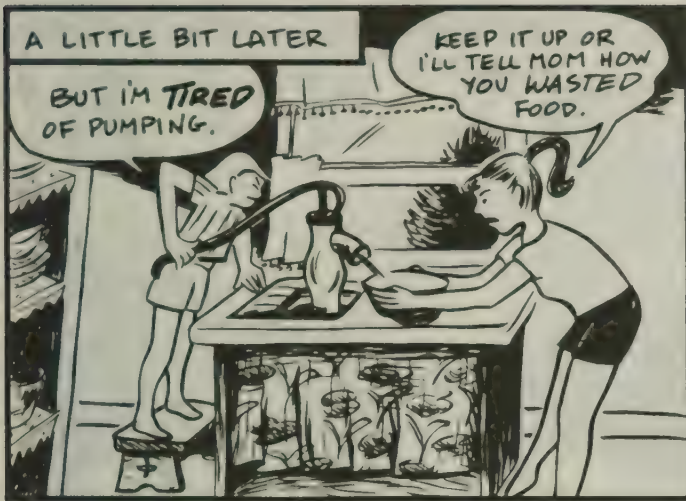












사랑스러운 나의친구 미쓰 리

李
甜心
姐

Sweet
Miss
LEE

NOTE: JUST TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES, THE TRANSLATIONS HAVE THEIR OWN MEANING, AND ARE NOT MERELY A RE-PRESENTATION OF THE ENGLISH. HA HA!

SPECIAL THANKS TO:
MIE KWON AND PROF. EUGENE KIM
FOR THEIR HELP WITH THE KOREAN
LANGUAGE AND TO EMMA AT
SING HING FOR HER HELP WITH
THE CHINESE CHARACTERS.

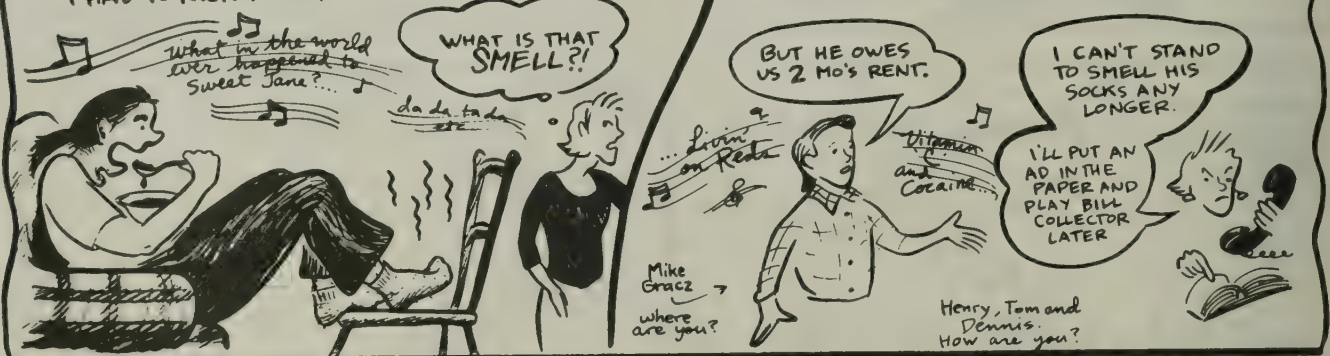
TRUE
STORY!

Carol Nov.
Tyler 1988



ROOMMATES CAN EITHER BE SKUZZBALLS OR
SWEETHEARTS. AND IN THE SPRING OF 1981
I HAD TO KICK FRANK OUT.

IT WAS MID SEMESTER, AT YEAR'S END,
WHICH MEANT I'D PROBABLY HAVE TROUBLE
FILLING THE SPACE.



BUT THEN, MISS LEE WAS NOT A COLLEGE STUDENT.
RATHER, SHE WAS A MISFIT IN HER KOREAN COM-
MUNITY, LOOKING TO ESTABLISH HER OWN IDENTITY.

THANKS
FOR HELPING ME
CLEAN UP, TOO.

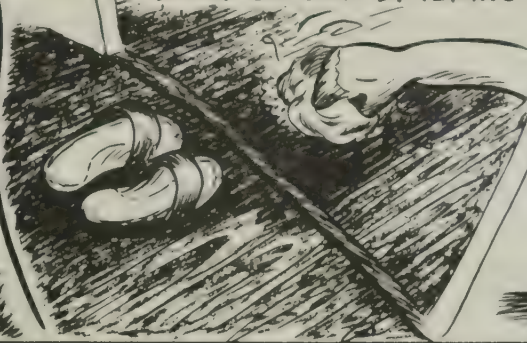
I THINK YOU'LL
LIKE IT HERE.
THE ROOMS ARE
SUNNY AND I'M
NOT HOME
MUCH.



SHE KEPT TO HERSELF MOSTLY, REVERENTLY ATTENDING TO HER ROOM.



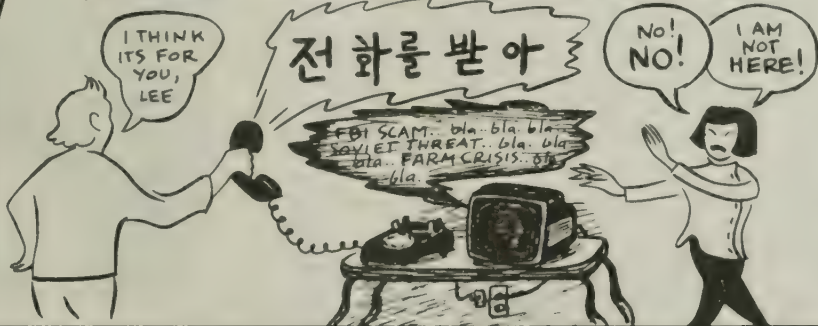
THE PLACE WAS LIKE A SANCTUARY. THE FLOORS WERE SPOTLESS. SHE ALWAYS REMOVED HER SHOES BEFORE ENTERING.



WE GOT ALONG GREAT!



LEE SEEMED VERY PEACEFUL EXCEPT WHEN A PHONE CALL CAME IN FOR HER. APPARENTLY SHE WAS ESCAPING AN ARRANGED MARRIAGE TO SOME LOCAL KOREAN BIG SHOT.



SUMMER CAME AND WE OPENED ALL THE WINDOWS. JUNE BROUGHT FORTH GREENERY AND A NEW LOVE FOR LEE.



XIANG, TOO, WAS YOUNG AND INNOCENT. A DELIGHTFUL COUNTERPART TO SWEET MISS LEE.

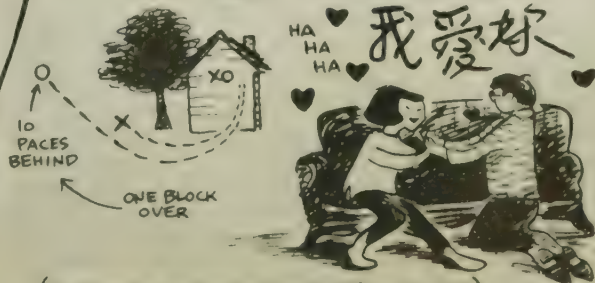


(ONCE, I WAS CRUISIN' BACK THRU THE APARTMENT CAUSE I FORGOT SOMETHING AND I CAUGHT THEM HOLDING HANDS— THEY WERE QUITE EMBARRASSED.)

THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS, XIANG WAS ON SCHOLARSHIP FROM COMMUNIST CHINA. A ROMANTIC INTERLUDE SUCH AS THIS WAS FORBIDDEN BY HIS SPONSOR (ESPECIALLY WITH A WESTERNER!).



IN ORDER TO BE TOGETHER, XIANG WOULD HAVE TO MAP OUT AN ELABORATE SMOKE SCREEN. ONCE INSIDE THE APARTMENT THEY COULD RELAX.



(AND THEY NEVER DID ANYTHING BUT HOLD HANDS)

I TRIED TO ADVANCE THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

IF YOU WANT, MIKE AND I
WILL LEAVE THIS WEEKEND
SO THAT YOU GUYS CAN
BE ALONE—

YOU KNOW...
Romance?

HOW
ABOUT A
DIAPHRAGM?

BRASH
AMERICAN

FOR
WHAT?

OH NO.
MUSN'T RISK
CHILDREN.

IN CUNT?
YOU PUT THAT
IN CUNT?
HA HA HA!

!?

HOWEVER, IT WAS GOVERNMENT THAT HAD
FINAL SAY IN THIS RELATIONSHIP.

MR. XIANG
WILL NOT BE
PERMITTED
TO RETURN.
HE SENDS
THIS NOTE.

我会忘记你
我永远不

FRAIL AND DISTRAUGHT, LITTLE LEE WAS
WITHERING AWAY LIKE THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

I MADE SOME
HOME-MADE SOUP.
WOULD YOU LIKE
SOME? PLEASE
COME EAT WITH
ME—

XIANG!
I CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT YOU.

NO SANK YOU.
I WILL NOT
EAT.

THEN, ON THE DECEMBER NIGHT WHEN MARTIAL LAW
WAS DECLARED IN POLAND, HE CAME POUNDING
ON THE DOOR.

YOU MUST
LET HIM
IN.

IT'S
OK

WHO
ARE
YOU?

I AM
MR. SIN
AND I HAVE
COME TO
CLAIM MY
BRIDE.

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO SEE THE MELTING SNOW-MUD
SPLITCHES OF MRS SIN'S PATH AS HE PUMPED
ACROSS HER HAND-BUFFED FLOOR.

너는 너여자야, 너아이가
될 운명이라구!

YES, MR.
SIN,
I AM
YOURS.

HE SCOWLED AT ME AND THEN FIRMLY
SHUT THE DOOR. IT MADE ME FEEL
SO UNCOMFORTABLE THAT I LEFT.

LATER, I CAME HOME TO THE OPPRESSIVE
SOUND OF MR. SIN'S STRIDOR. IT WAS
KEEPING ME AWAKE, BUT THERE
WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.

ICK.

AAGH
UGH
AAGH
UGH
I HAVE
WAITED
SO LONG
FOR YOU

BY NOON, SIN HAD MOVED ALL OF HER STUFF
OUT, AND WE SAID GOODBYE. BUT SHE HAD ONE
FINAL TASK AND RETURNED TO HER ROOM.

XIANG! I WASH THIS FLOOR WITH MY TEARS!
타비가오면 언제가 생각 나는 그 사람,

IT WAS A SAD
PARTING FOR ME
TOO, LEE. I WISH
I KNEW WHERE
YOU WERE.

THE
END.

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San Francisco, CA 94110

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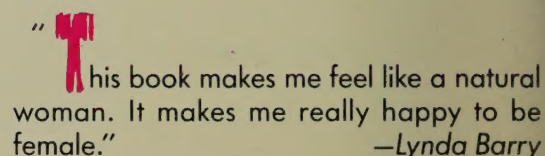
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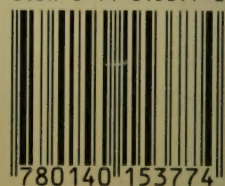
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